

Sulawulf Valor

Paper Kittens

Blood, Bone, Talon, Fur

Playful scuffles that somersault between the wonderment of belonging and the silence of abandonment

These delicate imprints scatter with the first sight of barred fangs
Instinct to draw blood because of maiming touch
Too forceful, without tenderness
seizes especially the most innocuous

Those delicious pulses of content that seep into your
bones, into the hearth below sternum and skin
Elicit such a dull, hallow ache

Your thoughts racing—chase from one notebook to another
Pages and tomes and torn flyleaves filled with an indiscernible world
No one would dare touch or read
Saucers of spilled, soiled cream
Frayed string not unlike the typical tacking kind to connect crime-scenes

That pitiful, muffled cry
Never can find an escape through your chords nor
find solace without love, without tenderness
The ache steels itself closer to death, digs deeper like a merciless talon
further below into the hearth
where fears and thoughts and many lonely desperate callings
finally serve as purpose—as kindling.
All too mindful not to singe the delicate fur
of captured affection.