

On Growing Old

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In my dreams
We have one cat
Whose black fur shines
Bright when the moonlight strikes
While effortlessly leaping between windowsills
And whose eyes
Glitter like emeralds when it stares

The cat grows old with us
Although a bit too quick
And when he's too frail to jump on the couch
We extend a hand and help him climb
And when the cat becomes less vocal
We know that he needs extra comfort
Because sometimes the quietest are the loneliest

Through this
I wake up and hope that you care for me the same way when the malignancies spread
And remember what I used to be
Despite the metamorphosis