

HAROLD SKULSKY

Exequies for a Maine Coon

I must protest the wasting of my splendid
Kira, which stained her elegant white mittens,
And gnawed to rope the extravagant tail that ended
Her brief grey body. Even now her kitten's

Bickering yap, undimmed till very late,
Lights up my mind's ear; she who would lie upcurled
Belly-to-belly with her orange mate
On conjugal vacation from the world;

Whose dying I warded off for half her time
With sub-Q fluid; who would snag my mail
(I tell no lie) below stairs and then climb
Up to the study with an urchin's wail.

A sparrow's falling troubles Him, they say.
Then let this ravage darken the Milky Way.