

Snickers

When you absconded with the pizza box, a backstory was invented,
Abandoned by a frat house, foodstuffs were rare.
I get it, buddy, I had some ramen days too.
So big, so furry, so patient with a little boy that isn't,
I'll pretend I didn't see you try to sink your incisors into his skull.

No, I'll imagine you muttering under your breath like an old man,
Flicking at me in disgust, yelling when I enter the room.
Don't worry, I won't tell anyone when mom is out of town,
You hug my arm, purring, just like she says. Because,
At midnight you're back to banging closed doors, complaining about
Full bowls, demanding to venture into freezing cold. I warned you, buddy.

"Is that yours? Man, that's a big cat." I know they mean fat.
"Big breed, Maine Coon." I got your back, buddy, I'm big boned too.
I turn to you for approval but by the look on your face,
You're still sore about my he has no nuts, jokes. Relax.
Lay down at your bowl, eat like Jabba. You're one fat four-leafer.
Swat a dog, wrestle the grey, pounce a canvasser. Just another day.

I catch you looking at yourself in the mirror. I see it too, buddy.
Missed jumps to the bed, clumsy clomps up and down
Stairs all night, like an unsteady drunk. Filth trails you. Rough stuff,
But mom says you need to see how big the kids have gotten.

Is he breathing? Does he just lay there? Wow, he looks terrible.
How old? Isn't that like 90? Kind of sad. Won't be long now. Said our goodbyes.

Big kids go. It's quiet. I know, you have to get a move on too.
Hey, don't get up, buddy, I'll get your food. I'll get everything.
Let's test the upper limits on catnip. I'll try anything. I know,
There's no way to slow the roll. Where'd your mutter go, old man?

Let me wrap you, burrito. Sure, look out my window, it's a short drive.
What do you see? Funny, your head smells good. Someone loving on you?
It's your not favorite place, but no fight today. I hand you over.
She strokes you chin and coos, "getting old sucks, doesn't it buddy."