

# Thanksgiving 2016

A COLUMN IN VERSE

**E**ach year in November I've come to expect  
That I'll stop and take time to tune in and reflect  
On the myriad reasons I'm grateful this year  
And give thanks for how lucky I am to be here

I note my good fortune of being alive  
With all of the basics one needs to survive  
Clean water and air, a safe home and good food  
Plus someone to cuddle when I'm in the mood

I wake up each day in a comfortable bed  
With a wife and two cats (who would like to be fed)  
Where I'm warm and secure, just how lucky is that?  
I really am fortunate ("NOW!" says the cat.)

I'm thankful for clothing, my sweatshirt and pants  
To wear to the kitchen where kitty-cats dance  
And weave 'round my legs as I'm filling their dishes  
Devoting myself to fulfilling their wishes

The cats turn their focus to eating their food  
(More snarfed up and swallowed than actually chewed)  
I stop and give thanks for adorable pets  
I love our two cats (with a few small regrets)

I'm terribly thankful and grateful indeed  
To have all the stuff one could possibly need  
A loving companion, a circle of friends  
My things-to-be-thankful-for list never ends

I put on the kettle and get out the tea  
And cook up some oatmeal for Wifey and me  
I chop up an apple, and also a pear  
And squeeze on some honey from our honey bear

We sit at the table, just me and my bride  
(\*Though I have to get up to let kitties outside)  
We savor our food and while wiping my chin  
I get up again to let kitties back in

It's good to give thanks for the things I enjoy  
Like plenty of lettuce and kale and bok choy  
Our CSA basket that's healthy and green  
Supports local farmers and keeps my guts clean

Out on my walk I give thanks I can cruise  
Three miles an hour in my good walking shoes  
I'm thankful for life, for a functioning body  
For not stepping where someone's dog has gone potty

I'm thankful, today, as I walk through my 'hood  
That it's easy and fun to get out like I should  
I notice what's growing, what's ripe and what's spent  
While my heart rate goes well over 60 percent

I notice the crows and the jays in the trees  
The killdeer on rooftops and cute chickadees  
I'm thankful for time in the natural world  
For genetics that make my hair naturally curled

I'm giving my thanks that despite the election  
Our work still goes on in the other direction  
Toward saving our planet and heeding the call  
Toward freedom and peace and respect for us all

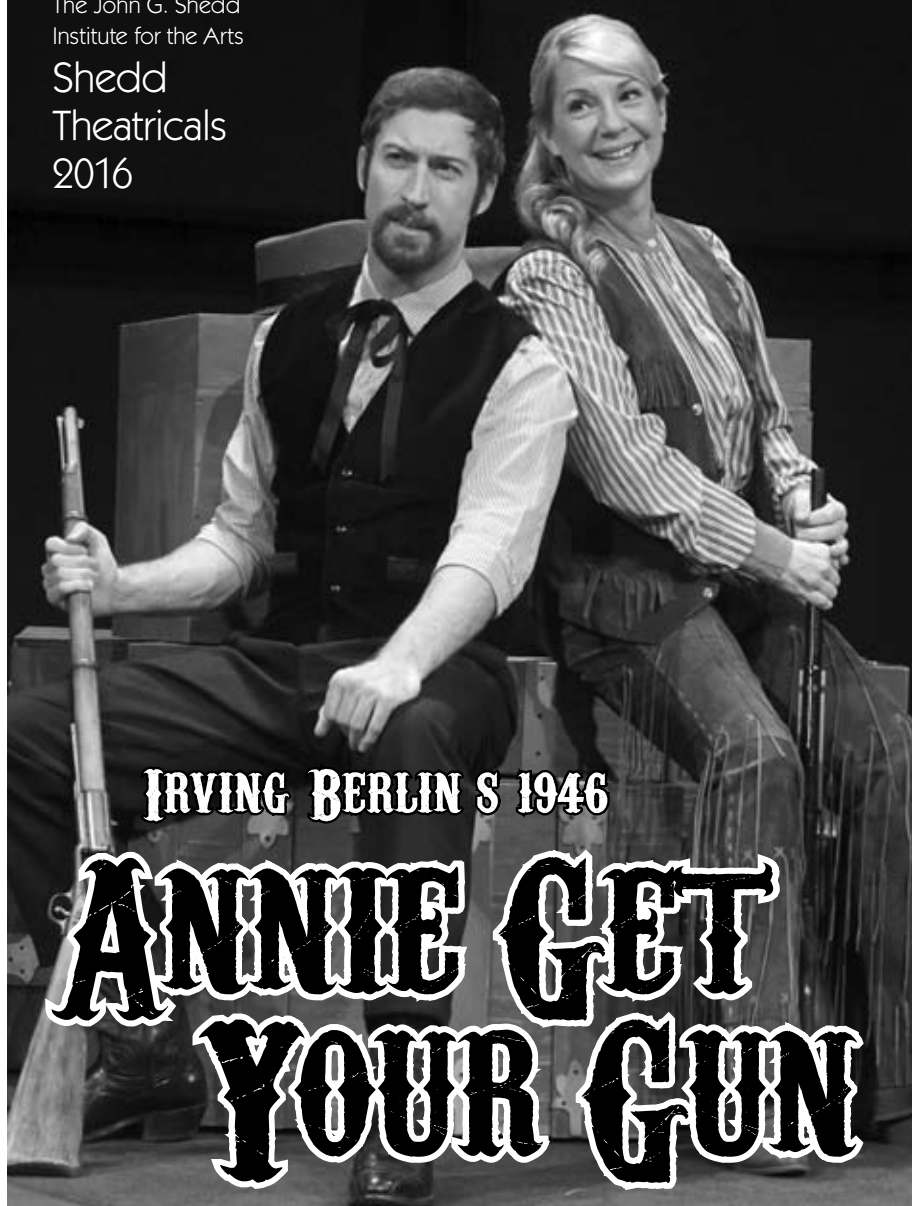
Thanksgiving is more than a day in November  
It's taking the time to take stock and remember  
That life is worth living, despite all the flap  
(Which I say with two pussycats curled on my lap).

*Award-winning writer Sally Sheklow is thankful for having a spot in Eugene Weekly since 1999.*

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