

I am an Ocelot

Sitting on the silken settee,
an oscillating fan soothes my
tempered skin among the rolling
lolls of heat in the height
of Summer in the city. A visit to Avant-
Garden is due today. I am thankful
it is not coat weather, yet I do not smile.

It reminds me of the days resting
in trees, shading myself
within the melaleuca. I am alive
in the mangrove swamps as I hunt
for my prey when the stars are out,
the moon high.

Turtles.

My master calls me Babou.

Dali indulges the excess. He's drinking acrid
Kombucha accessing his subconscious,
thinking of a career in acting
which must be from camembert.

Domesticated? Hardly.

