

Familiar

by Emma Johnson-Rivard

My cat was born small, had
too many claws, it was
no good for the soul.

Eternal, I dream of witches.
Kitten, do you know how they died?

It took ropes, stone. Men with laws.
I think about this often.

In Salem, all your witches
were strangers and
strange women.
Their cats lived, cried,
forever dreamt of fire.

Kitten to cat you will
remember me.



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