

## It was a kindness

that the cat chose	to purr on her lap
that when words poetry filled	failed her the gap
that when she looked she was surprised to find herself still	in the mirror each time so old
that when she looked there were rows of her family welcome her back	deeper upon rows waiting to to the fold
that their accents that their words were that they picked up decades ago	hadn't softened just the same conversations dropped without stopping for breath
that everything was familiar there was nothing special	comfortably that like in life about death
that she was able to stay the cat had	until finished her song
that the cat did not sing	too long