

A Poem by Jane Vella – 1990s
Saint Brandy of the Holy Paws

He sits in my lap

Comfortable

Sure

Deeply aware that he is loved

Clear of his loving message to me

That in his sprawling body

His head on my knee

He makes me pause

A holy pause

To celebrate the moment

To sit still

To be quiet

To pay attention

He makes me dance with joy

At my own homecoming

Laughing aloud

As we search together for the belled ball

That calls us to play

He makes me go slow

On walks in the park

Examining each bush, each tree, each blade of grass

For its potential

He makes my heart stir with excitement

At the rise of a flock of geese

The scurry of a squirrel up a tree

The chuckle of a child who calls out

'Puppy!'

St. Brandy of the Holy Paws

Haven't you been her before, sir?

If not, where did you get your taste for stolen brie?