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Animal Seasons

by Harold Tinkle

The white cat came as a surprise to rabbits, field mice, cold birds and me. I froze at both door and window, saw the whole thing. Saw the snow, partisan to the cat, hush his footpads and hide the big sniper from the best of eyes. We saw motion sometimes, a fur flow, or his snow bed or snow table only and those feathered. It was hard getting through.

Then a thousand blackbirds sprang up like dark tinsel or ribon or the notation of their own code song. We had grown dumb to that ballet hosanna, and could not say why they would fly so, lean edge on and then turn, causing the sky to blossom.

We had forgotten the signal, but the white cat padded away, knowing what it meant. He'd killed enough

and now, until he comes home again, the birds are going to fly and make a living of the sky which is bluer, and the clouds are individual.