

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 copy cat.

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

Claudia Lapp (CEL)

