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Smoking Outside with My Cat on Sunday Morning

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Smoking Outside with My Cat on Sunday Morning

Andrea Panzeca

On my back porch, a concrete slab surrounded
by a dirt and pebble driveway,
I arrange a beach chair to get the most sunlight;
but under trees I have to trade
—my torso in the shade—to tan my face and feet,
propped on a plant pot. I inhale
with my eyes closed, inside the lids bright red,
like a baby trying to go back in.
I think about Ben Affleck, how his wife was good
in *13 Going on 30*, which Megan
recommended, and come up with my own private
anagram—Panacea Zander.
Now Mike's awake. The door's open and I hear
as he washes dishes and listens
to Five Blind Boys from Alabama. I think I feel
the Holy Spirit. Pinky rubs
her whiskers on a flimsy tree—she's going into heat.
My left eye won't stop crying.
Mike joins me from inside. *Have you eaten yet
today, my little angel trumpet?*