

Ease

by Maren O. Mitchell

The long cat's
summer-shaded yawn
forces his head back
comfortably:
warm, slow, comfortable.
The yawn shifts skin
on muscle on bone
comfortably
to the dissonance
of my workday morning
chewing,
my gaseous stomach.
Ignoring the commands
of the radio beat,
his head tilts back, splits,
tongue luxuriating.
Into one chosen raising of spoon
to waiting mouth
I try to incorporate
the rhythm of the yawn—
the rhythm that does not
write, does not need to
write,
this poem,
that history,
the mortal separation.