

# THEY MISS YOU, GEORGIANA WILLARD

**GEORGE DREW**

By they, I mean your loved and loving ones.  
Your family. Your dear friends. Your sixteen cats.  
They loved you and the bag of good luck bones

you brandished everywhere—the skeletons  
of mice and spiders, toads, lizards and bats.  
By they, I mean your loved and loving ones,

the hectoring Hannahs and dismissive Dons  
who loved your frumpy duds and shabby hats.  
They loved you and your bag of good luck bones,

those who never would have heard the moans  
coming from you and not your sixteen cats.  
By those, I mean your loved and loving ones,

the naughty Nancys and the jaded Johns  
who loved your cauldrons slick with bubbling fats.  
They loved you and the bag of good luck bones

you boiled until they gleamed like moonlit stones,  
the stew of bones you spiced with slugs and rats.  
By they, I mean your loved and loving ones.  
They loved you and your bag of good luck bones.

