

IN A CATS EYE

*billy k craig*

You must wonder  
From a cat's eye  
Everything seen  
In shades  
Of gray  
Where form begins  
And shadow ends  
Her languid  
Body stretched  
Out on the couch  
And though domesticated  
For thousands of years  
The little bird  
Dead on the pillow beside her  
Does not sing  
Though  
The sky is blue  
And filled with white  
Billowing clouds  
The ear poised  
The air stilled and  
Waiting  
But only by the eye  
Can it be  
And there-only in shades  
Of gray  
The fleck of blood  
The darker of the grays