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A PERSON

You may think I'm a person
Tall, and somewhat fat,
You might think I'm your girlfriend,
But, in fact, I am a cat.
Out of sight, I'm sleek and wild
And quick, and keen, and free.
But at home I am your little pet,
And I'm – *meow* – hungreee...
I'll find the warmest spot to sit
And rub you till I'm fed.
I'll demurely endure all your stroking
And I'll sometimes climb into your bed.
I'll roll over and purr; when it suits me
I'll act cute, and I'll pounce and I'll play
But soon as I have had my fill
I'll up and go away.
Because without an open window,
A house just ain't a home
And I'd sit before the door and claw
And make sure you hear me moan.
But give me a flap and I'm happy
I will always come back to your house –
'cause if it's true
I can come and can leave as I please.
Then I might even bring you a mouse.

von R

THESE ARE THE MES

These are the mes I would like you to meet.
 I'll introduce my egos in their character conceit.
 We exist together pleasantly, each holds an equal place
 But who knows which is here right now, looking through this face?

There's one who wears the outfit with the 'S' upon her chest
 She's everyone's favorite, does everything best,
 She doesn't ever make mistakes, or feel any pain,
 She has no room for insecurity or doubt or fear or shame.

That one always carrying 'round a concrete block,
 Wearing dirty dungarees and a patent pair of Docs –
 She's strong, a survivor, she always comes through.
 She can dig, she can lift things, and she doesn't need you.

There's one in all the black clothes who's covering her face,
 standing in the background, who won't impose upon the space.
 She's low key and on tiptoes – she hardly dares to breathe.
 She's grateful and takes up much less than she needs.

And looking up with large eyes and a practiced little pout
 Is the one who needs you to sort everything out.
 She's dizzy and clumsy, forgetful and shy
 Don't slip up and defy her cause she's guaranteed to cry.

The one with ample bosom and wide open arms
 Gives dozens of cuddles, she comforts and calms.
 She will listen without judgment, she will soothe out all your woes,
 She doesn't have a single thing that others need to know.

The one in the all rainbow clothes, the hair dye and the wings,
 Who jumps around in somersaults and shouts out loud and sings –
 She is queer, she is crazy, she is often undressed,
 She is unperturbed by any dare – don't put her to the test.

And somewhere there's a teacher who looks down her nose at you
 And anything that you've done, you can bet she's done it too.
 She is tight with information, she can make you feel quite small
 But beware if she is watching you and doesn't speak at all.

But the one of me who's lonely, and terrified, and weak,
 We voted her out years ago – she isn't here to speak.
 She's hurting and she's ugly and she's wounded and she's plain,
 But we sent someone to look for her. She might show up again.

von R

