

## Black and white wisdom

Jim lies in my body-warmth, stretched  
on the bed flexing claws  
to his crinkling crumpling  
rumble of a song. Relaxing  
under my pillow's dent, tail crooked  
to show he's alert but content  
whiskers pulled forward  
to monitor my moves  
as he blinks me love and peace

For him the night is explorative  
fur tipped with dewdrops  
cast in the moonlit cool, subliminal squeaks  
drawing him through  
the nettles, netted with webbed promise  
of future flight, butterfly filled light  
through wolfsbane, monkshood, potato haulms  
where voles chew at the garden frame and  
eat the grapevine's roots clean away

Sensing my unrest he clambers home  
to my nest, pushes in  
to my waist, taps my shoulder  
wraps a tender paw, no claw, to my jaw  
to hush my inner speech  
tells me he knows  
what's important outside  
worth a sleepless night  
and what but a web-caught thought.