

Angel Years

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Hurricane Katrina ruined the lives
of countless souls
and blew into ours
an Angel. She's eighteen –
many cat years older
than her octogenarian daddy.
How long will her purrs gentlelize us?
How many mornings
will we awaken to her blue eyes
and white whiskered adorable face?

I assume I'll outlive her
but what happens when you assume?
Maybe I should do as she does
and soak in the present moment
without a single care for the future.

Written 3-26-23

