

Staring at a Bird Feeder

by Carl Santoro

He stared at the back of the cat.

The cat stared at the Cardinal through the sliding glass door.
When will this pain in my chest
stop being so sharp and annoying? Am I getting a heart attack?
he thought.

The sparrow perched on the platter full of seeds
laid out on the glass patio table.

The cat raised a paw, moving robot-like,
hesitating, unsure if it could rest the foot quietly onto the door's
glass.

Those aspirins are not helping. Am I getting a message today?
Will it strike suddenly?

The bird continued pecking selectively at the minute pearls of
nutrition.

The cat, motionless, watched. It's strong desires visible in the
troubled swaying of it's tail and anxious race-car wiggle of it's
rear.

He was amazed, and quite impressed, with the cat's patience.

A single fur-lined feline ear swiveled backwards suddenly,
perhaps to zero in on the meaning of a new whimpering sound.
The bird vanished in a flurry of dust and feathers, also alarmed by
the sounds.

A veil of late day sun blessed the lone spot, translucent, melting
it's hues onto the eyelids of the bird feeder.

The cat walked slowly, climbing softly,
and made a bed on top of the unmoving, flannel-shirted torso,
and stared at a spot of sunlight dancing off a metal button.

