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## Enough Said

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Dara Wier

## Enough Said

The stray cat had no tail.

The tooth didn't seem to matter.

I felt comfortable being mistaken.

I felt at ease.

Your cardinal is one thousand times  
more handsome than mine.

Having seen your cardinal  
I find mine downright gruesome,

not homely, mind you, anguished.

Soon we'll be vacuuming our cars,

soon we'll be standing up, walking  
around, just like whipped cream,

just like normal. My cardinal's mate.

is not all that pretty herself.

She's got a brighter look about her  
than the petunias.

Of course she's eating  
and they are not, not quite.

Pretty soon we're going to find  
whatever it is we're looking for.

A fine excess of sentimentality  
is what cemeteries are for.

People should visit them  
more often. Last night

after everyone was gone to sleep  
I put on some music and talked

to myself. I suppose there's a name  
for my condition.

Our friend, Jeanne, likes to tell  
about her friend who tries to impress

everyone by plunging his egg-battered  
hand into boiling oil.

Sorry, Jeanne, that doesn't wash.  
I wash on Wednesdays and that's

traditional. From hatch to flight  
baby birds spend somewhere, between

directory assistance, between hanging on  
hold, between, oh, this is a ballpark

estimate, fifteen to twenty days,  
depending on weather conditions

and availability of food, *if* they are  
robins, species differ.

That's a good question.  
What do you think it means?

It means in summer everyone relaxes  
when they aren't answering questions

and working or running errands  
or planning trips.

Some things are more rewarding  
than others. That's a fact.

It's comforting to have a butterfly  
fieldguide; the word *survive* is over-

used, trivialized. You can't be  
too careful. Yesterday I saw a baby

squirrel running over the road,  
up on the re-invented phone line.

At first I thought: how dangerous.  
Suppose it turns out all my second

thoughts are best? God forbid,  
there'd be one long thought.