The Feline of the Night

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I am the hunter adapted.  
During the years I’ve stalked them all.  
For them the night the moon provides false hope  
promises of hindered sight and cooled earth.  
The night remains my playground.  

Before their demise, the only thing they see  
hundreds of muscles  
pulled back  
then snap like a bow,  
the terrifying yet graceful descent,  
and even though the night may be full, shadows will always fall  
and envelope the poor sod  
who should have just stayed home.  

The delicate yet vindictive curve of each sharpened claw  
and the earth that lies tucked deep inside each one  
satiates their thirst for life.  
I can see their soul leaving through their eyes as they dig  
deeper and deeper into the midst of the soft and supple flesh.  
Fur matted with sweat and a deep ruby hue.  
The last breath evaporates...  
and once the lifeless ragdoll lie still in the open moon,  
precisely jagged teeth will be their new home.  
The struggle is over.  
The only question now is  
“where to place my trophy?”