

K'editorial

we worked right through the war
in subterranean kitten-and-cat corridors,
worked through winter and fall
 and through fretting and frustration.
and blackmailed and whitemailed and
 e-mailed ourselves / and others /
 through the maze of becoming a team
and through the death of loved ones
and the birth of a baby girl.

and survived the watery maze,
and the erratic falling into place
 of unidentified flying objectives.

therefore i forego / the random use of /
 a central metaphor

 for

 this first editorial piece.

but had i chosen to use one, it would not be about feline grace,
 but would involve power steering, clutch plates
 and axle grease.

and stumbled and ran
 to keep abreast of all the deadlines,
 stealing glances at the abhorrent mouth
 of father cronus
 breathing down our collective backs

aylin and murat and myself
and friends on the editorial board

i decided not to act as if it were the summer of two thousand,
(when this issue was actually due).

i willfully purr away the convention
 of officiously summarizing the articles
 contained within.

so you will have to read the articles themselves
to find out what they say
rather than trust the editor:
 always a better alternative.

we meowed through the winter and fall,
and got to the cruelest month of all;
and corrected many a typo; and yet,
 had there been a key on our keyboard

with “undo last winter” written on it,
we would not have touched it
at all, nor slammed the door,
like those parsimonious with warmth
and care, on the cat’s
k’editorial tale.

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