

Cat Knowledge

These whiskers are conductors,
a tuning fork in each spoke.
Music is sensed in the stillest
still.

From the blue beads of this window
veils lift for the wondrous glimpse:
"moksha" the gift
of those distant robins,
their mahogany bellies
telling of the frail,
the indestructible.

In response
these feline synesthetes
purr color back, such sherbet
bubbles in those consonants.
Purple, purple
is their favorite mantra
to chant for the aura of what
is good.

All is, and true, their furred
triangle faces resting on a paw
in mesmerism
the way one might cup the chin
of a lover, the way a God
we only know in mystery
cups what we call earth or home.

Behold that pallet,
the changeable clay orb
despite all which is merciless.

Surely there is innocence
beyond the demonic eyes of gold.