

Wayfinding

Tomorrow, I'll be you.
today, I am a rivulet
nary a current
to lend me direction

yet I flow
go
drip by drip
foreseeing a storm
to fortify my humidity
humility and murk
lurk at each branching
stream
screaming, here rock!
here twig!
thicken my resolve
to be
become
come, tomorrow
I'll be me
lost or found at sea.

Class Reunion

It was a large high school
larger than before
and more

Classes, cliques, hormones,
clueless
split ends and dates
We graduate; you here, me there
alivers reuniting to
find
you look like your parents
used to
re-togethers wear tags filled with former
faces, names spelled innocence and expectation
past, passing;
a website records
the vitals of partners, work
offspring, grandspring
mixed trophies of a life
cut short
(shaken, stirred) we
comment with memories
briefly returning as our teenage avatar

(cautious critiques)
another gone
casually shuffle through time's
tumbled tales
wondering
who will be the next to exit,
the last to comment,
when
who of our lost large class

will comment
on the last
one

your village or mine?

not much to share

oh, care

ful, not there

his chair

won't hold

it's old

was sold

without

(he shouts)

a leg

Do you think me a cat?

Do you think me a cat?
lives to give frivolously
with feline abandon
always more to risk

Do you fancy me a persian?
high whines and jumps
lithely overseeing without humility
preferring my own kind
disdaining novelty

or a tabby?
irresistible kitten
grown to smelly furball
with digestive issues

Am I a street cat?
smart and aloof
unconcerned with oozing patches
of furless victory

A sleek panther
preying on those slower
or meekly
unable to climb?

What kind, then,
such lives to squander
each time choosing chance
meeting to find ourselves
at fate's beckon yet again,
opening a poison kiss?

A cat no less than anima
pure and mischievous when you walked through
and pawsd

no purr
this time
a moan because
I didn't land on my feet
when you left
and the door caught my tail.

