1985

Cat in the Corner

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3273
Take some of this bone soup to fill your bowl. Spoon it to your mouth. The bones are passing on to you, life to life. That is the final sacrament.

**CAT IN THE CORNER**

You invite sleep to curl up with you and you two forget the hours. Time passes beyond your dreams, the twitch of your whiskers. Time almost forgets you. Perhaps you sleep because you dream of distance and mice that run on to infinity and you enjoy the pleasure of never catching them. To wake you would break back into the hurt of time, the stop and start of need. But even now, you pause in that perfect dream to breathe, to reach back again for air in the world you have left, to show you still do belong to the living. And here, before us, eyes closed, you stir, you move your sleeping shoulders and rest your chin.
Cat in the corner,
you are not the only one
who has stretched the mind.
You are not the only master
of that darker world
and the bright waking one,
choosing whenever you want
to enter one or both.

TATTLETALE

T told A that it
was a man or a scarecrow
and terror was its passion.
A passed this on to TT

and fear doubled its earnings.
T and T could point
in four directions like
a center and from it

their tongues blew until
L knew what was up.
And L leaning into the sound
was not one to hold secrets.

It believed in word of mouth
like a religion.
L the inventor of lullaby
and language passed

the story of fear on to E,
the way a message is
slipped, quiet as a whisper,
under a closed door.