In a year where
that's all there is.
What mattered is
missing, her wild
cat's so calm she's
sure she's ill. The
malls are chopped
down, built over,
the man who offered
to lug furniture is
gone and in the
whirl of things
leaving she doesn't
even see this for
days. She feels dazed
by what's sucked by
so fast in wild tail
winds she feels a
leaf at the right tilt
might slice off her head.