



The Stations

To and from patrols to the litter box
and feeding bowl, he yowls his reports:
'all clear'. Then, like clockwork, mans the stations:
my chest in bed, my lap on couch or chair,
in his bed beside the laptop in the office.
Those are regular, self-imposed assignments.
But in my absence, there's another post
he's partial to partake: a sunny window roast.

Off duty, he makes exploratory
expeditions around the house, forays
into nooks and crannies, sniffing out
the enemy or finding friendly forces.
He target practices a mouse that jerks
erratically, strung along on a string,
and constantly cleans his dress uniform, fur.
Now he sits before me at attention:

'At your service, Sir.'