For Smart [cat poem]

1.

The light is pink through the back trees

can be pines or larches or pears—

kinship terms more familiar than names which can be

distancing or diminuitivizing or maybe just disrespectful

it’s too dark I’ll have tea

a smell dettol stronger than dettol anticeptic toxic

not the smell but the trees beyond

can be

the clay dirt car path wood block pine

pitched rooves

belt that looks like it’s in inches

measuring land they wanted to measure right up to the drain

he demanded they measure four feet from the drain and they wouldn’t

they measured two feet from the drain but it was sufficient

multiplied 130 per square foot by 150 by something and it

had come to seven and something

and he had asserted his authority and said

are you accusing me of making a mistake it’s eight

2.

The light is still morning light

thin but full and not paining bright.

Kyntiak, later poached and eaten,

leaving the vox-hollow bereft,

jean thread hangings tangling attachment,

is intent on something

and her muscles tighten dainty

to articulate tip.

Like citrus vapor, the light emulsifies, micronic droplet flammande,

and Kyntiak intensifies

and begins to open and close her jaws rapidly in a clatter

like toy teeth

except hers are needles on a wound spring,

and she in a trance,

flashing the teeth

opening and closing the jaws very rapidly,

like a kind of chatter,

with the throat making an involuntary "eck-eck-eck-eck"

sound. It frightens me

and I realize:

she’s imitating a small black bird in the grass

nearly perfectly as a kind of lure,

involuntarily.

Cat as cowboy, astride the white chickens

when they’re let out in the afternoon in the moon,

sawdust sticking to their heels, forking.

Intimate gossamers,

but gossamers require cosseting if they are to survive.

Now I have to close the windows since it’s after 5 and it’s already two hours

since the mosquitoes replicated and were born—

Calling to the chickens

who recognize him and call out when he walks by if they haven’t seen him—

Like me, now, ‘heaven-sent’,

Like nature where encroachments and distortions are everywhere

train to treat h as a consonant that clusters differently

taking voiced and voiceless plosives not melded two character but single-wound copper core

th as in

thy I

take

thee.

3.

Tin rooves in the rain

too wet to paint,

entire green islands fleck off into the black catchment,

Sintex yellow print.

Too hot up top

corrugated last month to paint

Too wet in the back to whitewash

or paint the doors

Too much labor and it’s not an entertainment for anyone it’s not a puzzle

it’s, from one perspective only, delight and destruct mostly, and no one is delighted

Disavowal of agency in religious writing (appeal to the father)

similar to disavowal in political analysis (appeal to systematicity)

The blue scrap sitting

on the bottom of four shelves built in behind the bed

the cottage looking out on the construction,

the field next door another giant concrete abode.

There will need to be a well and a trench for waste.

I was surprised by the degree of his anger,

indignation

a state founded on principles could go so far into

distortion at every turn. I say it surprised me

and it also made me angry.

I had to walk another person

down this garden path.

Nuclear minority. Romulus and Remus.

Paved over utopia clearview.

Romanized orthography,

botched epenthesis, religiously-specific,

and this house a seeming dacha

though in fact in the city limits,

this city being something like Salzburg,

the Austrian opera city that Mozart comes from, what is it, Salzburg,

ringed by mountains like a berserk

Maypole.

The light is fading; the bed is made, waiting. The red light atop the cheap

speakers’ subwoofer, candy striper, beating in waltz time

like a tadpole

doppio.