

Snowflakes Through the Cat's Eye

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When the outside trees bear no more leaves
my tall window becomes a mirror.
What is it about this time of year
that copies my millions of white hairs on my coat
into millions of white dots littering the sweep?

My hairs fly sometimes
but not without a harsh shake and a hardy scratch.
Is the sky, too, shaking and scratching?

Do I have a fellow high above me
undergoing the same physical transformations as I?
but if he is my fellow, my equal,
why does he arrive to detain me?

When I shake and scratch,
my human's hand comes to soothe me.
When my fellow shakes and scratches,
I am inexplicably barricaded from his frosty fur,
fur that I once thought was just like mine.

At my door I reach and wail
hoping my fellow will soon relent.
I do not understand why I am targeted
but I return to my seat and return to sleep.
When I wake I will try again.