

The Cat Dance

by Louise Pearce

Soft, sweeping movements,
Low to the ground,
Don't make a sound.

A little bit further,
Throw out your ears,
Listen for fears.

Feel, hear the tremor;
The deep, gentle purr,
He moistens the fur.

Just one step away,
Licking and smoothing.
Must keep moving,

Silence and whispers
Head up, eyes wide.
I lower and hide,

Slow, low, calm and close,
Prepare for the kill,
The beckoning thrill,

Pouncing with peril
Claws at the ready
Fast and steady,

Tail shakes, adrenalin rush,
Four legs expand,
An elastic band.

A mid-air menace.
Eyes look up, too late
Accepting their fate.

A threatening blow,
From one to another,
A fight with my brother,
A scowl from our mother.