

A LIGHT IN THE HOUSE

Nobody seems to know what Jesus meant.
At least not me. I let the cat come in
to eat her dinner by the stereo
where Ashkenazy bends to his andante.
He seems to know exactly what Mozart meant.
The cat looks glad to have these bits to eat,
these keys of mercy struck above her ears
which tremble unbeknown at what they hear.
God knows I'm happy too, I know I am,
though nobody seems to know what Jesus meant.
I know I don't. I am compelled to watch
and listen here, more mystified than ever,
and not for lack of trying, even though
the pool of daylight by the cat's backside
or the quiet after Vladimir quits the keys
brings more beatitude than I could bear.