

Your Cat

Your cat's breath smells
more of lemon curd, gone off, than mine.

Your cat stays indoors
95% of her time.

Your cat prefers tinned tuna,
dried out fragments of processed whatever.

My cats go huntin' fiskin' shootin'
on the hill, bring back nestling feathers.

Your cat purrs on my bed all night;
my cats collect slips of moonshine, owl chimes
of batwings, nightjar stories,
badgery whiffles, secret lives of leaves falling.

My cats are jumpier than yours; she strays
like grandma, 95% of her time indoors.

Valerie Bridge

