has ever lived to satisfy her need. yet no ivy, potted jade, or cactus in a dish to be surrounded by living green; in truth, she wants only this--She doesn't mean to kill them, after all;

> to die overwatered and underfed. if fate has decreed this unkind end: What can they do, legless as they are

> > knowing they soon must die. they tremble and wilt, when she takes them home and has been all her life. She is a killer of houseplants

cut chrysanthemums in a vase? for who can bear to toss aside Oh, give them another day--So, time to throw the flowers out?

but still the flowers last. The stems turn black and slick with slime, though many weeks have passed. How bright and bold the petals

> how glorious they are. and everyone who sees them says copper, gold, and bronze, A clutch of cut chrysanthemums

where a wild heart strayed a scant moment ago. or stumble past a trail not yet grown cold and the hunter overlook a tantalizing lead; Chance and change will sometimes intercede, Wolves go hungry more often than they wish.

Sharks grow confused in schools of silver fish. Hawks may strike a mere glancing blow. Predators miss more often than we know.

has answered me, at last. pnt this September morning I have not asked; I have not spoken

hide much more than they reveal. where the gleaming coils of autumn mist pack to the newly stubbled fields Spotting me, they startle and turn

> step single file across the road. I watch a burnished skein of deer as acorns clatter and squirrels scold Standing beneath the golden oaks

> > SEPTEMBER MORNING

A KILLER OF HOUSEPLANTS **CUT CHRYSANTHEMUMS NEVE WISS**

Please recycle to a friend.

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SLEEPING

WITH

THE CAT

by

DEBORAH R. BARCHI

SLEEPING WITH THE CAT

Breathing in lockstep my cat and I drowse in the sun-spilled room.

Through slotted eyes he watches

pricking the quilt with his carpet tack claws, shredding the convoluted cords that bind me to my dreams.