

POONA

Poona spends her mornings
as I wake
between warm purring on me
and crying for an open door.
I lie, dawn cold reaching my back, and neck,
tightening the blanket around me
shutting out Poona till her cries outdo her purrs
then up I crawl, and the cold by itself is
so much warmer
than the cold beside the warmth of bed.

CONVERSATION WITH JOHN T.

I remember
an arty talk with you.
We talked of romanticism
and classicism, and more.
I tried to keep up with your big words,
and you tried to find some words in me.
There were things we could have said,
but neither of us said them.
We talked instead.
I felt so cold, so lost, so empty
I think you felt the same
I wanted to ask you,
but it didn't seem to fit.
Our conversation died,
we sat silent, then you moved away.
That ache inside, to say something I meant,
drove me to another talking pair.
I joined in, and felt the sweet release
of saying something simple, real,
and being a person, not a student of art.