

Portrait of a Fast Cat

Grandma on the back verandah,
the *Final Edition* in her lap
throws her tea to hit
the neighbours' cat in our flowers.

Pragmatic, the pussy watches
the arcing body of hot water
somersault through air off-target—

The first drops rattle claws
on the rock ledge
as the missed cat scrams

And a backwind catches the brown tail
of liquid still descending
into the gold chrysanthemums
and splashes it in petals all over
the red verandah gate.

Irate, grandma enters the kitchen
for another cup
then settles in the lawnchair by the steps

watchfully,
the news rolled up like a cannon.

Between slats of the high, weathered picket,
eartufts twitch in the sun.

By Kathleen Moore