

11 YEARS RESTRICTED

THE CAT AND THE WIND THOM GYNN

THE CAT AND THE WIND

By Thom Gunn

A small wind
blows across the hedge
into the yard.
The cat cocks her ears
- multitudinous rustling
and crackling all around -
her pupils dwindle
to specks in
her yellow eyes
that stare upward
and then on every side
unable to single out
any one thing
to pounce on,
for all together
as if orchestrated,
twigs, leaves,
small pebbles, pause
and start and pause
in their shifting,
their rubbing
against each other.

She is still listening
when the wind is already
three gardens off.