

The cat rolls over and pretends to bite –  
she wants me to keep on rubbing her belly.

A foot of snow on the north-facing roof  
drips slowly away in the first thaw.

Saturday's chicken stew, warmed up,  
smells even richer than it did three days ago.

The music we had planned to hear tonight  
has come and gone without us – too tired!

We would have loved the drums and lutes,  
the old Jewish songs, and hymns to the virgin.

Never again, most likely, to hear this group  
or anything quite like it.

It's at our age we think these things,  
we watch for what we're likely not to do again.

Even so, we can hardly say  
that what we have is so bad –

melting snow, a blanket on the couch,  
the smell of garlic, and nowhere we have to go.

Feb. 2, 2009