

Cat

by Fran Duffield

Claws curved as brambles,
your stare is yellow venom
for my applause;
the gunshot of my hands
catapulted the bird upward
out of your reach

You are in the right of course,
that is the way of things,
the slow emotionless stalking
of the unwary
with swift endings in scarlet,
a snowfall of white feathers

My petty disruption
will only trouble you as long
as my fleeting presence:
you will wait, patiently
in the frosted grass
to return to the natural order