

Cats

Ashen grey, faded yellow
cement, floor, walls, ceiling.
The same for years,
it still hurts my eyes.

They're not in there,
out there, wherever
the door leads (I forgot).

They're all right here,
growl and chatter,
whine and roll,
jump and scratch,
bite and fight.

They don't touch me.
They *won't* touch me.
It's just themselves
they wish to kill.

Actually, they won't
even look at me.
Neither will she.

Now she's leaving.
I've become too lonely,
she says. That's silly,
and she knows it.

Now we'll just both be lonely.
That doesn't matter
to me now. I'm
nothing to you.

Get out, and
take your cats with you.