

What if I heard

mazaher 2019

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What if I heard
not asleep nor awake
the soft slide of a tin can
under the rough pink tongue of a cat
dead these past thirty years?
I would wake up to a kitchen
made up of every kitchen,
armchairs and blankets and beds
made of all those I've had.
And then there would be cats,
dozens and dozens whom I met and cherished
trilling and rubbing
to me and one another
and not a claw or hiss among them:
loving each other
because I loved them all.
There would be purring
and silent conversations
about hunting and cuddles,
meals and adventures,
grooming and raising kittens,
and Time would be forgotten,
Death fall asleep.

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