**Katy One**

Black kitty cow

Bat nosed

Heart padded

Mistress of the treats

Soft curl

Mink bite

Little momma

Heart stealer

Wracking my brain, why didn’t I know?

You showed no signs

Little rescue toughie

Silence seeker

Chin nibbler

Your purr’s cadence a hummingbird whir

White cravat and so and so

That purr tricked me

Retracing steps

What was preventable?

Was it ever?

HOW DID I NOT KNOW

Purr love, moments with you, question-wrong?, aneurism.

Aneurism.

Aneurism.

Aneurism.

If I say it enough will the hamster wheel stop?

Spirit seer

Shrew stalker

Meow meow munchie birdie alarmer

“Who wants?” Language knower

HOW DID I NOT KNOW?

**Katy Two**

The questions begin

The vet, the exam, the small details

Minute replaying of every moment

Where did I miss-

Where did I not love enough-

Stuck in traffic

Snow blowing

50 geese overhead

Screaming: shouting for the traffic to part, a red sea

Their flight. I knew.

You flew.

Chest compressions

Eyes so green

Can you see love? Can you see me?

Now this—what this?

Clear. raw .undiluted

Knocking out every other shitty petty dialogue­­-- the fake victimhood

This sits on my chest and I cannot breathe

No morning breakfast meow

My plaintive Queen vocaling.

Silence. Void.

The other cat dances, she hated you so

And I feel hate for her and hate for Fates

And for all the moments where I did not love enough.

And finally that moment without goodbye, a withholding unintentional

May my posthumous love carry, blowing snow, to you

Shimmering glitter that snow becomes

If I cry loud enough will you hear?

If my heart despairs enough will you know?

A high of 8 degrees today, may it be absolute zero

unfair the world that turns

How hollow every platitude

I don’t want this to be about me

All I want is you and you and you.

**Katy Three**

The survivors

It’s cold to cold

Zombie lovers

We cannot comfort: other

Seeing sadness mirrored

More than a heart can carry

Broken winged heart

Fragile, fragile body

So easily we can fly

Silence deepened, oh

Sure the hotlines the words

Gentle patting

All I can imagine, the

Only succor

An endless, warm sea

A arm pair of arms

Wombtime.

Only handling small things

Small rooms

Small noise

Otherwise the LOUD BRIGHT

Includes

Flashbulbs:

Her run

Her chittering

Her, her, her

And then,

I don’t deserve to run from this

No warm sea

Swallow mourn time

Eat this bitterness

Survivor to survivor

Empty to emptiness

**Katy 4**

The light begins to beckon me back, the life, the life all that ascends

But you remain cloistered, broken-hearted baby

Your sadness keeps me tied.

And I stay... let us love in mourning forever

I cannot climb out of this valley without you.

Your ache this ache is ours.