

LIZ WALDNER

*An Account*

A cricket has arrived on the premises.  
The premises, underlying thoughts.  
The clouds above them—

I thought it was strange, the huge  
never-before-seen Siamese cat, stretched  
its whole length along and  
exactly above the long loose brick of stucco pink  
on top of the adobe wall.

I thought of that cat while noticing  
the length of the clouds above just now,  
looked over to the wall and saw  
some small bird—a nuthatch, it's back—  
hop out from under the brick.

Just now the very bird wings only inches  
above my thinking-about-it head  
and above the cricket's head as it sings beside me  
and above the cricket's song  
that began as all this did.