

benedictus

by M. F. Sullivan

he wanders the house
crying for the hairless tomcat

(gone for the night
on an overnight job).

arms stretch up the christmas tree,
grabbing at a platinum orb,
until i hiss
from behind the keyboard.

i watch him zip across the room
then sulk toward the door
as he sings
about the tragedy of discipline
in the yowls of a foreign language
grown familiar.

somehow i feel guilty,
watching his twitching tail.

i'll have to get him a treat
once i've finished this poem.

