Enough Said

Dara Wier
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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 field guide; 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.