

## Even the Smallest Death · *Steve Orlen*

We found the orange cat this morning  
Sprawled outside the window as though reaching  
To surprise his own reflection.  
The yard around us asked the simplest questions.

Better to question tree or wind and weather  
Going and coming, needing no reason.  
The sun rises and the flies gather  
As they will, and the rest is sentiment:

You, beside me in the yard, in sunlight  
Grieving. Oh everywhere you look you shape  
Your own ghosts in the air  
Lest you forget, willful to memorize.

I call them memories. Flies will scatter  
Soon as the sun sets over  
That far corner of the garden.  
Sluggish and obedient

The dead can't change  
As now we must, or eye the empty spaces.