

Lewti & Loki

by Walter Bjorkman

The light bright, the amber-glow dream
And the glint of a star
Flew from Loki, my roomie's cat's mien;
The just-waxed floor brightest by far.
They partly out of my view
By flowing veils of whitened hue. —
So glows my Lewti's fur so fair,
Emanating out of her to the musky air,
Picture you Lewti! On your behind
Depart; for Loki is not kind

In a nonce then the sight
In a nonce they set ready to fight;
I had no portent this would occur,
Ne'er did I see this happening,
Not days before, nor those coming;
Have only seen them over and over,
Backs curved only to ignore:
Then scoot away from sight,
Now fiercely snarling and tight,
And Loki's ivory incisors show
As fiercely snarly can glow.
Out! this picture in my mind
Depart; for Loki is not kind

We know where my Lewti flies
When cat-nip has dilated her eyes:
It is under the laundry hamper-cover,
The birdsong twitters in her head:
If only I could! Save the hour
That waxed hall's floor to tread,
And cat-paw, like you, no sound ahead,

I might be able to save your plight
Entering horrific to my sight.
What then! these two cats together cleave
And passionately begin to conceive!

Ah! If only this I saw in my dream,
And dreamt they made love, not war;
Less time wasted would I deem
That all's good, as lovers are!
I'd weep not at all, if I could foresee
Their bodies entwined in glee!

