

The Certainly Certain Cat and Squirrel (©4/12/24 by Victoria Leigh Bennett)

What is it about the word “certain”
That implies something strangely unspoken?
There was Françoise Sagan’s “Un Certain Sourire,”
“A Certain Smile,” so knowingly Francophone,
So sad, and enjoying it.
There was then that certain moment
When I found you irresistible,
And thought you loved me,
And that was irresistible, too.
And now, I look out the balcony door
At that certain squirrel,
The particular one that the cat loves to jump at,
Though she can’t possibly get through the heavy glass.
It’s the one with the slightly different-colored fur,
That indescribable something verging on gray.
So much said in so little space, in that one word, “certain.”