



...october 4, 1991...

*a kitten – in the window –
as motionless as steel –
staring – without blinking –
into the waiting street –*

*no swell of breath vibrating
a sheen of white-grey fur –
no tail twitch – no nostril flare –
no trembling of the ears –*

*a sculpted stillness – never taught
by outward regiment –
but born within – as if in touch
with sky and firmament.*

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