

Ode to the love of a cat.

My cutest lil kitty.
Loves only me.
She cries every few hours.
Can't be long abandoned by the blessed hand.

Only to have some pathetic scrap of *that*.
From one of my own species.
To have a woman think about me.
and want to feel my touch.

ANyThINg, truly, I would give for that.
or
to have *a voice*.

There are words
that can be, must be,
crafted beyond mine
to express my melancholy.
my discontent...
But none will enter your ears.

Pathologically pathetic
sans-elation prude.

and only here

continuing to breath.