

## Adopting a Cat: Checklist

- Taunts the long shadows with maudlin meows. ✓
- Explores every nook and cranny. Canny. ✓
- Finds hiding places in storage spaces. ✓
- Resumes eating habits, with treating perks. ✓
- Bears the litter box as daily detox. ✓
- Toys with the joys of empty paper bags. ✓
- Purrs pat approval of each petting pal. ✓
- Sleeps to daydream and/or daydreams to sleep. ✓
- Claws the scratching post to exorcise his ghost. ✓
- Curles a catnap around your tempting lap. ✓
- Kneads on your chest his leavening dough. ✓
- Gifts freely his love, a catnip brand of. ✓

*Bless that kindness will find you and bind you.*

*Tender your heart till death do you part.* ✓✓

## **Cat at the Window**

The cat peeks behind the lace curtain  
to get a clearer look through the glass.  
For all he knows, he lives in Plato's Cave,  
and here's an exit. But surely his life  
is real: the tin foil balls, the catnip toy,  
the scratching post—all the hideouts  
he has found safe haven in. Surely,  
they are real. And yet there, beyond the glass,  
a breeze stirs, colors sparkle in the sun,  
sounds rebound. A different world obtains.

In the summer, the glass becomes a screen,  
and then smells are added to the tableau  
spread before him. Such mysterious scents!  
Now there's even a dark creature flying  
across the sky, making a raucous noise.

The cat may never go outside to test  
his thesis. What would he make of it all?  
Could he have lived a real life there?  
He tries to see what he has sacrificed  
to let a human being love him here.

## **Ramen, the Brahmin**

I'd like to think your big blue eyes see me  
as any other Persian-Siamese  
would, without much hoopla and hype,  
just another foreign type  
to put up with barely.

But it's clear you dote on me too much,  
as I on you. We have a mutual crush  
as couch potatoes and bed bugs. Our play  
capstones each catnap day,  
but catnip figures rarely.

How your gemstone stare fixates on me!  
Can you judge me fairly?  
I must bear the silence of your knowing  
where we're going.

## **Bubble Wrap**

He jumps into the open cardboard box  
onto bubble wrapping at the bottom.  
How well the medium inspires play!  
The crinkly cracking sounds, the scrunching up.  
Hiding under wraps and sudden popping.  
Or just sitting there, luxuriating  
within the confines of cat imagination.

He shames me to find joy in little things.  
His walnut brain more curious than mine,  
less willing to take everything for granted,  
challenged to coax objects back to life  
with the prodding of his paw's forgiving.  
I'll never gripe I'm bored to death again.

Nor dare say that life is not worth living

## **Happiness**

He's beside himself with happiness,  
happily purring up a storm,  
turning happy circles on my chest,  
kneading happiness with his paws.  
At quarter to six, I'm still in bed.

He's made the rounds of litter box  
and toilet bowl; he's licked himself clean.  
Now it's time to meow the morning  
performing euphoric rituals.

I know the cat's right to be so happy  
that we made it here together again.  
Anyone could foresee the obstacles.  
So he shows no shame in his gratitude,  
knowing I'm awake now for breakfast. Food!