

Tuna Salad In Cat Heaven

by Daniel Harris

For Seven years

I had a Russian Blue cat named Smoke
He had chronic cystitis,
I had to put him down.
I cried all night.

For fourteen years

I had a Maine Coon cat named Zoot,
He couldn't eat, squamous cell cancer in his jaw.
I had to put him down.
I cried for a week.

For fifteen years

I had a cat named Stretch,
He had congestive heart failure,
I had to put him down.
I cried for a fortnight.

I adopted a nine-year old cat named Zeus.

At twelve he has kidney failure.
Today I must put him down.
He sleeps purring at my feet.

There will be no more cats

Sorrows are too great.
Bonds too strong.
They go to the big tuna salad in the sky.

I ate a tuna salad sandwich for lunch.

Zeus watched, waiting for nirvana.

I offered him a bite.

He declined knowing an eternity of tuna.

