

Collected and Annotated

by the author

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'...something  
rescued from what we sense  
of time

so beautiful  
so vain'

# INTRODUCTION

This collection of poetry presents definitive versions of most of the poems I have completed. Since I have included all the poems, including many early works and works of questionable quality, this is not the planned

## SELECTED POEMS ASSORTED LIFETIMES

Rather, I am treating this as a kind of internal autobiographical documentation of my poetry. In some cases I have annotated the works, and I have included many alternate or derivative versions.

Many of the dates, especially those of the earlier volumes, are vague; most of them are guesses. The order of the poems, however, is generally accurate, both within the volumes and from volume to volume.

This volume begins in late 1993, with the death of my cat Flash, and a poem I wrote about it. Some of the poems in this volume were written for the AAPA bundle, and published in it, but most of the later works were written for and published on my internet web site as a 'Poem of the Month.' During this period I was getting progressively busier, more financially comfortable, and more physically uncomfortable, culminating in 1996, when I had a mild heart attack. After that is now. This is not, however, the last volume.

[This multi-volume set is a revised edition. It is based on an original completed in 1993, which in turn was edited from an earlier XyWrite III source. This version has been re-formatted using XyWrite IV for Windows. Type family for Volume II is Apollo MT from Adobe.]

## BOSTON, Part III (1988-93)

*I decided to start this volume with the poem I wrote for Flash, my cat, shortly after she died, at the end of 1993.*

sitting up  
with my dying cat  
on Christmas morning

trying to figure out  
if she was in pain

only waiting (what  
else could be  
done)

Christmas morning  
a Saturday  
no where to take  
her no one who'd  
come

another of her  
episodes of strain  
and stillness

as she slowly  
separates from  
life and from us

next to me on the  
sofa arm (i'd  
lean over to her and  
she'd lean back  
against my head  
touching)

now she's  
watching as i write

not wondering, as  
i would be, what  
was

going on

just waiting, as  
quietly  
as she can

the sun is rising  
behind low grey  
clouds there is  
a handkerchief  
of snow on the  
lawns and parked  
cars

the furnace has come  
to life, the other  
cats wander and  
take their breakfast

another day  
the last or first  
or next

depending on  
who's counting

and all this time  
thinking about  
myself and  
scribbling while  
my old friend  
withdraws  
behind her gaze

i realize that's  
the difference, for  
me

she never was  
counting

i should stop  
counting

and this isn't  
waiting it's  
just being

(she lowers her head  
to her paws and  
goes into  
her recumbent  
torpedo  
pose to  
rest)

*December 25, 1993*

*Flash was 19 when she finally died, after a long decline. We had to drive her to the only vet open on the holidays. We cried all the way.*

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