

BORROWED LOVE

Our cats are not our cats.
They live nextdoor,
but spend all day on our patio,
licking their paws, each one
in his own green chair;

or curled in perfect balls
soak up the sun,
so intricately interlaced
their heads and tails
seem almost one.

Or at our picture window,
gazing in, they stand,
watching us move inside,
as Moses must have gazed
at the Promised Land.

By allergies forbid,
orange, shedding fur,
they can't come in, so out
we go, to warm our hands,
and feel them purr.

Perfect pets--so it would seem--
no work, all play,
no one to feed or brush,
pleasure, affection gained
with little pay.

But when--for four long weeks--
they don't appear,
it leaves us anxious, wondering,
and looking daily out
at where they were.

Borrowed love's a better love,
some say, than none.
But though no love is sure,
wiser perhaps a love
that's called your own.

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