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**"Connie Groondy: September 17, 1990 to February 28, 2009--
An Homage in the Spirit of Christopher Smart and his Cat Geoffrey"**

For I will consider Connie Groondy.
For her name in Welsh means to purr.
For the loud vibration of her joy.
For the slick silking of her fur.
For her terrorization of bats.
For her patting me without the sting of claws.
For her nimble curiosity in narrow places.
For her suspicion of strange faces.
For the bright hiss of anguish when I took her from her kin.
For, though we are different, we are of one kind.
For her bounding kittenness when given 'nip.
for the many fingeredness of her hands.
For it made her childish, those white slippers, when she strode.
For her unflagging forgiveness of me
 in making her endure the humiliation of physicians.
For her trust.
For her upthrust tail that trembled with delight.
For her crouching and springing up.
For the eighteen and a half years that she mothered me.
For the bristle of her licking tongue.
For her scrupulous attention to her parts.
For I knew her longer than I knew my husband.
For her mastery of all the feline arts.
For her bright eyes that narrowed into green smile.
For I was lent her only for a while.
For in her scrutiny I knew that I was being seen
 by something that belongs to the universe.
For her confusion in her old age.
For in cleaning after her I discovered my patience.
For her wordless eloquence.
For understanding that she was my truest friend.
For her tired acceptance of her end.
For the bumps like beads along her back.
For the clumps that stood at angles from her pelt.
For my sorrow in seeing that she was blind.
For in youth she could retrieve that tossed rubber band.
For then she could scramble after flickering light.
And I must put those eighteen years into a box.
And I must turn to the right and look ahead.
And mind the unforgetfulness of the dead.
And I know today and after I will miss her voice
 and in possession of this box of years rejoice.