

Psalm of Love for My Two Cats

Slow, sweet Dolce and quick, bright Claire,
faithful witness' to my whispered prayers.

The year Mom died, when I would weep,
Dolce would lick tears from my cheek,
and lullabye purr me to sleep.

She loved her old piece of string,
chasing was our kitten thing.
We used to play fifteen years ago,
when we lived in an artists' studio.

Slow, sweet Dolce and quick, bright Claire,
faithful witness' to my whispered prayers.

During summer term my Dolce died.

I came home from the vet that night and cried,
Claire by my side, who suddenly looked older.

Slow, sweet Dolce. Quick, bright Claire,
faithful witness to my whispered prayers.

This winter's been so cold. Claire sleeps with me
at night under feather quilts and sheets;
small, cold paws against my belly.

She is not so interested in chasing string,
even though this was a kitten thing.
We used to play fifteen years ago,
when we lived in an artist studio.

Slow, sweet Dolce. Quick, bright Claire,
still faithful witness to my whispered prayers.