

*Alexandra Mathews*

## **Cats**

Willful and  
quickassed  
they beat carpet  
with their toepads,  
smooth and pinkish,  
one end of the house  
to the other,  
repeatedly racing  
to beat previous times  
set in the inaccuracy  
of their felonious  
brains  
their adolescent disregard  
falls prey to  
serious feline encounter  
where nothing's sacred.  
Their biting  
seems meaner today,  
their teeth bared barer  
they attack  
like the insignificance  
of a fart  
or as reflexively  
bringing louder mews  
of protest,  
breeding harder nips  
of tougher flesh.

Emerging pre-lotharios  
not even fuck-conscious  
they dance paw to paw  
and sleep cheek to cheek;  
they nuzzle as they dream.  
Now they lie breathless,  
all bones and no battle,  
drained in their  
shared state of oblivion.  
Borderless fur of  
continuous cat,  
these two romp in a  
dreamscape of  
singular meadow,  
entwined,  
indistinguishable.