

## CLAUDIA LAPP

### **Cat Nap** (for Ambler, c2000 – 2017)

I should take a cue  
from the white cat  
who hibernates in November  
on a straight-back chair with straw bottom  
body molded to a towel's folds  
face and ears tucked under a leg.

Only the orange rings on his tail  
and two pink paws reveal his identity.  
That and his wheezy snore,  
the rise and fall of his belly.

Why can't I just let  
my softly breathing body  
spin an insulated field  
around my lines of repose  
instead of mind          Vaulting off  
to Baltimore or Bangalore or  
the dirty cat food dishes  
in the laundry tub?

As for the cat,  
even when he shifts positions,  
every piece of him finds its puzzle fit  
and settles into mindless harmony.

A brief deep sigh his jaw  
forms a half moon smile.  
Whatever needs fixing,  
his resting restores it.

I think I'll drop everything to be  
a gray November copycat.

### **For Spike**

The first time the tomcat  
chose to lie on my chest  
he lent me his whole orange weight  
and warmth, igniting decades of love

