

# POETRY BY THE PAGE

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thinking of ducks  
and pajama parties  
for no apparent  
reason connected  
at the end of a  
long chain of logical  
leaps

our duck White Cloud  
is alive  
we thought she might have  
gone to the wild dogs  
around the pond

«when it freezes there's  
no escape for a  
white domestic duck  
that can't fly  
that can only  
quack and waddle  
and humbug us all  
out of our sandwiches»

but she is alive and living  
in the other pond  
across the road  
she must have traveled  
through the  
culvert  
to the open water

with the wild ducks  
and the gulls  
and this got me to  
thinking about pets I  
had once but  
lost, long ago

my first cat  
the second I can  
remember in the  
family but  
my first that  
used to sit with  
me on the porch and  
let me hug it  
and talk to it when  
no one else would

good old Tige, she  
or he was a  
terrific cat and  
I missed him  
her when whatever  
happened that  
took it away

and after a while  
I even forgot that I  
had a cat ever  
and longed for one  
the way I longed for  
things I thought I had  
never had  
like other kids  
like

pajama parties  
and friends