

Walking the Cat

She prefers to spend her days lazed
in the stuffy arms of a chair by the window
where she can keep an emerald eye
peeled for caricatures in the street.
Her pleasures are unparalleled
though this morning she carried on
about the hot cereal being anything but.
Later, despite the coming snow
she insisted on our usual walk -
the side streets troubled by student drivers
at ten and two, the vacant lot flecked
with white. We stopped for a paper
which pleased her to no end, knowing
it would eventually wind up in her box.
She doesn't seem to mind old news.
On the way home she mentioned
the snow blower which I should have
had serviced in the fall, and her wish
to return to her pastime of compiling lists
of restaurants with take-out sushi
at reasonable prices for friends and acquaintances.
But you know how that goes.

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