

Fluff

by R. Jay Slais

I saw the little family that lives
under the neighbor's backyard deck
two weeks before while decapitating grasslets
with my sever-sharp blades that whirl

with precision and balance on the end of a shaft.
Two of every three mornings since,
my trash can is tipped, top off,
chicken bones strewn about, coffee grounds

lined up in the splits of the cement
like dead ants, a sprig of pizza crust
drug out into the side yard, end gnawed.
My life is all about the rearrangement

of bones, looking on the remnants of what
was drunk, touching only the crusts
of what was whole. Today, as I crack
the window to let in some air,

I come face to face with the little bugger,
a long hair fluffball kitten with turquoise eyes.
He does not run, instead, he stares up at me,
burps and meows, tells me how he would lick

my knuckles clean of salt if I could spare
a fresh can of tuna. If I was kind enough
to take him in, he promises to piss behind the couch
and in every single corner of the room.

