

BIN Ingram K. E.

THE CAT

Life passes in thin strands through my cat
As she sits huddled on the household mat;
Perhaps she sees the world all grey
No beauty in the lily—
Our night her day.

And every time her sinuous limbs
That lie hidden under a silken skein
Move, a thought immediately at my door raps
That here within this domestic bundle
Lies the wild wildest forest jungle.

Green as the leaf-light are her eyes
As if within thick ferns she lay
And watched the flickering shadows play
Now narrowed to a fame when something passes
Slithers her limbs within their jacket skin
Puts forth a striped paw,
And holds a quivering goldfinch
Within her tiger's jaw.

K E. INGRAM.