

The Gray and White Cat

Lesle Lewis

I am dead but to entertain and surprise everyone, I get up and dance.

I find myself spinning in a cow field.

I find myself alive at my teaching desk on Monday.

Animal parents love their children too.

I fall into a pitcher of milk.

I have big eye holes.

The rubber band people come over for dinner.

We are no longer winners.

We are not competing

We are feeling the sabi.

The gray and white cat between the mouse and the dog divides her attention.

You read ten haiku and in that time the woods get light.

I See My Categories Have Been All Wrong Up Until Now

Lesle Lewis

No adjective is small enough for the work you do in your life on the planet.

You enter the philosopher's gallery.

Your categories have been all wrong up until now.

Are you trying to be me sleeping on my side of the bed after all these years?

Sheep Dead

Lesle Lewis

We live where below zero is to be expected.

There's a sheep dead in the field that we move through, if it is not time we move through.

The remnants of a mountain civilization skilled in the arts of peace will be left for scholars at the site of our crash.