



Understand the things that you can,
 sun dappling thru new leaves,
 a cat in the window warm purring,
 the sad words of a lost song.
 Under this rock a salamander,
 spotted and moist safe and dark,
 sheltered from glare and dryness,
 hidden from predatory eyes.
 Another random bit of a life.
 I want to cry in the moonlight
 and watch a silent owl float by.
 I want to sail ten thousand miles
 of stars reflecting paths in the sea.
 I need to comfort a child and tell her
 that it doesn't matter what people say.
 I need to hold her close in my arms
 and whisper someday it will be ok.

Understand

Sorry, I'm really projecting here,
 my fears, and woes, and grim obsessions.
 Some people try to write out their pain,
 scrawling the words onto the pages,
 hoping, somehow, that will make some room
 inside of them for healing and light.
 This morning I watched a tiny bird.
 Hoping around, it picked at the snow.
 I saw a tree, strong, brave in the wind,
 with limbs upraised in constant homage
 At home I heard my cat in full purr,
 curled beside me, soft, safe, and warm.
 An owl spoke out of the darkness,
 solitary, cold in the night.
 So what am I to do with this life ?
 Do I have to learn from all of these ?
 Or can I just find a place to hide,
 and comfort myself till it's over.

Projecting

When I return
 a gentle nudge
 with my bare foot
 so I may know
 the pet is alive.
 She'll start a bit
 open her eyes
 and then see me.
 Mild concern
 will turn to calm.
 She'll stretch herself
 yawning widely
 and she will purrrr
 all being well
 as it should be
 in her warm lazy
 languid little life.

It is cooler here
 in sweetening
 early July.
 Slightly cooler
 in this cafe
 than back at home
 where " Makita"
 is fast asleep.
 I know she sleeps
 on these hot days
 it's all she does
 the dear old thing.
 Sprawled right flat out
 soft and well furred
 gray unmoving
 silent and still.

In Full Purr

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Project™

IN FULL PURR
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Fat

My husband informs me
 the cat has the figure
 and shape of a seal,
 referring I suppose
 to the substantial size.
 Indeed it is large and sleek
 and I am first to admit
 that "Splendid Dark Beauty"
 is incredibly heavy.
 It has near reached the point
 that I cannot carry her,
 being as how she sags down
 whenever I pick her up,
 and sinks all the chi she has.
 It is like I am shifting
 a sack full of liquid
 when I try to move the pet
 and urge her out the door.
 I want her out awhile
 to run around for a bit
 and get some exercise
 which she most likely needs.
 I know what she does though
 she finds someplace for a nap.
 Indoors or out, still the same.
 Oh well, it is what it is.
 That cat isn't the only one.
 I can see my reflection.

Hoarding

Of course a person could have lots of cats,
 hoarders are supposed to
 after all.
 Why are you so disgusted by the concept ?
 Sinuous feline bodies
 squirming around,
 cats everywhere in a tiny messy cottage.
 A lonely old woman's pets,
 so comforting.
 Think of her in the bed with many such creatures
 all vibrating in full purr,
 pressing their selves,
 soft and warm,
 against her big, white, wrinkled body,
 soothing the aches and pains.
 Surrounding her
 with love and companionship that she craves.
 Is this so offensive ?
 It seems rather nice to me