Catitude

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: October 1997.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss1/20
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I

Hand over foot she creeps into the steamy room, eyes wild and curious on a desperate search for some strange smell that cannot yet be detected. Her agile head fixates on an ant scurrying along the cold wooden floor.

A few half-hearted swats and she tires.

Slinking out of the room, the echo of her soft meows trail behind her as she flicks her tail high in the air, taking traces of grace with her.

II

She nudges at my annoyance, pushing the imaginary boundaries between human and animal. My disregard for her affections make her lust for my hand, wounded eyes and licking tongue urge the sorrowful nod from my head in her desperate direction. Our eyes intersect.

Forcing her middle into the palm of my hand, I cave and reach out my needy paw. Her tail snaps the air, retracting her trunk

a sharp, sour taste fills the room.

—Heather Ruffalo
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