

Elegy from an Inflatable Pool

Your body floats limp, half submerged
In the center of what should be an oasis
But instead ended your world.

Your limbs are splayed as though in flight,
Your tail is curled in half and your fur is matted;
Did you know that you could not swim?

The girls next door yell, half-screaming
Somehow scared of your still corpse,
Snapping photos for their followers, a funeral void of feelings.

Just the day before, on Sunday,
I had gazed into your eyes wide open
As you gnawed a half-eaten pizza slice.

You did not deserve this early end,
You had half your life ahead to scamper
Across the roof and hurl yourself to the arms of your tree.

I never got the chance to tell you
How I admired your skill at lining up orange peels
Across the right half of my porch railing.

Now you cannot hear me
And I drink my mourning tea alone,
Leaving the cup half empty.