

Cat Power

Three dogs snore winter - snug
around the fuel stove in the kitchen,
two entwined like lovers,
the other stretched out with twitching feet
as if in some dreamful chase of a rabbit up a distant hill,
while under the table the old cat is sleeping,
deep in her deafness.

The young cat glides in,
with eyes glinting, tail flicking,
a portent of evil, this black mischief,
this Witch's Familiar.

She stalks past the sleeping ménage and then,
without a break to the rhythm of her stalk,
smacks the Kelpie on the ear with claws extended,
before springing athletically to the top of the fridge
and preens.

The room explodes with scrabbling animals.
The Kelpie, with murder in her heart,
scrambles to climb Mt Westinghouse,
while the Beagle, with ears flapping
like a demented WW1 flying ace in leather helmet,
storms heroically out the backdoor,
looking for bandits at twelve o'clock.,
the myopic poodle with vision fuzzy,
lunges and snaps at the old cat who,
in her deaf senility had slept on,
but now, with arthritis forgotten,
she leaps slithering upon the table set for guests,
scrabbling in puddles of jam and cream,
sending scones flying,
colliding with the jug of milk
creating panicked rivulets
which run to the floor.

The Beagle returns,
and stares at the chaos from the kitchen door,
before enjoying the scones scattered across the floor,
while secure on the fridge,
the preening culprit surveys the chaos.....
and smirks.