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My Black Cat

Tricia M. Cimera

As I'm getting ready
to go out tonight,
my black cat says,
*You're not wearing THAT,
are you?*
So I say, *Oh, yeah, I am,*
laying out a pink silk
dress, good pearls,
nice pumps,
& he says,
*That's for squares, sister,
try this on!*
& pulls out a tight
black dress, stockings,
shoes with sky-high
heels & I tell him,
*Look, I told you,
I want to be respectable,
get married,
settle down,
have a house,
get a DOG*
but my black cat
keeps arguing,
shaking his tail,
so finally I figure
*What the hell,
they're just clothes,
maybe tonight I'll meet
the perfect fellow*
so off I go,
all in black,
to this snazzy lounge &
before you know it
3 guys are giving me
the eye - I haven't
done a thing, I swear,
but 1 guy's girlfriend
scowls at me & yowls
at her bewitched boy,
*how come you keep staring at HER?
Whatsamatta with me?*

Smashing a bottle on
the schmuck's head
& then
a big fight breaks out:
hissing, spitting,
punching, kicking,
the police come,
we're all locked up,
but I've got 1 call
so I call my black cat -
all *his* fault anyhow -
who finally after
2 dozen rings
picks up and purrs,
*You are what you are, doll,
face it -*
damn that cat! -
but it's true,
though I've tried
to erase it,
I am what I am,
it's no use, so
I wink at the cop who
disappears with a ::POP::
& I walk out,
to enter the fantastic,
fabulous night &
fly through the sky,
the wind rushing past,
with my black cat
on my shoulder
whispering happily,
*See, sister, I knew
you could never
go straight*
& you know what? _
he's right,
he's right,
which
is exactly what
he *loves* to hear!