

Mojo

After Stephen could no longer stand,
Mojo came to his bed
and stretched out at his feet
before padding gently onto his chest
and settling down, softly,
and Stephen's hands
which had been clawing the air
settled onto the back of the cat,
quiet little Tai Chi strokes,
and Mojo began to purr
until at last Stephen's hands
rested a bit. Then Mojo
would step off his chest
and settle at his ear or above his head,
and become that deep black circle of sleep
which Stephen was seeking.

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Lois Marie Harrod won the Tennessee Chapbook Prize 2012 (*Poems & Plays*) with her manuscript *The Only Is*. Her 11th book *Brief Term*, poems about teaching, was published by Black Buzzard Press (2011), and her chapbook *Cosmogony* won the 2010 Hazel Lipa Chapbook contest (Iowa State University). She teaches Creative Writing at The College of New Jersey. Read her work on www.loismarieharrod.com.