

# Catnip Dreams (for Lane)

Bruce A. Kaufman

“you’re not Melville,”  
she wrote, “and that’s a compliment.”

Damn. Sure about that?  
I am a comma, comma chameleon  
on a four-day drive  
like a Merced, as Chuck said, overheated  
engines run on to no end, no good,  
no rest-stop  
for the bleary.

Sheer volume  
and vocabulary coalesce  
into clear light,  
witless, asleep  
underground, under night,  
my old work-desk dreamed by a window  
where came words to play.

Cat napped on my lap, dictated thoughts  
from folded files