

## Buttons

By Dee Wade

Looking out a window on shrinking snow,  
A late burst of afternoon sun  
bounces off a low garden wall,  
growing, grabbing a moment's attention,  
then dissolving into thick air,  
the sad beauty of the gloaming.  
Snow beating retreat reveals open ground,  
making less striking the cat's grave,  
a chocolate gash in the backyard  
dug yesterday when all was white, after  
she died a good cat's death, curled up  
in front of a fire well banked, yet  
unable to chase the chill from her bones  
thinned by age, aged by weakened heart,  
thus as the fire went, so did she,  
one imagines, because in warmth is life,  
and in life, warmth, generated  
by voiced primal Words Let there be,  
speech striking the match that welcomed the light

that began things, that launched movement,  
ignited awe, lit the first fire  
that spread through explosions of time and space,  
accelerated, calmed, shared, stored,  
present even on those planets  
frozen forever to their core of cores,  
since absolute zero can't be  
absolute; tiny warmth remains,  
some to settle in a button-eyed cat  
who strayed herself all the way home,  
to become the chief lap-warmer  
for those who will wrap her snugly in towels  
and set her before the fireplace  
on the gentle night of her death.  
Now, wrapped in the yielding, chocolate earth,  
her feline form unraveling into its constituent parts,  
repaying the price of her genesis,  
warmth returns to warmth, fire to fire,  
creature exalting Creator.