

Poems about Hurricane Katrina's animal victims and rescuers from an animal rescuer's soul.

Through Katrina's Eyes, Poems from an Animal Rescuer's Soul

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# **THROUGH KATRINA'S EYES**

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## **Through Katrina's Eyes**

*"Our eyes,  
Are the windows to our soul."*

**Immanuel Kant**

Kant said that our eyes  
Are the windows to our soul  
After having been to the Gulf  
I truly believe that this is so

The images that I now carry  
In the back of my troubled mind  
Are mostly those of the victims' eyes  
Both human and those of the pet kind

As I wandered a large department store there  
Searching for much needed pet rescue supplies  
I was struck with the look of dazed confusion  
In many of the local resident shoppers' eyes

As they slowly shuffled from aisle to aisle  
Most of them couldn't decide just what to buy  
Which items should be placed into that cart first  
They had to start over – they somehow had to try

*Ed Kostro*

Should they purchase knives and forks and plates  
So that their family members could once again eat  
Or should they first get their very sad little boy or girl  
At least one tiny new toy or perhaps something sweet

Time seemed to stand still for me as I watched them  
I tried very hard to imagine the hell they were now in  
The images of those dazed human eyes in that store  
Keep vividly coming back to me over and over again

And the terrified eyes of the many dogs and cats I saw  
When they were first brought to our pet rescue enclosure  
Is something that will be etched into my mind until I die  
They run through my mind like a movie – over and over

One minute they were leading normal dog and cat lives  
Very content to be with their humans on a very typical day  
And within only minutes sheer hell had broken loose for them  
Left behind in their homes or swimming for their lives in the fray

But even more firmly etched into the back of my mind's eye  
Are the looks of sheer hope as they nervously sit in their pens  
Anxiously watching each and every new human approach them  
For countless hours each and every day – then over and over again

But when they eventually realize the human approaching them  
Is not the one they are waiting for a darkness soon fills their eyes  
And that's when my heart and my soul truly begin to ache for them  
That's when I begin to lose control - and that's when I begin to cry

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