

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Unfathomable

By Robert K. Johnson

My lovely cat looks up at me
because she does not understand
why—her bones bulging against her fur—
she is getting famine-thin.

I can't explain to her
that all the medicines I've tried
have failed to save her life.

Worse,
I can't explain to her—or to me—
why anyone who is born must die.