

1990

Bingo

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Bingo

A white cat is lying
on the big green couch.
She's purring, she's happy,
she's dreaming.
She doesn't dream that she's running
through a big green field after a mouse,
running takes too much effort.
She doesn't dream of monarch butterflies
or bright yellow daffodils.
Those things are of no use to her.
She doesn't dream of catching
the big fat robin that visits the feeder each morning.
She really doesn't like the taste of robin.
She doesn't dream of being held close or cuddled.
She's far too sophisticated for that.
She dreams of a sunbeam shining on a green couch
in which a cat is lying.
Sleeping, dreaming.

Liza Green