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Psalm

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PSALM

Cats of paper and pencil. Cats deep in embryonic thought. Cats who write only on Mondays and always begin with bladder. *Bladder this and bladder that.* Then they turn the page.

I watch them. Beseechingly, I stand behind them. May I stick my fingers down their throats, may I squeeze their inner truths until I'm faint? Let me do this in the name of envy, before I bow my head, before I bind my hands, thumb over thumb, in reams of thistle.

Cats of obsequious margins. Cats with middle initials and big snappy verbs. Cats who never swear. Instead they press down hard. *Isn't it sadder that the food is badder.* A puddle of drool and the gray one growing plump and moody, like Kafka on his wooden stool.

Let's not pretend. They sharpen their pencils. Lords of lead and petty anecdotes: a butcher, a resurrection, an island slapped silly by belligerent tides. May I kneel in the shadow of cats, may crows bounce off my forehead.

It's true. I've called them names, made unbecoming noises, imagined their tails tucked deep inside them. I am shameful. All of me. Forgive my fingers. Forgive my desire.