

## Yard Cat

Burning a patch in grass with a body,  
one dense meteor pressing deep into dirt,  
dust ground into fur matted black,  
like a stone clenched under crackling waves,  
drowned dust from dusk to dusk.

With green eyes through glass I peer,  
appear at odds with gods  
inside, sweater vests  
and peeled potatoes, imagine  
to live and die as a vegetable, held.

My lone slick nose leaves cold traces  
on slimed panes, warm slobber drips  
down my rumbling throat,  
gurgle, no, gargle salty warmth  
that lives within, not out where now I rest.

Banished, abandoned, cast out with the wind,  
brushed off like a flea, they reject all of me  
but if I could cross the porch, through the door,  
I would bobble and drool like a fool  
just for them, for a touch, just a pat. Let me in.