

THE ELEGANT ORANGE CAT

When winter fell over the gray city
a final time near all the anniversaries
of death,
my new orange cat came to me
in a white box, dropped off
by reluctant parents.

Suddenly, my home grew luminous again.
The small lamps glowed in his honor
as he jumped onto his spot,
tail sprawled in awe
near forsythia and deep green bushes.

He sat alert following the trail
of twilight robins,
his white boots landing solidly
to roam around the home.

At night, ears cocked for insects
and the low hum of the stretching bus
prowling like a huge cat ancestor,
blocks away.

And occasionally, he would turn to me,
his new mother,
who acknowledged his lampshade form
guarding my home
with his muscular feline elegance.

-- Carolyn Gregory