

Dear Kitty White Paws

Karen Collibee

Sorry. And I mean it.

You arrive on my porch in the early hours,
sniff and scratch amongst the flowers.
You look at the camera, you want to be a movie star.
In my eyes, you already are.

Your pointy ears, fluffy, with a furry white trim,
a black rubbery, button nose, are so appealing.
Short stubby legs, adorned with sharp claws,
contrast with the cute white socks of your paws.

Your matted fur, yellowish gray,
looks like the color of freshly mown hay.
You always visit, all alone,
forage, nightly, by the flagstone.

It's in your nature.

Water sprinklers spray in the park below,
that's where you often like to go.
Up the hill, construction work's begun,
it'll be many years before they're done.

Carry on roaming, you don't need rehoming.
The earth has been scorched, even torched.
In this harsh, desert terrain, we need more rain.
But you don't complain.

It's nature.

Another kit fox sat on my patio, looked in,
probably never seen a human being.
Watched me eat, through the window,
may've thought, I'm their foe.

Food is scarce.

I'm sad to say, it turned, walked away.
I never saw it, ever again.
Hope it isn't suffering, or in pain,
must've found new terrain.
These humans should be made to pay.

What about meeting wildlife halfway?

The vast space you used to roam,
Has now become my new home.

Up on the hill, construction is slowing.
Could be a while before the economy gets going.

Onto the wall, you are so sprightly,
sometimes you visit, more than once nightly.
Railings mark the confines of your jail,
you used to have a direct trail.
Now, boundaries are everywhere,
but these selfish humans, they just don't care.

Howard Hughes bought this land.
Is this really what he planned?

This isn't nature.

This is urbanization and destruction, all wrapped up in one.
Stop it in your tracks, while you still can.

People look around in reverence and awe, not many think of what it was before...

Never forget, Kitty White Paws, whatever happens, I'll always remember you.

This is a developing story. Please check back... in around 20 years.