

The Stray Cat

The stray cat doesn't understand boundaries. Every night on my walk home, I am visited by the stray black cat. The stray cat desires love and affection, meowing at me as I walk home. I pet it and it leads me on its own path. Meowing at me along the way, occasionally letting me pet it. It doesn't know its boundaries; it just wants me to follow and love it along the way.

I follow it to a stranger's porch, where empty bowls lie. The stray cat dashes up the porch and meows at me. I don't approach the stranger's porch because of boundaries, but the stray cat does not know boundaries; it just meows at me. I must leave it alone because I cannot help the stray cat within boundaries other humans set for their own comfort. It meows at me as I go; it does not know the boundaries of humans.

I cry over the loss of a relationship on my walk home. Humans walk past, too afraid to step outside their boundaries to help fellow hurting humans. The stray cat hears my call; it does not know boundaries and approaches me all the same. I pet the cat and thank it for its company. It meows at me and leads me once again. This time, we arrive at a different porch, and the bowls are full of food and water, yet the stray cat meows at me. I cannot help the stray cat; it does not know boundaries. I leave it alone once more.

The night is wet and cold. Raindrops tap my shoulder and head, but I am bundled up while walking home. The stray cat is nowhere to be found. When I get closer to my home the stray reveals itself to me. The stray cat has food and water available, but the cat is cold and wants a home. It leads me to my own door. The stray cat does not know my boundary. "I am sorry," I say to the cat, I cannot let you in that door. I do not know what diseases or parasites you may have, and I cannot risk my own comfort to help you. I walk away, leaving the stray cat in the cold rain. This is not my problem, that cat's consequences to their actions are not my responsibility.

How could such a selfish creature demand such things from us humans and not provide anything in return? This is not the humanity we live in, something for nothing does not exist. Respect boundaries unless you have worth, worth that is enough to ignore a boundary. Homeless, stray cats do not belong, because they provide no worth. That's at least what you would expect from me with your borders and boundaries.

Homeless, refugees, victims of foreign wars, none of these people are our problem because they exist outside our borders and boundaries. God forbid one of these people inconvenience your life and ask you to step outside your comfort zone and engage with humanity as we should. The stray cat belongs on the street because its own actions got it there. Fuck that.

I slept with a very wet, comfortable, purring stray cat at the end of my bed, because I do not believe in your boundaries. I hope I die to this stray cat, because it would be better than living in such a selfish, cold, world. I hate this place, full of its borders and boundaries.