

'Two Dogs and a Husband'

Mark Beechill

My grandmother had three cats
They all had stupid names
Not befitting a cat
I always thought that cats
Would chose different names
If they could speak
Or cared

My grandmother also had two dogs
And a husband

The dogs were the first to go
I only have dim memories of them
But they lived in harmony
With the other animals
As well as anyone,
Or anything,
Ever can

I can't remember who went next
My grandfather
Or the cats
But one by one they all gave up
My grandmother, who smoked her whole life
Outlived them all

They were a lot alike
My grandfather and the cats
Objects that seldom moved
Just sitting there
Until one day
They weren't sitting there any more
One less thing for my grandmother to grumble at
Maybe they all got sick of it

Later,
After they had all gone
There was another cat
With a better name
But it was too late
And the cat was still dumb

It too went away
And my grandmother went backwards
For whatever reason people do that
Maybe to be with the dogs, the cats
And the husband

Now it's just me and my own parents
And I don't want to think about who is next.