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Cat Brain

To create a magical emulsion
Diluted according to package directions
To be spread in shallow layers like lasagne
On the heavier objects that require cat-like
Assistance
Things that are earth and air and fire
Needing only water to complete the cube of
Regularity
These things need:
magical assistants

Two Cats young
Too very young to venture too far
To stupidly intellectual in their youth
And tufts of hair chronicling their experiments
These cats
Can drive the very earth to madness

With tufts of hair and some sort of homing
Devise
No craft for yet catching horny doves and ingenious pigeons
But a similar innate formula for remembering
Things like: a destination or a sexual vibration
Though they've been stripped of a real home and their
maternal faculties

Yes,

Here is the emulsion:

Like I said there is usually a ratio of dilution..

A regular standardized half feral cat is a strong potion for most vibrant gardens, or half-witted birds, cold or slow lizards and even slower insects..

Small cats, nearly kitten, learning to fall down the many chambers of air with a mind for grace only as their feet must land on ground

These things Are the ticket

You see, this great earth and its ability to center and to ground our indescribably weighted beings toward some centrifugal force

Seems, cleverly but deceptively,,

to be magic itself. You'd think it was?

But I'm here to make a comparison to the regular black cottage earth heated to 145 degrees crumbling winterlong compost that has recycled itself over countless numbered rhythmic cycles, diminished and floated through a purgatory of wind like unappreciated cathedral-grade stained glass..Prehistoric translucent quartz melting with centuries, breathed by beast man and hatred all alike

And this pretentious earth claims the miracle of birth- every organic and so-called natural spec of small and large

That motherlode who has caught us all in its baited net of total reliance humbling out Spirit

And Natural repetitions and repression

On the various cycles of its locational choosing

These two young ones.

yet all Cats are inherently screaming at this collusion

That thing that is Not

But seems so Is So

Is tracking with eyes a sheeted ghost who bears no holes for eyes

Or cross-armed white strap jackets

She is one thing.

not another.

She can meow

Show affection

Purr and eat

Drink and lick

Not human not mammal.
Not reptile not even a thought.
But close enough that we are all fooled by some similarity to life
And I think we fill in the blanks

She is a sphinx with a face
And beloved, if she be loved, returning to her innocent dumb-weights with more wisdom than We
genealogists learn in the many limbs of our comprehensive family tree

She brings an emulsion that is direct eye contact into beloved gaze upon her lithe form
And back and forth through moving vertical pupils.

She brings baskets of strange ideas
Ideas that no word has ever formed for even a remote calculation,
Nay not even a mere dream of a new form of language from a lucid pre-vocabulary fantasy

Come out to the shop and it is

She brings the mystery to the magic and leaves it locked tight, as we ponder the pandering Pandora
paradigm
Picking the lock with black compost translucent quartz millennium breath

She has never left a key but leaves a keyhole for spying out of her good-natured pity and sighs

Time has no relevance to the cat
Life has no value to the cat
Danger is only experience personified to its fullest mortal potential
and purring, says the cat
With death to spare

Breath immortal
Death exquisite
Nine lives sublime

Simple Love is uncomprehendingly
Simple or else for the cat
Unthought
Inside or outside the
Feral
Feline
Elixir
Emulsion:

4 parts oil
Don't forget to dilute

Cats forget the past
As the past for them is invisible
The Future is too abstract
The Present too foreign and unguided
The Now not known nor knowing
The Is not spoken or heard
The This not believable

But claws and teeth and large leaps of faith across this calculated dirt earth tree cloud blue spherical thing,
so to speak,
is the magic carpet for the magic wordless
Tail
Claw
Sandpapered Kisses

The package instructions read:
Do not open;
and
If so, dilute with 4 parts regular oil
One part prayer.

Teeth
Claws
Unpredictability
Do not mix with dogs
Do not call the red truck

Two cats are good enough and
Better than one

One grows old the day it is pulled off its milky teet
And resents all mortals alike
And plots behind decades of masks and fake deaths

Two suckle one another
And suck their thumbs like children
Growing just as the bottle guaranteed:
With delicate but only occasional grief

And they run off but return after many heated silent conversations betwix

And since all cats are female or in disguise as not
They do come back to nurture the black dirty ground and it's teet-like rock hard center which holds the mortal things in place

Magic says first:

May I fly?

Dreams suffice the stupid beings or else are

Engineered into enamel dragons with slow, propelled force and raunchy noises

Who exhibit their ridiculous misunderstanding of flight magic, but still have tried their very best.

The cat will climb, toward shoulders and hair on heads of those who allow.

You just allow them.

For their formidable flight is often mistook for nothing but clumsy reflexes.

You must see the cat as it flies over your transparent thoughts and finds you in locked basement where you truly unravel your demons to dry slow.

They sit by you on magic carpets as you blindly cry, impervious to everything but the water you are now breathing through

Phoebe with a black face and pea green eyes

Recites the recipe.

She is difficult to pin down, but left to her own timeframe, she's found me again.

Bitterly obstinate and lithe and pretending curiosity..

Yet she leaves a recipe for true magic at the door in the shape of a shadow, which she diluted, as always and for safety,

with 4 parts magic, and one part dogmatic prayer.