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## Cosmic Cat

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## Pat McKeage Cosmic Cat

"I am the Cosmic Cat you know" and I reply as I stand on the deck, watching the early light chasing the mist, "No, you're not. You're only a purring machine."

I am the Cosmic Cat you know"
I reply—
the sun disappearing
as I stick a red hibiscus flower,
in full bloom
when the sun is straight up,
on the grave—
"No, you're not.
You're only a purring machine
and now quite dead."

"I am the Cosmic Cat"
as I return the next evening
the red hibiscus flower
stretched out wide
low to the ground
see through velvet
shimmering with energy—
Is this cat getting the last word?
She is not
as I return to the deck
and try to think...

what explanation can there be as my confused agnostic and rational mind races on, her flower after more than thirty-six hours should at least be showing signs of death and nobody even knew this cat was dead it happened so suddenly it was very unlikely the flower was replaced. Or is it her body sustaining that flower but I buried her deep and the body cold and besides decomposition of that degree wouldn't be starting so quickly so it must be the air molecules in the newly dug dirt or capillary water doing its job

whatever it is she's not getting the last word it's science to the rescue as I return to the grave

Now I do need a drink

one more

one more

An hour before first light flashlight in hand
I return...
exactly the same.

This is too much
I am going to bed.
At noon I have to check
from a distance
that flower
looking good
upon closer inspection
obviously dying
about time.