

## On the Death of a Cat

In life, death  
was nothing  
to you: I am

willing to wager  
my soul that it  
simply never occurred

to your nightmareless  
mind, while sleep  
was everything

(see it raised  
to an infinite  
power and perfection). No death

in you then, so now  
how even less. Dear stealth  
of innocence

licked polished  
to an evil  
luster, little

milk fang, whiskered  
night  
friend

go.

## Franz Wright

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## Per la morte di un gatto

In vita, la morte  
era nulla  
per te: sarei

pronto a scommetterci  
l'anima che  
semplicemente non c'era

nella tua mente  
senza incubi, mentre il sonno  
era tutto

(elevato  
ad infinita  
potenza e perfezione). Niente morte

in te allora ed ora  
quanto ancora meno. Cara  
innocenza furtiva

leccata e lucidata  
fino a un maligno  
luccichio. Piccole

zanne di latte, baffuto  
amico  
notturno

vai.

The son of poet [James Wright](#), Franz Wright was born in Vienna in 1953. During his youth, his family moved to the Northwest United States, the Midwest, and northern California.

Wright's collections of poetry include: *Wheeling Motel* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2009); *Earlier Poems* (Random House, 2007); *God's Silence* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2006); *Walking to Martha's Vineyard* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2003) which received a Pulitzer Prize, *The Beforelife* (2001); *Ill Lit: New and Selected Poems* (1998); *Rorschach Test* (1995); *The Night World and the Word Night* (1993); and *Midnight Postscript* (1993).

He has also translated poems by René Char, Erica Pedretti, and [Rainer Maria Rilke](#).

Wright has received the PEN/Voelcker Award for Poetry, as well as grants and fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the Whiting Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts. He lives in Waltham, Massachusetts