

## IGGY J. LOUIS

### *What's Pretty*

You try working a feral cat into your responsibility.  
*Keep your ego in line*, as the slave to a complex hierarchy.  
These creatures licking *themselves* all day.  
Tangled in fur, allergies allocated for the sideline;  
you see only their fruits. *Craving what's pretty*.

The romance of the cat: bottomless, curious uncertainty,  
stifling anxious thinking with esoteric summoned  
fury—these strays' opening-up as consanguine:  
with you coughing up the muck; the essence of the feline  
gone astray.

*Hey there, little lost me*, you never quite did reify.  
Yet sit with them, sip your served milk with tea  
in the twilight waltz around the midnight circus city.  
Wanting people's milk—  
*meowing* in vagrant chorus.

You catch a shadow in the offered pale lake,  
and dogmatic cat-ness curls your tail, the alley cats lyric  
*purring* and you believe, around now,  
there is nothing to the milky mirror ersatz.  
How easy it is to prey on these rats.

**Iggy J. Louis's** writing is sort of silhouetted and formed out of imaginings traced from murkiness in all previously read and experienced and desired, bloodied and refined on the page in a searching and religious quality.