

Passing Cats

Two cats passed by at the door today.
One was orange and the other was grey.
I did not walk past them you see,
Just held the door as they passed me.
One went out, and the other went in
As if some shift would soon begin.
Whose burden would start was hard to see,
The house was peaceful and so was the street.
Yet, perhaps this was the sign of their success.
Though what exactly they do,
I must confess,
I haven't a clue.

Sherman T. Folland