

Here, Kitty Kitty

by Robin Knight

I torment cats nightly. Afterwards,
my signature is to festoon them across
sleeping southern suburbs, an employment
I've been on with quite some time:
until now, undisturbed.

The police, the activists, knock on doors.
They leave flyers to turn those behind
net curtains into informants. They tighten
the cord around my neck
like some Columbian drug Lord, but

I operate alone. No one to finger
me. Not even my parents who taught
me that work is prayer, that it doesn't
matter what I choose to do
as long as I commit

whole heartedly. All they wanted
was my happiness, they said, for me to live
an authentic life, to remember that blood
is thicker than water. They gave
so generously

of theirs, like an oil strike from the bedrock
of my ancestry. I helped them to commit
whole heartedly, drenched myself in them.
God bless them, God rest them,
I am their bloodline now.

Undeterred by the prejudice of others
I work nightly at my oeuvre, my sacred Art.
This is me, Authentic,
doing my Best.
You can ask no more.