

Heaven

I can't believe it's
 three o'clock into
 Sunday's dark dawn,
 and from overhead comes
 Bounding down some sort of
 heavy metal — music

Brutal as revenge.
 On the porch, at least,
 A view, and a slow breeze
 burdened with late spring —
 And a horn, held,
 a pickup

Up the drive,
 its frank honk
 Trolling the parked cars,
 and two girls from
 The waist up bare
 in the bed, waving,

Like sparklers, their
 white tops.
 Dark again, I can
 follow the horn
 Trailing off and, finally, around
 one hill too many,

It's gone. A cat — I hadn't
 noticed — white,
 Sinews around my leg —
 the neighbor's — dying —
 Its face — how to
 say it — blackened,

Caved in. I
 hate this cat,
I hate it, and bending down,
 I stroke whatever
It is. I do not love
 the cat, I do not

Have to.