

Still Life

When it's really bleak you take the cat on your knee.
Fur under your hands and life under the fur.

By the open grave warm air breezes your scalp,
an irrelevant magpie chimes into your heartspace;
at night mice whisper across and under the floor;
the dog hits chin on thigh.

There is life still
in spite of the stubborn inanimate, in spite of the dreams
that grieve away from memory as you wake,
the familiar lack which takes up ritual attitudes
of Still Life. Somewhere between the lines
is unabated breath, the chaos of making.