

# HUGH BEHM-STEINBERG

## September 1

They'll think this is the lazy part, that because it is clear there is nothing there. As in the absence of debt beneath which are many more debts. And being lazy, each faintlight you make do with, some wonderousness it's not work to appreciate what you got. And still being lazy, the owl of what you are is the mouse you let escape, the tail is the very best part, the skin is the very best part, with mousefur on no one will mind your laziness, you can save the tail for later, you can lose it and find it again. In your laziness you can speculate about other owls. When you are seen by all of those them, they'll think they could see right though you.

## September 2

Other places, smoke, little heart unbroken which is your pet, which mocks you and hops on the seat behind you and licks your ear, it plays with its food. So you're teaching your dog how to sing and your cat already knows she says you think about your heart and I'll forget about time, and what both sound like together you're too romantic says your heart your sentimentality will get us both killed. And you won't get any treats. Be like the fish, the fish minding themselves, thinking their fish thoughts, the same thing getting forgotten over and over and over. One assumes the fish never complain. Like your heart I like fish says the cat.

## September 3

A cat is a trap to catch the sun it lies on the porch. For just that reason to each conversation there's a party, and correspondence which dust. Arguing parts the cat the cat kinda twitches you can't really prove it twitched. You get to be unique you are the only person who sees the cat. One of those large brown birds flies down near you it jumps and lightens you worry for it, not just with the cat around. Then you wonder if worry is like a blanket you throw it over what shivers, or a flashlight the beam of which makes what you worry grow shadows. The cat gets up and lets the sun go, and the bird flies between you and the sun; we talk.