

Take some of this bone
soup to fill your bowl.
Spoon it to your mouth.
The bones are passing on to
you, life to life.
That is the final sacrament.

CAT IN THE CORNER

You invite sleep to
curl up with you
and you two forget the hours.
Time passes beyond your
dreams, the twitch
of your whiskers.
Time almost forgets you.
Perhaps you sleep because
you dream of distance
and mice that run
on to infinity
and you enjoy the pleasure
of never catching them.
To wake you would break
back into the hurt of time,
the stop and start of need.
But even now, you pause
in that perfect dream
to breathe, to reach
back again for air
in the world you have left,
to show you still
do belong to the living.
And here, before us,
eyes closed, you stir, you
move your sleeping shoulders
and rest your chin.

Cat in the corner,
you are not the only one
who has stretched the mind.
You are not the only master
of that darker world
and the bright waking one,
choosing whenever you want
to enter one or both.

TATTLETALE

T told A that it
was a man or a scarecrow
and terror was its passion.
A passed this on to TT

and fear doubled its earnings.
T and T could point
in four directions like
a center and from it

their tongues blew until
L knew what was up.
And L leaning into the sound
was not one to hold secrets.

It believed in word of mouth
like a religion.
L the inventor of lullaby
and language passed

the story of fear on to E,
the way a message is
slipped, quiet as a whisper,
under a closed door.