

OUT OF THE FUR LIGHT

Nuances of a Theme by Stevens

The fat cat slobbers its green milk,
grinning fiercely at the shrinking rabbit,
sitting softly in the grass—so soft,
softer than a fresh puppy's tuft.

And the cat, with its flaming eye,
arches its electric spine,
its hairs standing high,
preparing to pounce its prey.

The fur light fades,
that eminent sky-king rises,
that ancient warrior-star—
thus begins a rugged new day,
where the rabbit must run off
into the shading thickets
of dry autumn weeds.