

I'm hoping you have been enjoying our poetic journey. Hard to believe we are already on Poem Seventeen and that the first month of this new year is more than halfway over. It seems like yesterday I was pulling out the Christmas decorations! Life moves. It feels fast. I like to say my poems cause a poetic pause. Hoping they have, for you.

Which leads me to kitties. I grew up with a lot of cats as my Mom was (and still is) a feline freak. (Meant in the nicest way) I remember when I was little I'd say that in my next life, I'd like to be a cat. Because they get to snuggle all day, purring and pawing at sunbeams. So relaxed. It seemed like life moved slowly for cats. And then of course, the whole nine lives thing....

This weekend a woman asked me to type a poem on-demand for her special kittie. She was gushing about her 11 year-old pet. She showed me a photo and told me her name: La Kitton.

La Kitton

You know me
With your nuzzles
Stroking you
Gets me
Serene
I can lose myself
In your green
Gaze
You giving
Me wet nose kisses
On my toes
Wishing me well

Always in awe of your
Amazing grace
The tap of your paw
Your furry face
Whenever I'm fraught with
Furrowed brow
You find me
Snuggling up to remind me
To play with life
Like a big ball of string
You meow saying everything
I need
To laugh at the unraveling

I follow you
Me, on two legs
You, on four

We find a sunny spot on the floor
We stretch and steal a catnap
Dreaming together...

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