

For Naji, My Gentleman Siamese Cat

... a lilac point

Swifter than the speed of light
Lean as a grasshopper
A small tornado of intense and passionate feelings
Moaning over his inability to snag a housefly
Pushing lady bugs about rudely with his nose
'Til they fly in his face
Making him white with terror.
Moths are his *hors d'oeuvres*
Delicacies much prized and pursued with a sort of
Ungovernable madness.
He has never been known to achieve one
Single graceless movement.
He is a poem, moving restless as the sea.
What a dreamy design God sketched on
His cloudy drafting board
When he conceived the lilac Siamese gentleman
Cat.

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