

Tad Dreis, The Kitten And The Windowmaker

Two tree trunks were standing
And holding another
Whose roots had been weakened
And could not stand itself

It lay there across them
In a kind of a cradle
And would have just fallen
Except for their help

And a kitten was crying
On the widowmaker
It could have climbed down
Just had to begin

So I reached up to it
My hands made a net
And slowly, to safety
It walked down that limb

And I held it to me
And I felt its heart
Beat like a bumblebee
Caught in a jar

And the kitten ran away
Back into the woods
No jingle of a collar
No calls to come home

And I leaned on the tree trunk
And smiled at its burden
It never could have gotten
That big on its own