

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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