

GATA'S RANT

 by: Susana Praver-Pérez

Last night, my human whined like a swarm of bees
when I cuddled with the colors in front of the TV.

Down from there! she yelled, snapping a kitchen towel at me.
I leaped off the credenza, slinked between the sofa's feet.

Her tone swiftly turned to silk: *Gata... sweet Gatita...;Ven aca, mi amor!*

I'd have sworn she was writing a poem— if she hadn't spoken my name.
She fills days with verse, searches for words like I hunt birds and mice.

My proudest catch? A hummingbird. Most unique? A possum joey.
She shrieked when I laid it on her lap—but this is how I say, *I love you.*

Oh please! I see your pious face!

Unlike humans, I don't kill for hate or greed,
or as a punctuation mark to end an argument.

Morning dawns—I reveal my fangs in a pink-tongued yawn, hide
switchblades up a furry sleeve, leap at dust dancing in light beams.

Through the window, hummingbirds tempt,
my heart beating faster than iridescent wings.



#MMPisLIT

www.meowmeowpowpowlit.com