

Her Solitude

She looks into the sky, scrunching her nose
Just ever so slightly, noticing the patch
Of stars between the clouds

It is night and she is walking her cats—
yes cats—through the meadow behind her house.

Night's intrigue slowly plays out on her mind
the black, the stars, the moon shadows.

The cats frolic, jumping at bugs and frogs
In the darkness, making out their forms
amid the grassy landscape

She sits, now quiet, now meditating soft
Cats encircle her, and sit on either side
To protect her solitude.

-Nance Overton, 9/14/06

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