Now that you are gone,
I have returned to talking to ducks, swans, dogs
And little lost cats.
Women talk to me too,
But they have not your eclair and elan.
I do not feel that little lost animals love me
As you have said, because I smell of food.
Animals. birds respond to voice tones
Or tye look in your eyes.
They always look in your eyes before they decide
Whom to follow for the rest of their lives
And lay down their lives for you
If necessary.
I guess it will always be so.
Little animals are more faithful
Than women

Last night
I saw two stars
As bright as your soft eyes.
I said "Pom rock kon, stars," and they
Smiled back.