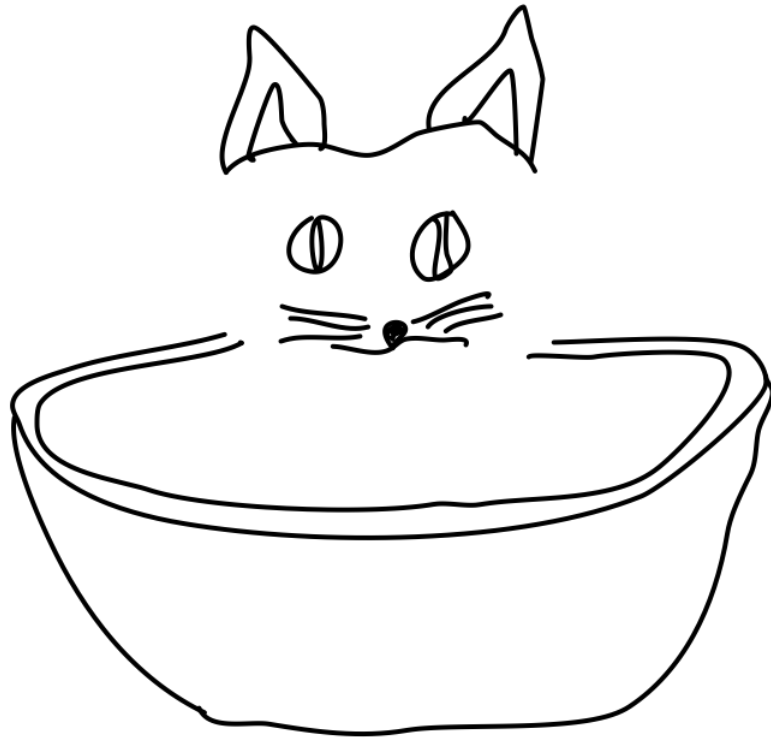


# cat soup



by robert ward

Copyright © 2014 by Robert Ward ISBN 9781939716-13-2

All rights reserved. Permission granted to copy and redistribute Cat Soup free version only on the condition the content remains complete, in tact, full credit is given to the author and that it's distributed freely.

The author's website can be viewed at **[www.robertwardpoet.com](http://www.robertwardpoet.com)**  
or email the author at [robertwardpoet@gmail.com](mailto:robertwardpoet@gmail.com)



## **Bacon, Eggs, and Hash Browns**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I don't eat bacon, eggs, and hash browns very often.  
Although, I could have  
when I was young  
if I had, the money.

But now, I have enough money  
but I don't have the stomach  
for them, that early in the morning.

Perhaps, if I was a farmer  
with a farmer's wife,  
after early morning chores  
I would sit down in a farmer's kitchen  
still smelling of animals and work  
and watch my fat little wife's backside  
while she squeezes dish soap into the sink  
as I ponder, the afternoon's agenda  
and romanticizing about,  
a new tractor.

And almost every morning  
I would eat  
bacon, eggs, and hash browns.

## **Insights, From a Four Year Old Mind**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Snow, doesn't melt birds, often.

Rabbits are just fast enough, to catch the sun.

My brain was raining yesterday.

Grandpa got a new limp.

The tires on the bus, know how to go.

Spiders don't have any friends.

My nose is unhappy because of vacation.

The dog barked so loud he fell down.

If you ate all of them, you could see Illinois.

Pine needles, aren't so bad.

## **Perhaps**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

The blind man across the street  
sits on the porch  
as Edith, his wife, sitting next to him  
looks down.

Perhaps she's reading.

Perhaps, out loud  
so he knows, the news or baseball scores.

Perhaps, she's silent.

Perhaps the creaking of the clothesline  
is enough to pacify the time  
along with  
the warm breeze.

## **Double Feature**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I went to a movie.  
In the seats, right in front of me  
there was a young boy  
and his mom.

They leaned their heads upon each other  
and quietly whispered back and forth  
and I watched, their closeness.

And although the movie was quite entertaining  
it was difficult for me to tell,  
which  
I liked better.

## Table for Two

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

It's a small table  
by the archway  
not the most sought after, or intimate, by any means.

It's draped over, with a white tablecloth  
falling gently and slightly uneven.  
One corner, touching his shoe  
another, by her knee.

Two wine glasses  
sit unattended.  
As their focus concentrates  
on each other's, newness.

Him  
in a nice, but worn suit.  
Her  
in her favorite dress, the blue of evening.

She sits against the wall  
a little too close, to the next table  
her head tilted, as she evaluates him.

He's sitting straight, try to cut a good figure.  
Telling himself, over and over, to keep his left arm off the table.  
While she leans somewhat forward  
with both arms on the table.

A good sign.

## **Meld**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I was, melding into myself.  
My arms, becoming part of my torso.  
My legs, fusing together, into one.  
Everything blending, or merging into one another  
somewhat, like ice melting and draining into  
shiny, little still, silver puddles.

I was  
reverting into a oblong blob.  
Warm, still thinking  
and very peaceful, as I lay there  
unconcerned about all the concerns, obligations,  
and burdens, of the day.

It was like, I was anesthetized to myself.  
Given a dose of tranquility.  
Serenely allowed, for just a brief moment  
to just, be.

And as I lay there, coalescing and combining  
ever so wonderfully,  
it slowly became apparent to me  
that this was, much too marvelous  
and  
I got out of my warm bed into the cold of the spring day  
holding on to the thought  
that somehow, someday  
I might just  
turn into a warm,  
peaceful, melded ball  
and roll  
away.

## **Cat Gossip**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Three of the neighborhoods cats  
sit in the road.  
One, hasn't a tail.

They sit there, on the blacktop  
as if  
they're having a meeting or a coffee break.

Sitting across from each other  
in somewhat  
of a triangular shape or pattern  
as I've seen them  
do a number of times  
until a car, or someone  
sends them, running for cover.

And the routine  
seems to repeat itself, each sunny morning.  
Perhaps, just to exchange gossip  
from  
the night, before.



## **Mustard Dreams**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

My feet are like furniture  
as some giant ogre  
bites them off  
and sawdust and chips  
spew from his mouth  
and then turn into  
moths

through a portal in my bedcovers  
I can see a kaleidoscope bumblebee  
alight on a circle of paper  
while I peer at its  
ever changing  
colored wings

and I awake to wonder  
how these images  
came here  
to rest

upon my pillow.

## Poetry

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Poetry is like, a Japanese garden.  
Arranging thoughts  
like the delicate balance, of rocks, plants, and trees.

Emulating nature in harmonious fashion  
but always being cautious  
as not being, contrived.

Cultivated  
perhaps trained.  
Certainly culled, of extraneous weeds  
that invariably, try to creep in.

Laying stepping stone words  
that lead the participant  
to the point of view  
after  
rounding, the bend.

## Small Town Summer 1965

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Flying down the sidewalk on banana seat bicycles  
and skidding to a stop  
two feet in front of, Fura's Market.  
Then listening to your precious thirty cents of nickels and dimes  
clink its way down through, the pop machine  
and the final clank, as the ten ounce Mountain Dew bottle  
is finally pulled  
from its frosty, holding cell.

Lavishing the first ice cold taste  
then reading the bottle to see who bottled it  
only to be slightly disappointed  
if it was only, Ma and Pa.

Next, it's on to, Mrs. Reinke's Dime Store,  
where after, judiciously perusing the myriads of treasures  
feeling heady, with the prudent selection of baseball cards  
and purple Pixie Sticks.  
Knowing, that the baseball cards  
would always be of value, even if they were, losers.  
For you could always clamp them to rattle on your bike spokes  
with your mother's misplaced,  
clothesline pins.

Then walking back into the late morning sunshine  
and riding  
with a satisfied confidence  
as you poured the tart sweetness onto your tongue  
and coasted down  
to the  
baseball game.

## **Evergreen**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

My cedar trees  
fluffy green, surrounding themselves thick  
with hundreds of branches and thousands of smaller ones,  
from the ground to their tops, call out to the many birds  
as they search the grass for seed  
with their short Orville and Wilbur type flights, seemingly  
half-hopping and half-flying, and the cedars call out.

"Come hide, come and hide under my branches  
until the Sparrowhawk passes.

Come quickly to the safety of my bosom  
when the neighbor's cat appears in the grass.

Build your homes, and live amongst my greenness  
for I will not abandon  
or forsake you  
like fickle maples

or the temperamental, willow."

## **The Zen of a Perfectly Shoveled Driveway**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Ah, Grasshopper, precise the delineation line must be  
that differentiates yesterday vacuous unfulfillment  
from today's gracious exercise of frigid viscous liquidity  
and provides, an ethereal opportunity  
of perseverance.

Know, that the celestial karmic crystals  
have precipitously sprung forth,  
for your deliberative contemplation and consideration  
as you extricate their existence  
and unearth the pathway  
to eminent sapience and adhesive, conveyance.

And after that  
you can, take out the garbage.

## **Jellyfish, Parachutes, and Big Soapy Bubbles**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Jellyfish, parachutes, and big soapy bubbles  
drift like sweet dreams  
along speculative warm skies and seas  
leaving only traces of conspicuouscy  
to remember.

## **Darth Vader Sits In the Neighbor's Tree**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Shielding his black cloak up against the sun  
Darth Vader, sits high up, in my neighbor's tree.

Amongst the tallest of the branches  
and looking down, on my yard.

Where yesterday, I threw out, a stale loaf of bread.

Perhaps, he's full  
for otherwise  
I'm sure he wouldn't let the gray squirrel  
abscond  
with one of the few, remaining slices.

And as he sits up there,  
his wings slightly open  
drying off, the morning mist

I wonder where, the rest of his, evil empire is

and whether his cawing force  
will be enough to shoo away  
his nemesis, the gray squirrel.

## **Invisible**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I watched this lady  
march across the beach  
plunking down a yellow and orange beach chair  
and ordering her squad, of brightly dressed cronies  
to do the same.

It was as though  
she owned the place,  
and the ocean  
was only there, because of her.

And as I listened  
to them talk.  
I came to believe  
that only, the quietest one of the bunch  
saw the vastness

or smelled  
the salt air.

## **Mysterious Round Circles of Light**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

It was the weirdest thing I ever saw.  
One day last winter, there was nothing  
and the next, above us  
these round circles of light appeared.

Then Uncle Jeff, ate what looked to be some kind of bug  
under one of those circles  
and he rocketed right up, into the light!  
And we never saw him again.

Now I have my suspicions  
that either, he's gone to a far better place  
or,  
that aliens have abducted him.  
But either way  
it was the darnest thing, I ever seen.

SO WHAT EVER YOU DO!  
Don't eat anything, by those mysterious light circles.

Yea, I hear ya  
the same thing happened to my Cousin Roger last winter.

Well, I see ya later.  
I'm gonna swim over and see if Thelma's around.

Okay dude, see ya later.



## **Back to Work**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I went back to work  
a couple weeks ago.

Back from my annual  
wintertime layoff.

And now,  
my time is consumed by  
thinking about jobs, figuring out estimates,  
and all the variables and problems that are associated with them,  
and trying, to get them done.

My head is adrift in a sea  
of parts, orders, and tools.

My work truck, is poised like a race horse chomping on the bit.  
And my car  
is sullied and burdened  
with the conglomerate mess, of business.

My leisure time  
is irritated with firing commercial neurons  
and my sleep,  
inflicted and annoyed  
with the tomorrow's occupational obligations.

And way back, in the distant recesses of my mind  
tucked aside  
in a dimly lit corner,  
there's a little man, patiently awaiting the next layoff,  
and quietly scribbling down  
silly ideas  
for poems.

## **Dinner Time?**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I recently overheard this fashionable lady  
saying to her stylish friend  
that her time, seemed to be consumed  
by all her social engagements.

Which started me thinking, that perhaps time  
was a Pac Man type of entity  
that went around gobbling up  
the seconds, minutes, and hours  
of each day.

Swallowing down the moments, ingesting and digesting them  
like little party appetizers,  
while Father Time, the butler  
carried them around on a tray, offering the tastiest ones  
to only the most  
select guests.

While all the regular party goers, munched on peanut-butter-celery minutes  
and leftover cold-cut seconds  
looking on in envy  
as the champagne hours  
passed them by.

## **Starting Over**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Inhaling that deep breath  
and showering off, all of last weeks  
inadequacies and heading into the day  
with the acknowledgment  
of its, fresh beginning.

Rationalizing, that your still here.  
And despite the past,  
a new chance, for repair and readjustment.

Taking another deep breath  
and stepping into  
another, Monday.

## **Catching Butterflies**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Flying near to me  
with unnoticed embellishment,  
for vanity, does not know  
anything, but human frailties.  
She arrived  
but,  
for a brief moment.

Too short of a time  
for me to hold, anything but appreciation  
for I knew  
she was not ready  
to land.

## Paper

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I'm somewhat excited today  
for although today, is still a little cold  
it's sunny and today, I get to go to Fleet Farm  
and get a new ream of paper.

Not that paper, is such an exotic thing,  
or that Fleet Farm, an exotic place.  
Although, we who know, do have fantasies  
of being able to live there.

No, it's because  
of all the things, this new ream of paper  
represents.

All these things, it's able to capture.  
All these things, it releases.  
All these thoughts, memories, and ideas.

Ideas too quick for the keyboard.  
Thoughts too discrete, for recorders.  
Memories too distinct, for anything but the intimacy of the pen  
and the familiarity, of its paramour.

All these emotions  
only fit  
for the white pulp confessional  
that accommodates unbiased ears  
and silently waits  
for revelations and explanations  
admissions and realizations  
recognition and compunction.

Yes, this new ream of paper  
just laying there, on the steel shelving  
smiling up at me.

## **A Cup of Tea**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

a cup of tea  
sings its salutation  
from the ivory colored kitchen with its rooster motif  
and green floral, accented wallpaper borders

it simmers  
with little hillside hands stained green  
and woven brown baskets laden

with steamy whispers, of mountain side morning mist  
released by terraced generations in remindful announcement

finally whistling its notice, with shrill commanding resound  
as if to say

I have traveled  
all these, many miles

## **A Slight Appearance**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Patches of anticipation  
re-emerge from the snow  
to glimpse  
April's, advent promise

as relentless oak leaves  
tumble across my yard.  
Bore by March wind  
into springs universe, of profusion.

## **You Can't Make Soup Out of Your Neighbor's Cat**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

You can't make soup out of your neighbor's cat.  
No, it's just plain improper!

Like yelling fire, in a crowded theater.  
Or putting wood ticks, in someones car.  
No, those kind of things, are just plain frowned on  
and perhaps verge, on the edge of a psychopathic disorder  
even if, your neighbor's cat is  
waking you up every other night, at three in the morning.

Although  
if you could  
slyly keep from grinning  
as they're wondering where Big Jake, might have gone to,  
you could give them a big bowl full  
and assure them  
that your certain, he hasn't gone, very far.

## Lake House Soldiers

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

Set upon the crackling forest green painted shelves  
the old books stand  
at their ever vigilant, attention.

Some leaning slightly against one another. Their decades  
of servitude, interrupted only by bored passersby  
on occasional rainy Saturday afternoons. Pulling them  
to find the smell of archaic dust and paper,  
briefly glimpsing their rank and title, then returning them,  
to their formation.

Some waiting to tell their accounts of love and loss, others  
with their expert testimonies of craft and handiwork, and  
still others, with fading paper memories  
all clinging  
with the hopes, of telling their stories

and the long suffering  
of too many  
countless, sunny days.

## **My Unhappy Printer**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

My printer, seems to be unhappy.  
But it's been a good machine  
for the price.

It's one of those cheap ones, that's just a little more  
than the cost, of a replacement cartridge.  
And although  
I don't care much, about disposable things  
it was just one of those things, you can't justify, spending tons of money on.

And now,  
sometimes, it makes funny noises  
and sometimes  
it prints funny things.

Perhaps  
it was tired of my writing  
and decided to go on vacation  
leaving its kid sister, who drinks way too much, in charge  
until it gets back.

Or perhaps, it just took a course in some exotic language  
and is showing off, or expects me  
to get with the program, and learn something other than  
English.

Maybe, it's love sick, or jealous of my new copier  
or doesn't care, about its work ethic anymore.  
Maybe the odd letters like X & Z felt too unused  
and in solidarity, the rest of them said; "Okay, we'll go on strike with you  
and we'll only print gibberish, until our demands are resolved."

At any rate, there's no use trying to get it fixed  
and unfortunately  
I'm just too plain old  
to learn how to speak  
printer.



## **Saying My Goodbye to the Ocean**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I thought that today  
I'd drive over to the beach, before I left for home  
to take one last look, at the ocean  
and bid it, my farewell.

So I loaded up my beach chair,  
took along a few things to eat  
and drove over the twelve miles, to see it.

As I got there, the little shore birds were scurrying up and down  
poking their little beaks into the sand,  
and I sat there  
watching the tide, recede.

The longer I sat  
the farther it went out.  
Revealing newly uncovered things  
for all the beachcombers  
and shell seekers.

But it just kept on going,  
farther out, than I had ever seen it go before.  
And it kept going  
farther and farther.  
Exposing all the discarded, tossed and lost things  
that the decades, had heaped into it.

And sadly  
I said my goodbye  
as it disappeared, from my view  
even though  
I could not, blame it.

## **Shooting At the Sun**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I stood outside  
as the wind passed by me  
in eighteen wheeler fashion.

It had the smell  
of loveless desperation.

Standing outside, shooting at the sun.  
I felt the iniquity  
of having no tears.

Standing outside, shooting at the sun.

I listened as forlorn cries  
heard, but I could not feel them.

There was no laughter  
no solace, like grim reality  
etched so deeply  
in chiseled forgone years.

Standing outside, shooting at the sun.

I ran in straight jacket circles  
within my head.

Standing outside, shooting at the sun.

Aiming convoluted ammunition  
of empty desire

shooting at the sun.

## The Window

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

I think I'll pull up my chair  
and look outside.

Billy Collins, said that poets, sit at their windows.  
I wonder if, right now, he is at his  
and I, am at mine.

I tried telepathically communicating with him  
to see, if he was sitting at his window,  
but, he's rather famous and I suppose,  
that he gets a lot of this type of cerebral extrasensory communications,  
and I'm sure, he's sick of all these second-rate poets, like me  
thinking him up, at all times of the day.

Or perhaps, he's just letting it go, to mind-mail,  
or has thought-transference I.D. and is screening all his clairvoyant calls.  
Taking only the important ones, grumbling about those, like mine  
and muttering to himself, that this incessant cogitative transmittal  
has got to stop.

Why! It's wrecking his viewing,  
disturbing the scene, interfering with his creative process.  
Ruining the artistic impression, of his squirrel, running up the tree,  
or his clouds, or birds, at the bird feeder.

Or maybe, he's somewhat jaded.  
Him, with his  
thousand theme window, that has inspired  
so many wonderful verses,

and me  
with my one idea only,  
grimy old, patio door.

## **Driving After Death**

Robert Ward Copyright © 2014

In my next life  
I'd like to live, as something other, than human.

Perhaps an eagle,  
but I'm not really that wild about, raw fish.

Perhaps, a bear or a tiger,  
or maybe, a skunk,  
so I could payback a few people  
who have been stinky  
to me.

But then, why go to all the trouble  
of living off the land and searching for food,  
when I could come back  
as something inanimate.

Something, without feelings or dread.  
Something, like a rock or a tree.  
No, that's too boring.

Maybe a car.  
Maybe, part of a car.

A headlight, so I'd be bright.  
A windshield wiper, so I'd be clear.  
A tire, to zoom and skid around corners,  
throwing gravel into the air  
and never worrying about the consequences.

Or perhaps, just a single hubcap.  
You know, the really rebellious type.  
The one that always ends up,  
propped up in the ditch alone  
leaning against a telephone pole,  
smoking a cigarette.