

IGGY J. LOUIS

What's Pretty

You try working a feral cat into your responsibility.
Keep your ego in line, as slave to complex hierarchy.
These creatures licking *themselves* all day.
Tangled in fur, allergies allocated for the sideline;
you see only their fruits. Craving *what's pretty*.

Romance of the Cat: bottomless, curious uncertainty,
stifling anxious thinking with esoteric summoned
fury—these strays' opening-up as consanguine:
with you coughing up the muck; essence of the feline
gone astray.

Hey there, little lost me, you never quite did reify.
Yet sit with them, sip your served milk with tea
in the twilight waltz around the midnight circus city.
Wanting people's milk—
meowing in vagrant chorus.

You catch a shadow in the offered pale lake,
and dogmatic cat-ness curls your tail, the alley cats lyric *purring* and
you believe, around now,
there is nothing to the milky mirror ersatz.
How easy it is to prey on these rats.

Iggy J. Louis's writing is sort of silhouetted and formed out of imaginings traced from murkiness in all previously read and experienced and desired, bloodied and refined on the page in a searching and religious quality.