

Jeanie Smith

From: John Douglas [douglas@gts.edu]
Sent: Wednesday, March 02, 2005 3:32 PM
To: Jeanie Smith
Subject: Fwd: Cat Haiku

Can't remember if I ever sent these to you?

xxx 000

R

Begin forwarded message:

From: John Douglas <douglas@gts.edu>
Date: July 28, 2004 11:13:39 AM EDT
To: MKeast48@aol.com, Tom Savage <tjsavage@mac.com>, SJRNYC@aol.com, Jennifer Jaffee <auntillie@aol.com>, Larry Pontillo <larry.pontillo@sba.gov>
Subject: Fwd: Cat Haiku

REALLY great!

Begin forwarded message:

From: "Parker, Bruce" <Parker@GTS.EDU>
Date: July 28, 2004 10:23:56 AM EDT
To: "Douglas, John" <Douglas@GTS.EDU>
Subject:

Enjoy. -b

Cat Haiku

The food in my bowl

Is old, and more to the point

Contains no tuna.

So you want to play.

Will I claw at dancing string?

Your ankle's closer.

There's no dignity

In being sick - which is why

I don't tell you where.

Seeking solitude

I am locked in the closet.

For once I need you.

Tiny can, dumped in

Plastic bowl. Presentation,

One star; service: none.

Am I in your way?

You seem to have it backwards:

This pillow's taken.

Your mouth is moving;

Up and down, emitting noise.

I've lost interest.

The dog wags his tail,

Seeking approval. See mine?

Different message.

My brain: walnut-sized.

Yours: largest among primates.

Yet, who leaves for work?

Most problems can be
Ignored. The more difficult
Ones can be slept through.

My affection is conditional.
Don't stand up,
It's your lap I love.

Cats can't steal the breath
Of children. But if my tail's
Pulled again, I'll learn.

I don't mind being
Teased, any more than you mind
A skin graft or two.

So you call this thing
Your "cat carrier." I call
These my "blades of death."

Toy mice, dancing yarn
Meowing sounds. I'm convinced:
You're an idiot.

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3/2/2005