

CAT CHAT

Guy Belleranti

He greets me at the door
With his Siamese call.
I hold him on my lap.
He curls into a ball.

His eyes begin to close
As I stroke his warm coat.
His meows are replaced
By purrs deep in his throat.

We sit this way some time,
Then he gives me that look,
And tells me quite loudly
That tonight I'm his cook.

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