

## The Vortex.

Sometimes,  
in the vortex of the night,  
when hours and minutes swirl,  
and time has little meaning,  
I read to you,  
a tousled Scheherazade.  
You say the sleeping tablets  
sprout bad dreams.

Sometimes,  
the cat, sensing  
the enigma of dying,  
forgos her hunting time,  
to share our vigil.

In the half light  
for the lamp is shaded,  
her copper eyes distend.

There are only three chapters  
left to go.  
so I will read slowly,  
slowly, slowly.