

Helen Lyne - Brutus and Maxie

Two cats pad over polished floor boards
tails held high in a princely way
Claw-torn curtains prove here they're high lords
one proud tabby and one pure grey

Maxie pads to breakfast like a mist in motion
grey smoke flowing over fine oak floor
He crunches and chomps with greedy commotion
then circles my slippers for more

Brutus, hunter, lusting after live prey
languid at the window in his favourite place
snarls at the spiders in a silent sly way
asserting his superior race

He dangles a paw in relaxation
tabby tail trailing like a breeze-puffed plume
eyes golden slits of deep meditation
till a cockroach comes courting its doom

Tail-tip flicking, tightened haunches
wide eyes blazing with gold-flecked fire
a tabby torpedo from the window launches
ferocious with bare-fanged desire

Maxie disdains such frenzy in motion
Leaping onto vermin is not his role
He seeks his food in slow locomotion
and earnestly empties his bowl

Sated, he stretches and stomach exposes
paws crossed over his heart-shaped face
Brutus, killer, over small corpse poses
exuding his superior race

Two cats yowled at the kitchen screen door
drenched and scrawny one rain-swept day
slipped inside and rule with hard paw
turbulent tabby and laid-back grey