

Cat Poems (inspired by photographs)



On the Porch

I sit on the porch with my companion,
a senior cat doomed to renal failure.
The sun is out and a light breeze blows.
Since he lives indoors, this is a real treat
of smells and sights and sounds. We try
to do this daily, watching the cars pass,
enjoying colors/scents of plants and leaves.

I hold him on my lap like the baby
my son once was, propped up by his senses.
The freshness of the day beguiles me
because of him, as it must have been
so many years ago when I was small.
My pacemaker adjusts inner weather
while we bide our time here together.

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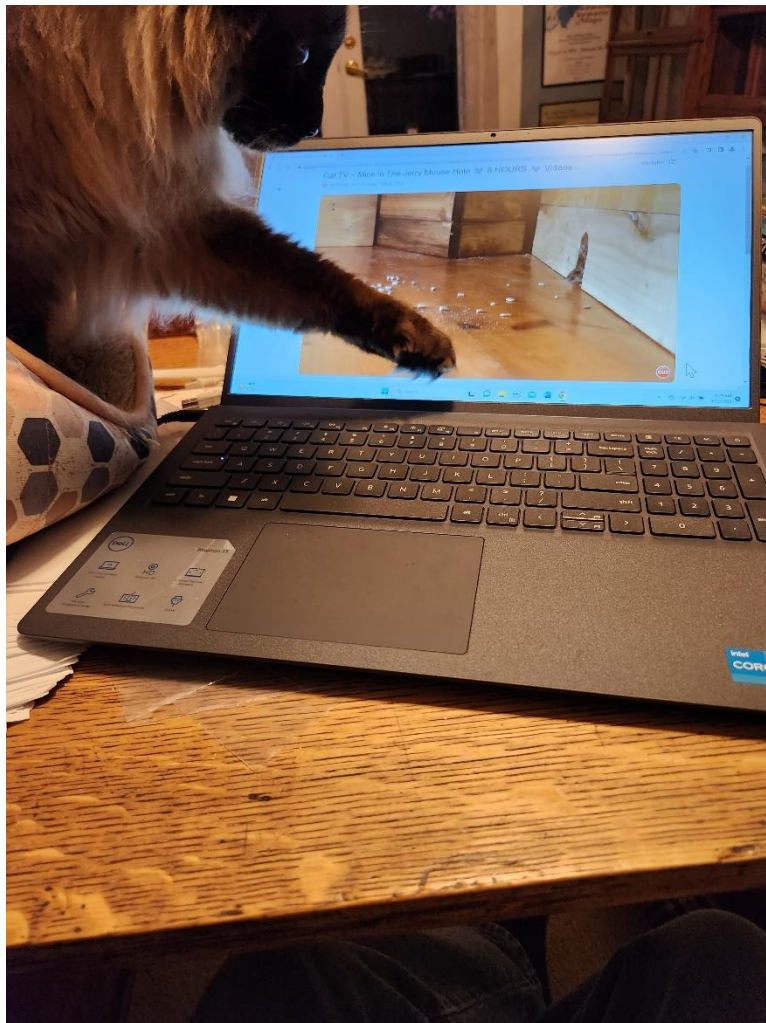
Prepping for the Cat

Being your human being, I tell him,
especially early in the morning
when he climbs on my chest at 5 A.M.,
requires ritual preparation.
'Bud, I need to pee and take a shower.'
We have to wait for the water to warm,
whether to shampoo or follow my norm.

Outside the glass, he questions my antics,
how afterwards I wipe the walls down
while he paws at the squeegee 's slinky moves.
When I step out, of course he thinks I'm done,
rubbing against the towel as I dry.
I stand before the mirror, pull out the drawer,
take my pills, put my eyedrops in. 'POOR, POOR,

KITTY, there's more.' Donning deodorant,
lotion, combing my hair. Sometimes I shave,
though it's not a necessity with beards.
Then what to wear? What's the weather doing?
'You're so lucky to be dressed and ready
to go.' If only he could tell *me-how*.
He does, of course, and often. That's him now.

Cat Poems (



Watching Cat TV

He likes live action the most.
And nature scenes with birds and squirrels.
If they're stealing seeds, that's always a plus.
He questions disappearing acts,
but relishes grand entrances.
He tries to catch those wily mice
and has stabbed the screen with his paw
and looked behind it to see where they go.
Sometimes, he'd like to participate,
ready to jump in, tail swishing,
adding a few chirps to the script,
but I have to calmly restrain
his die-hard enthusiasm.
Most of the time, though, like you and me,
he watches something playing out
somewhere else, and it fascinates.
He loves reruns and the magic
that can bring things back to life,
for there's never a dull moment.
If I let him, he would binge.

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Lost Sleep Found

I'm a light sleeper;
I lose sleep all the time.
Raining on the roof
wakes me up. So does
having to pee. The cat
wanting breakfast at 5.
That's a tough daily loss.

Yet the cat finds sleep
everywhere, without effort.
On top of the couch.
On my lap at the computer.
Stretched out in the sunlight
on our Persian rug,
he even finds a sultan's slumber.

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Eat, Play, Love—Sleep

Apologies to Elizabeth Gilbert (author, Eat, Pray, Love)

It's the routine you develop
to keep you comfortable in this life,
healthy and, may I say, even safe.

My cat is very happy in his
and makes no effort to hide it:
eat, play and love, with lots of sleep.

He's flexible in the order,
except for eating, which must come first,
for which he prepares well in advance

by hanging around the kitchen,
meowing to make his wishes known.
Play can happen at any time

an object strikes his fancy
and draws an investigation
with the probing of a paw.

At least twice a day he seeks out
petting on my lap, purring
his level of satisfaction.

He uses sleep as intermission
or cushion between the rest.
Eating is tiring and so is play.

Loving is a way that leads to sleep,
which we never get enough of.
Work, of course, is part of our routine,

necessary in the broader picture.
But Kitty rather doubts it.
He gets nine lives without it.