

Independence

I watch her sitting silent
blinking in the sun as I groom her;
shoulders twitch, a sign I've spent too long,
kept her quiet past her patience.
Suddenly, she erupts:
Grandmaw, I'll do it mah say-elf
as my Kentucky kid grabs her hair,
and with a twist, traps it in a band.

This child, so independent –
for a minute, lost in thought
in a flash, finding freedom,
on her solitary way,
choosing motion,
quick and agile as a cat.

Like a cat: sleek, regal,
nothing sly or furtive, honest to a fault.
When she is hungry, time to eat,
If she's not, she can't be tempted,
Tired, curled to a ball,
she will not be disturbed.

Awake, she's off to ventures of her choosing –
cheerful, playful, purring.
Interrupt her at your peril,
stopped, her hackles rise, she steps off,
head high, to do my bidding,
tolerates my small request,
biding time till her release.

Abandoned

Home all day, alone, ignored;
nothing to do and nowhere to go.
Amuse yourself, you say
as you leave me,
I'm bored. It's not enough.
My snacks are in a crystal bowl
with drinks on hand,
a cushioned couch
and sunlight streaming
in the window. I nap,
I dream, I primp and wait
until I hear your swift footsteps
on the stair, then I prepare.

The open door, your sweet voice,
no dash for freedom, not for me –
the sinuous twine around your feet,
you drop your purse,
your briefcase and your gloves
while I race drunken from chair
to table, to highboy,
high enough to pounce.
O Ginger, can that mean
you're glad I'm home?

Unpublished Original

...*Call Me At...*

He came to us with the tag of Jordan,
Jan thinks JoJo suits him better,
I think he's the quintessential George,
curious, mischievous, fun to watch,

John calls him Meatloaf.
When he's visiting Circle Drive
he's usually found
hunkered down on the hearth,
all his white parts tucked in tight,
his tail folded close,
a 6" x 9" mound of black fur
with a set of sentinel ears *en pointe*
his array of twenty antennae, off duty,
at rest, against the black of him,

musings, as cats do, on his next move:
an alluring ankle passing by
white paw snakes out, a quick pat,
back in place before it's seen.

Ears up, *dog alert*, Nala's in the room,
sudden motion, George floats up
a single move from floor to chair,
ears up, paws to action –
tapping Nala's head, curving out
to catch her tail,
the game is on, and when it's done,
transformer tactic: Meatloaf's back
a black mound, now on the chair.

Pheromones

Lying prone, my spine pressed
flat against the floor,
Jan's cat Ginger steps gently
to my stomach, settles in
revs her motor up to high.
My first reaction, fear of pain
soon dispelled as soft vibrations
penetrate my senses
loosen tensions deep inside
and work their magic on my spasms.

When Marie's parrot "steps up"
to my shoulder
kisses my ear and says
HEL-lo Ozzie
I echo her *HEL-lo*, she says
Pretty Bird, and I agree
she is a pretty bird.
When she says, seductively,
Here kitty, kitty, answers herself
Mew... mew...mew
I laugh out loud
feel the enchantment.

Passing Pippin, Arnie's Bijon,
ears perk up
tail beats a tattoo.
Eyes, liquid with ecstasy,
he *ror, rors* his special greeting
a welcome meant for me alone.

Now, when my old bear hunkers in his cave
glowers at the world, I sing softly
lovingly kiss his ear,
touch him tender, coo a greeting
HEL-lo love, brighten my eyes
show my pleasure at his presence
feed him *noshes* till he smiles.
Then I cuddle close and
bid the gloom be gone.

Jenny's Donut

Her self-esteem proclaimed
with every sturdy step
every flip of her ponytail
every independent thought.

Grandma, cut me my nails.
I trimmed them close
slow and careful
conscious of the trust.

Grandma, cut me my hair.
Surprised, I cut the bangs
brushed her fine hair up
to a silky blonde French twist.

Grandma, fix me my hair like the donut.
I brushed her hair again
plaited its fineness,
its multi-colored strands,
from downy dandelion
to cream and honey,
into a long French braid
while my daughter watched in awe
silently, thoughtfully, then asked:
How did you do that?
She asked me to.

*Mom, why did you never
do my hair like a donut?*
Honey, you never asked,
I never thought to do it.

Would you do it for me now?
in a small child's voice,
and so I did.