

On the tenth of September, 1974
i awoke in the morning
and remembered a dream
from the night before

walking in the woods
i found my missing cat,
Thomas, dead and dripping
in a redwood stump.

On the seventeenth of September, 1974
i awoke in the morning
and remembered a dream
from the night before

while sleeping at home
my missing cat, Thomas,
came back
waking me in his quest for milk.

On the third of May, 1976
i was informed
that my missing cat, Thomas
had been shot by Richard Pechner.

This sequence and these facts
tell me something of the nature of dreams
and something of the nature of Richard.
My cat, Thomas, is still missing.