Catly Love

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Catly Love

Shannon Leigh & Ayla Johnson

Dedicated to all the British pervs who believed in courtly love

She sits upon the window sill, alone,
ammond-shaped eyes reflecting the soft light.
Her ginger hair aglow like ruby stones,
she lounges, capturing my heart and sight.

An Egyptian queen full of feline grace
who rules my thoughts, but for me does not care.
The more I reach, the more she claws my face.
I bleed and pout yet all she does is stare.

She stalks away: I feel small as a mouse
that she toys with and leaves after the kill.
My affections her rejections arouse.
Although catty, I find I love her still.

While she sleeps I’ll find her, just wait and see;
With fresh tuna I’ll lure her back to me.

Beatrice & Bill © Dominique Donald