It's My Life, but You're Welcome to Hang Around

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You bring me food, clean my box, stroke my fur as well you should. You appear to recognize how it is between us. But sometimes you seem to want something more, some self-to-self relationship, almost as if you cannot see the obvious—You have no tail!

I wouldn't be so cruel as to mention it. I accept you as you are: your extraordinary lack of grace, your useless activity in this room or that, your running—as bells have trained you—to the front door and the telephone. (Oh yes, I notice these things, when I don't have anything better to do, like feeling sunlight caress my body or observing birds on the porch rail or watching a facet drip.) So please, let's just keep things as Nature intended. It's not your fault, but—You have no tail!