

Those Who Are Never Consulted Have Their Say

The Petals

We're tired of your
dewy poetry
about us

yesterday's butterfly's
velvet
landing

and a lost beetle
who rested here
those are our poems

The Stars

You turn us into cute twinkling things
that make you fall in love
or else—what are you thinking?—

that we're big and hot
when really we're just the right size
and the climate is obviously suitable

you seem to have no notion
of our ecstasies
to be such tiny beings alive in the World

and your poetry has no compassion
for our dying
even though the flares of our death agonies

illuminate a short
ways into
space

the struggle to maintain
the immense
longings

of the last
summaries
of our lives

do you imagine
we do this
for your entertainment?

(cont'd)

The Tom Cats

you think we're mysterious
and enigmatic?
you should talk

to our girlfriends
who complain
we're too predictable

but so are they
we all curl up
to match shapes

we're all aware
of every atom in our bodies
so we always

land on our feet
if people were more aware
they could, too

you think we hear things
you don't hear
that we see things

you don't see
well, duhh
just because you poor things

are deaf and blind
we can't help that
what's really mysterious

to any sensible animal
is why you got created
in the first place

to be so unfinished
and the most baffling
thing of all

is your poetry
it's full of our "bafflement"
like our famous purr

a simple delicious result
of being in love
you actually imagine

that we give love
only when we feel like it

you do not understand

(cont'd)

how impossible that is
we couldn't stop loving if we tried
love means

you don't play favorites
you just love
the bigness of the world

and its mystery
you're part of it
so you want to stay

inside, to be
your perfect self
but your poetry

is so full
of the opposite and this
is the deepest mystery

of all
which is that most of you
don't get it