

CHARLES WYATT

Kitty Got a Clinking Coming from the Races

Here at the table with the books
stacked precariously we think of
Kitty and the races on the moon.

Down the moonbeams skitter
the best of all the mice, and each
into the mouse pot glitters and thuds.

Apples will float or sink at the Kitty fair
and what is real is all
this spinning in the air. No repeats.