

## Maxwell

by Terre Roche

I'm the only one I'm feeding anymore

I took your little bowls up off of the floor

And put away the pictures on my shelf

You went away and left me by myself

You didn't take your footsteps with you though

I hear them still in every room I go

The loud resounding howl of your demands

The scratching posts again are guitar stands

The dwindling little bundle that was you

Comes floating through my peripheral view

I turn around and almost speak to you

And sometimes do

Oh I miss you little boy and I miss me

The part that died the part that used to be

The world is still and I can hear the sound

Of empty spaces screaming all around

Where are you when the sun comes streaming in

And all our same activities begin?

If there's another life I'm hoping that

It's gentle with My Little Helper Cat

Be gentle with my Little Helper Cat