

The Blue Bowl

Jane Kenyon

Like primitives we buried the cat
with his bowl. Bare-handed
we scraped sand and gravel
back into the hole.

They fell with a hiss
and thud on his side,
on his long red fur, the white feathers
between his toes, and his
long, not to say aquiline nose.

We stood and brushed each other off.
There are sorrows keener than these.

Silent the rest of the day, we worked,
ate, stared, and slept. It stormed
all night; now it clears, and a robin
bubbles from a dripping bush
like the neighbor who means well
but always says the wrong thing.

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a simple burial

why a hiss?

how did the cat die? killed by a bird? did it kill a bird?

losing a pet not as sad as losing another person

sings happily

the singing robin didn't make the narrator feel any better - kind of annoyed her