

Little White Cat Paws

By Michael Lee Johnson

we
all
walk
with
padded
little
white
cat
paws?
squeamishly live
with
small-scaled
thoughts
and injured wings,
pocket-sized
words,
expressions
exaggerated?
edged
within seconds?
till
the
small
black
box arrives,
sobering,
stores death
like angel or devil
in cahoots,
kitten and man alike,
annihilated-
clock stops
archives in place,
zap the last whistle.

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