

LAZY POEM

crickets  
cleaning  
my ears

few understand  
the fire of useful  
laziness

like sitting here on  
porch sofa smoking  
a joint & reading  
a book with gaps  
of nothing but  
cricket throbbing silence  
as clouds move in  
like ramshackle mansions

CAT HOUSE

keep getting flashes  
of Snowy my dead  
cat around  
the house

sideways glances quicker  
than the speed of light

she's been dead about a month  
died in the shed alone  
when I was away  
I feel bad about that

what was there for her  
was the roar of the rain  
on the iron shed roof

now & then I catch these ghostly glimpses  
of her whiteness burning  
with split-second  
flames of her spirit

I don't want another cat  
they kill too many birds