

# I named him Jerry

Categories : [Uncategorized](#)

Tagged as : [Shelly Leung](#)

I don't know what possessed me;  
he wasn't the gray childhood cartoon  
I sympathized with but a golden-black  
idol glowing by the streetlamp moon.  
Maybe it was his marble-green eyes  
he looked at me, through me  
from the abyss.

Un-curious,  
his stereotype seemed inappropriate,  
only ever regarded me once  
at a bus stop. He already sat  
centered atop a metal black bench, eyes  
un-wavered from the spot I vacated.  
As I approached; no

arched back or hisses; simply turned  
midnight marbles as if to ask, "Are you  
waiting, too?" Without answer, he  
lifted one paw, pat my arm and leapt  
forward, a jingle of bells as he landed  
at my feet, once more flashed eerily  
green light on my being before the turn

no more lights, as if the street itself turned  
tar black. Melted into the cavernous night,  
a light mew--good bye. A light shown,  
finally the bus; boarded, but out the window  
I saw no green eyes. On faith, I waved  
into the night. "Good night, Jerry"  
hoping he would catch my farewell.

**-Shelly Leung**

