

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Patrick Meighan

Poems for a Winter Afternoon

"These are dark and evil days,"
Said the cat at her window perch.
"Snowflakes scurry like mice.
The wind hounds me all afternoon."

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A man near the window,
Branches of a silver maple
Scraping against it.
Somewhere down the hall
A cat scratches at a door.

* * *

O prophecy!
At the wood's edge
A witch walks through snow
Leaving bird tracks.
A black cats pads behind.

* * *

Sign: "Because of weather,
The soup kitchen is closed.
We will reopen at dinner tomorrow."
One man stood in the blizzard
Peering in. From the dark inside
A tabby on break from mouse patrol
Sat peering out into the settling dusk.
The street was empty except for wind
And snow and dark mounds of buried
Cars. And one man and one cat
Whose eyes met only in dreams.