

I Have

Sheila Ivy

A gorgeous redheaded cat with pink ears and blue eyes,
green carpet like fresh grass,
my community college degree and honor cords,
my artwork, poems and songs,
things I made or repaired with my own hands.

There are
four cats, three Siamese
and a tortoise shell
lounging about with happy eyes
on the chair I dragged from the alley
now shredded by ferocious claws.

I see
my apartment and my things,
books,
some read and others not yet,
toys never touched, but present in little crevices of my home
junk drawers, storage containers,
even the closet I like to call
"The Jungle."

I have
a computer whose harddrive holds my treasures,
writings in the past,
and now
a picture of my beloved man, a Dennis,
the only model of a paradigmatic prototype,
vigorous plants who survive and thrive,
a guitar to play on or about,
and a car to take me
there
where I want to go.