

The Couch

And what do you see in this picture?

"Two rabbits and a wooly mammoth".

And would you characterize yourself as happy?

"I'm like everyone else, hidden emotions and sorrows,
Par for the course, I reckon."

Stand quietly wise. That's my device.
Be like elegance in light, bathing the branches overhead.
My nose would rather cherish
The scent of soft pleasures.
We are here for a momentary second.

Angora fur tickling, an irresistible tummy.
Even the sun cannot leave alone the green leaves.
How more alive I feel when I kiss.
And are you having a terrible time with being uneasy?
"Your booming voice is hurting my ears, please shut-up!"

Pagoda ornaments of sirens and jack-hammers,
Our discord of rush-hour traffic
Has killed my black-capped chickadees.
I used to hear their downtown song. Not any longer.
Seems I always lose the ones my love has found corrupt.

Lately, I see homeless everywhere, making love to their cigarettes.
The cold and cultivated appetite of the streets
Has much to impart on the longevity of regrets.
I wish I could decipher the silent tail movements of squirrels
or learn to speak seagull.

Maybe then my life would be as body language
Reading clearer to me than moving lips.
And in between the lines of manicured trees
My open heart would welcome all of these,
Above the chattering of too many people.

Patricia McCarthy
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