

Cowboy Speaks

Look, my favorite string lies limp in your lap. Isn't it enough
to have a cat who brings you gifts, who plays fetch,
tug of war? All this to be thankful for. Look, I fly frenzied
across the hardwood floor, claw up your velvet couch
and each time it's the first time, our rivalry daily renewed.
Look, you sleep too much lately (even for me). You whine waking
at this time of night, but I'll claw your paws
to rouse you. Look, I like you, but I'm sick of you telling stories
to yourself, like you're doing even now, even when
my chin rests on your arm, and I've been purring patiently.
Look, when I want love, I ask for it.

On Seeing Carole Radziwell Greet Her Husband's Ashes After Fifteen Years¹

I cried.

She cupped the urn like a baby

bump in the back of a taxi

stared out the window

her expression unchanging.

I couldn't believe myself:

I almost couldn't watch.

Carole described the flood of old

memories (some good, some ugly)

as *kind of poignant and a little*

uncomfortable, like that first Sunday

when you cried and I tried at solace

by holding your hand like the hand
of an alien under a waving web of green.

You asked *What's up?* I said *Crying at reality
tv* but I meant: LIVE FOREVER!

Do you remember? years ago you asked
do you ever think of us together in the future,

like,

way in the future? and I said *yeah*
and you said *yeah, me too.*

To think of this and miss you.

¹ in Season Seven, Episode Seventeen of *The Real Housewives of New York*

What Grandma Margie Might've Said

Don't feel sorry for me I lived a long full life
 (& it's not over yet!) I have my childhood
 bell-clear: the flowers kitten-tongue pink, rocket-
launch orange. You've seen the pictures: I was beautiful
 with that thick hair which now wisps white
 opens my scalp to sun.
 Do you know what that feels like?
 A mind wide without time.
Listen I still have this
 The peaches served in honeyed chunks
Someone I know I love holding my hand.