

“Monochrome”

Monochrome to many is the absence of color-

But to me it is the absence of another-

Monochrome was to me a cat-

He used to climb the tree and its bough -

Yet sadly I now know exactly where he is at-

I sometimes sit and wonder how -

He might have changed in the days that never came -

For cats, and other things, whether here or away-

Never leave one's life the same-

Another cat now lies upon my duvet -

Where another might have been -

So I find repose in my prose as I behold the scene-