

Blind Cat at a Window

Ancient twitch of innerness,
a frequency to which
only she is attuned.
Old now, eyes scrimmed,
she still is drawn to the world's gray shadows,
the blurred motion of bird and squirrel.

Her blood, though dimmed
by canned food and tap water,
follows its course. The same
sun that spatters cool, shaded undergrowth,
warms her sill, mars her own reflection

merged with the courtyard.
There is no beyond now. Just an urge
to differentiate, perhaps, a leaf from a feather,
the feather from a butterfly drying its wings.

Though she still sharpens those claws she still has,
though her unwound string snakes back
through humus, soil, and stone,
layer after layer of instinct through eons,
it is not even the chase she wants;
she couldn't digest a yearling mole.
And were we to raise the sash,
I doubt she'd go.