

Tuna Salad In Cat Heaven

For Seven years
I had a Russian Blue cat named Smoke
He had cystitis,
I had to put him down.
I cried all night.

For fourteen years
I had a big Main Coon cat named Zoot,
He couldn't eat, squamous cell cancer in his jaw.
I had to put him down.
I cried for a week.

For fifteen years
I had a cat Stretch,
The smartest, but he had congestive heart failure,
I had to put him down.
I cried for a fortnight.

I adopted a nine-year old cat named Zeus.
At twelve he has kidney failure.
I'll have to put him down.
He sleeps purring at my feet.

There will be no more cats
Sorrows are too great.
Friendships too strong.
They'll all gather at the big tuna salad in the sky.

I ate a tuna salad sandwich for lunch.
Zeus watched, waiting for nirvana.
I offered him a bite.
He declined knowing an eternity of tuna.