## Mad Dogs - May 2015

Last Modified on 05/13/2020 11:28 am EDT



Catherine Heath

May 2015

I kind of enjoy

The silence of the night,

While still-warm coffee cups

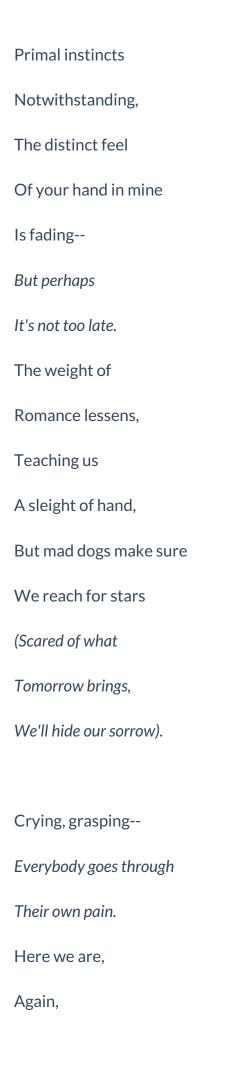
Mark up the days.

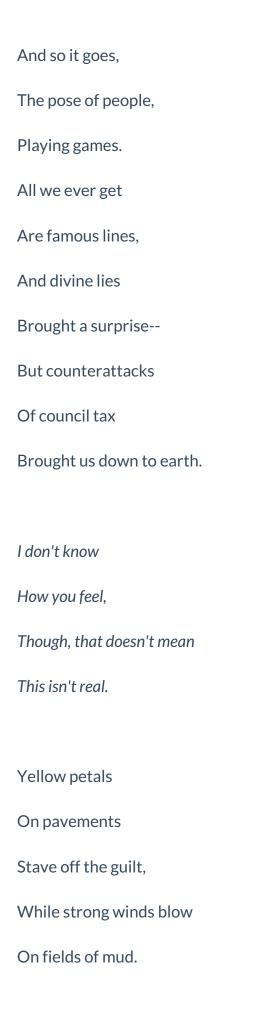
Like the fit of old shoes,

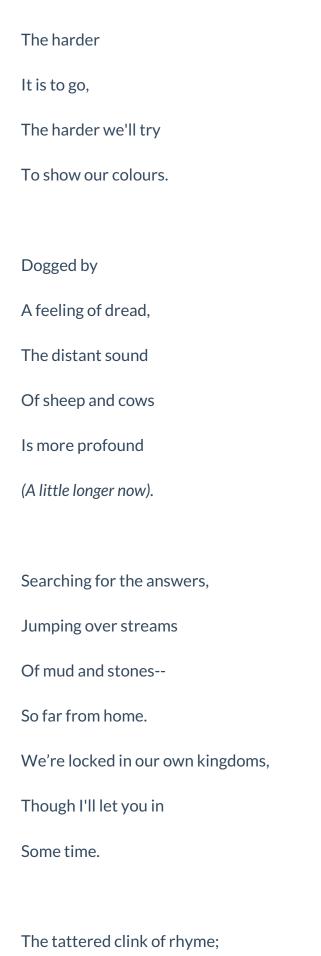
I'm used to you--

Just animals walking,

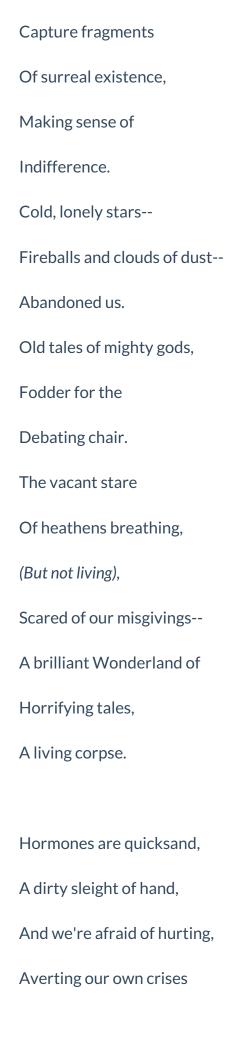
Two by two.







Recurring themes of life



As we fight our basic urges, Diverging and distracted, Emerging from a taxi, Just a short way from home. Creation and destruction, Hanging on to lifebelts, Melting into rivers Of old bone and cold meat. The feet that trod this towpath Were rather faster than our pace; A race to beat our morals, While feral beasts of innocence Slaver at our backs. Distracted by the cracks of logic, We'll fumble and decide To ride the wave, Until it dies--Then, either cry, Or laugh with triumph, It hardly matters which.

| Itching to caress,                       |
|--|
| Undress and make a secret                |
| Pact or two,                             |
| The act is merely whimsy,                |
| (Lasting for eternity).                  |
| Preserving youth in glass                |
| Proof,                                   |
| We once were vast.                       |
|  |
|  |
| Credit: Photo by Aldebaran S on Unsplash |
|  |
|  |
|  |
|  |