

**Found Poem**

Our cat is one, though  
perversely close to the vest:  
she has slept all morning,  
all yesterday, too, though once  
I know she used her litter box.

Last night at dinnertime  
she appeared, smelled  
what's cooking, and left  
to curl in the lambswool  
sweater on the closet floor.

Could it be after midnight  
she does the mata hari  
before our alabaster sphinx,  
plots mayhem eye to eye  
with our aquariumed fish

crunching them in absentia  
all night long? At daylight  
her bowl is empty.  
She lies asleep, not a good  
morning, not a twitch.

Rosina would rather die than  
come when called. At a glance  
she'll leave a hairball—  
we'd wanted a dog.  
One morning she was there.