

Six O'Clock

At six o'clock the steam shot out of the teapot
Rain leaked through the roof into the bucket,
Water splashed the cat
Making it run across the floor.
It would've run outside up a tree
But instead ran to the window and sat next to a candle.

Sister hated storms and always lit a candle
When one came by. Mother had her teapot
The cat would've had its tree,
Gentle drops had the bucket
Everyone had the cat
The rain eventually had the floor.

Deciding to read a book I picked up "Lis du Fluer"
Finding that French poetry by light of candle
Can be more relaxing than petting my cat.
Just hand me a cup of tea from the pot
Let me have the drip drip of drops in the bucket,
Transfixed by the slow sway, in the wind, of the tree.

Yesterday I was 12 climbing the tree
Only now its brethern are my floor
Varnished dark brown beneath the bucket
Quietly reflecting the light of the candle.
Perhaps I should get the teapot.
Keening sharply, it frightens the cat.

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