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Full Moon, House Cats

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Full Moon, House Cats

by Gregory Brown

Thunder slams against the floor
in concentric semicircles
beneath the white, textureless
ceiling, nipping fur-covered
haunches with snapping teeth, pulling
up tan carpet loops behind
open crescent claws, clipped short
just last week, when you wrapped
your teddy-bear body around
my taut wrist like a serpent,
kick'd up t'ward my unshaven face.
Tufts of black hair, dandruff, and
neon-painted nail caps float down
past your rolling ribcage, you
two hot-lap the empty hallway,
I run my pen on top of
mountains, the scabbing trail bisect-
ing my plumping cheek, and the
moon closes yellowed eyelids
behind the cover of clouds.