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Ruminating
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RUMINATING

The cat and I have eaten out of the same can of tuna fish, which seems we have a taste in common. Is the cat human? I do not have to ask whether I am of the same species as the cat, because I know better. As for the cat, would it ask of me am I a cat? We both lick our chops of the flavor of tuna and look at each other with equanimity that comes of being familiar with each other's life, together in the same house, walking the same floors, lying on the same bed and watching the same television shows, but when it sees me reading from a book or newspaper, it curls up and goes to sleep, and I think it means me well by closing its eyes, as if to keep itself from being a trouble with its hungers or need of attention, such as sitting on my lap or sitting back on its haunches to stare up at me. Are we compatible, it could be enquiring, and I would simply have to answer that tuna makes us human to each other.

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