Siamese Cat

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I have been trying to show my cat
the same amount of high respect
as was shown to her ancestors of Siam
restricted to royal families and served on gold plates
Having comparatively meagre means I do my best
buying her lots of toys: soft crinkly balls, catnip pillows
sticks with hanging feathers
She likes to go out but we live near busy traffic
so I take her out on a long leash
Her favourite bird to hunt is the crow
perhaps tapping into genetic memories of more formidable distant ancestors
who would have had a much better chance at catching one
than my cat with her dainty, tentative paws
Her favourite toy is a stick with pink feathers
which I wave while she jumps and swats at it
She likes to hide under the dresser
and watch the feathers as they move across the floor
She understands that “zig-zag bird”
is just a game, that I am the one making the feathers
fly, soar, drop in altitude, circle, land
disappear behind a hedge of blanket
a tree-door
and that the feathers in her mouth are not a dead crow
She often plays with this feather-toy by herself
making it rise and fall
Amazed and admiring that she can derive so much enjoyment
from this poor facsimile of the natural world
I try to copy her, imagine that I too am in a world
that does not fall short of a rich ideal
where limitations can be magically transformed
consolations affording great delight