

Allowing the Cat to Sleep

Was it a spark off my fingertip
arcing off Jiberty's nose—
snapping that cat out of her sleep
so luxuriant I got jealous?

Again, she tests if my lap is safe;
glares right into my eyes
(seems to be worrying some),
then plows her pregnant black face into mine.

I never know what to do
with such joy running on
without explanation.
Wait—she'll sigh any second now. . . .