

Feline Impediments to a Sunday Nap

by Con Chapman

*Two souls, alas, reside within my breast
And each withdraws from and repels its brother.
Goethe, Faust*

Two cats recline upon my chest—
One looketh east, one looketh west.
One points the end that looketh south
Towards the end where it h my mouth.

When one cat stirs, the other growls—
The first one hisses through his jowls.

I try again to close my eyes
And hope they reach a compromise.

Instead, the two begin to circle
To better make my surface workle.
They treat me as (this makes me sore)
Floor model in a mattress store.

These two, I note, we treat as brothers
And as for cats, we have had others;
But male or female, expensive or free,
All seem to lie on top of me.

