

Now, it runs to me, I love my cat.
Unusually, it looked to me rather than its tree
Exacting emotions of wonder from me as I would tea from a teapot.
Will you drop me to the floor?
Will you lay me next to the candle?
Its thoughts hit my mind like drops in the bucket.

“Do you hear the waters in the bucket
As I do?” I asked my cat.
“I see the light of the candle
I hear the wind through my tree.”
Cold now is the floor
As is the water in the teapot.

Is there water in the bucket, in the teapot?
Is the floor cold, not as the candle?
“The wind knows the tree,” says the cat.



photo by Rachael Johnson