

Poems

Animal Dreaming

When the cat is asleep on the fractured yellow cushion,
it's shape long abandoned to accommodate his,
he sighs sometimes as though he has worrying
dreams.

The cushion sighs too with the shifting weight of his body
a small burden
from one who has so deftly reshaped
the craftsmanship of leather.

Cat and cushion
one dreaming in sighs
the other absorbing something.

Surely not feline dreams?

I am told cats dream of an ancestry of tigers,
might leather dream of prairies and fields?

Catherine Cole