

Nobody Notices

An average house cat
Idle and heavy.
An ordinary coat
Of plain, solid orange
With sleepy, insipid eyes.
Intimidated by vacuums and faucets,
Trapped in his human's home.
Living his life through his mundane dreams,
Only interrupted by the clinking of food in a bowl
Or a leaf fluttering outside.
And the cat exists.
And nobody notices.

At the cusp of a spring night
The house cat slinks
Into the freshness of the new evening
Like a silent, disregarded fly
A tiny insect in the vastness of a forest.
Stars appear from the inkiness of the sky
Making the raindrops sparkle.
And the cat is free.
And nobody notices.

His paws are lithe and methodical
Purposeful and tranquil
As he scales the rocky river banks.
In the night's mysterious, serene glow
His coat is a cloak; silky and golden
With intricate swirls of shining yellow fur.
And his eyes are lively and telling
Like gleaming topazes.
And the cat begins his prowl.
And the forest awakens.

The cat travels regally under the canopy of trees
He roams freely, fearlessly and boldly
Like a soaring eagle.
With the world beneath his wings.
Then the woods cascades to silence
The creatures pause to behold
The air falls still
And even the glistening river slows
As the moon brightens in the presence of the cat.
And the cat is a king.
And everyone notices.