

A Self Organizing Community of Stray Cats

O happy few lament!
Whose conscience choose nature's ambient
Forsake internal lumination
Instead perceive by once reflected Self creation
What gauche passer by
Is the anthropomorphic classify
This focal length of truth let loose
A cancer born to reproduce
And what may the few proclaim?
A shirt of hair to cloak the shame?
Assert the rules of grand dynamic
Not piece the shards of still ceramic
Take clock, stick and dice and let
This measured motion Be
And with deific eyes you, and I, will see.

*Andy "Dijon" French 23 & 24th February 2004.
Written in Barcelona, Cataluña amongst a thriving feline street gang.*