

To My Cat Who Lives Indoors

Tessa Ladd

Miss,

I know you yearn to leave.

To feel the frigid winds on your pelt,
sprint miles through hills of sand,
sneeze from the pollen of sagebrush on your nose.
Please understand, I've seen the brush in your steed.
Imagine the snakes biting into your leg
or the coyotes coming in packs of ten
or the eagle who circles you
miles above the ground.

Understand, I've seen the asphalt for your eyes.

See the car in the driveway,
and imagine a human, eyes foggy with rage
driving towards you.

See the tall buildings outside,
and imagine sticky alcohol
spilling onto you from the very top.

Miss,

you have it easy.

I ask you to please understand,
great beauties are seen from my window sill —
a silhouette of white capped peaks,
a tall pine tree blown over by wind,
a small finch tweeting to you from the rose bush.

Miss,

Yearn to stay here.

I ask for nothing more.