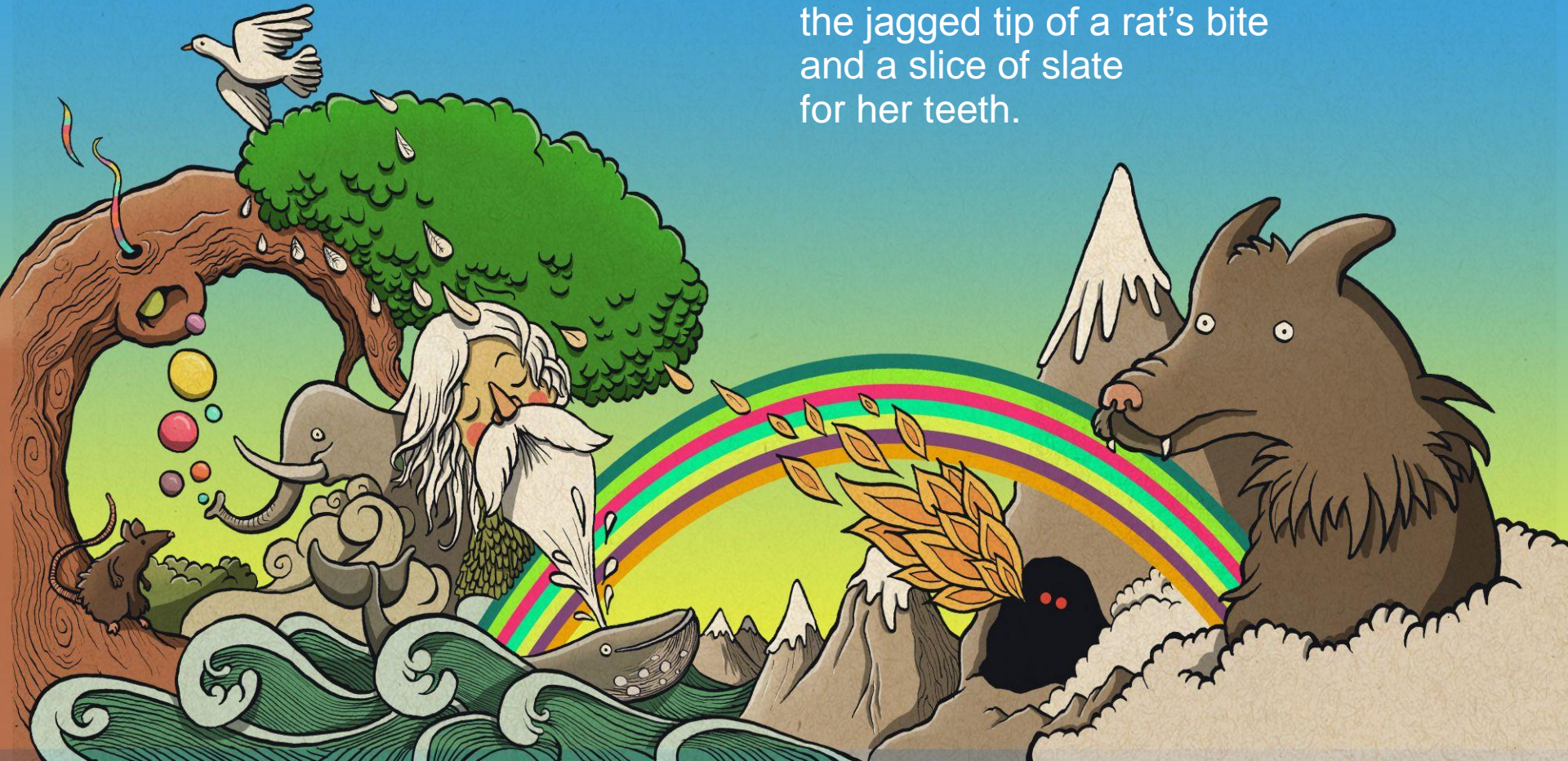


1. Recipe to make a wolf

Take
the rushing of a storm cloud,
the growl of a dog in a corner
and the song of a whale adrift
for her voice.

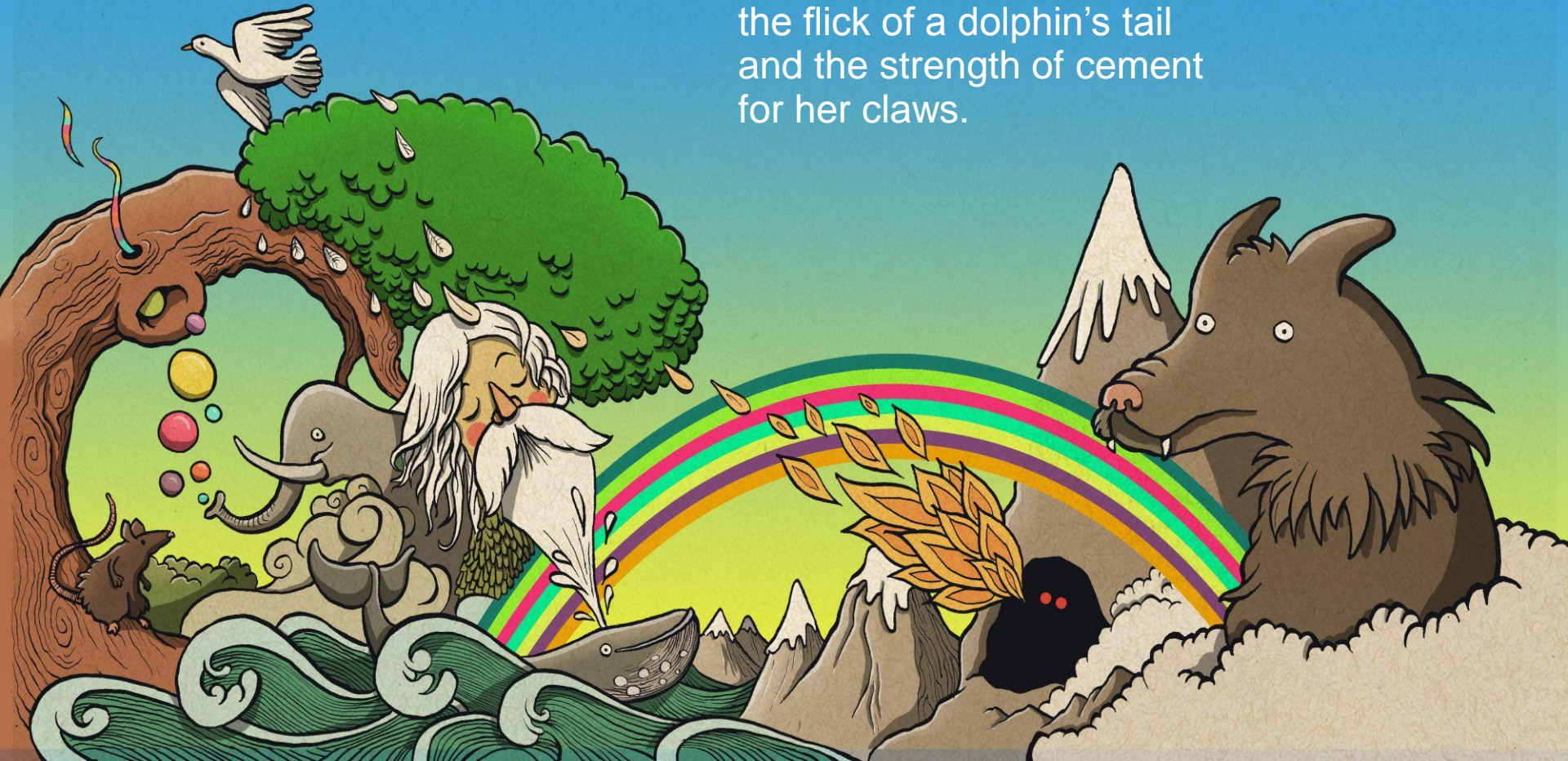
Take
the shrug of drifting mist,
a bonfire's smoke swirling
and an old man's beard
for her coat.

Take,
the strength of an elephant's tusk,
the jagged tip of a rat's bite
and a slice of slate
for her teeth.



Take,
the speed of a squirrel's dash,
the softness of a dove's feathers
and the fire's fine ash
for her eyes.

Take,
the stab from a heron's beak,
the flick of a dolphin's tail
and the strength of cement
for her claws.

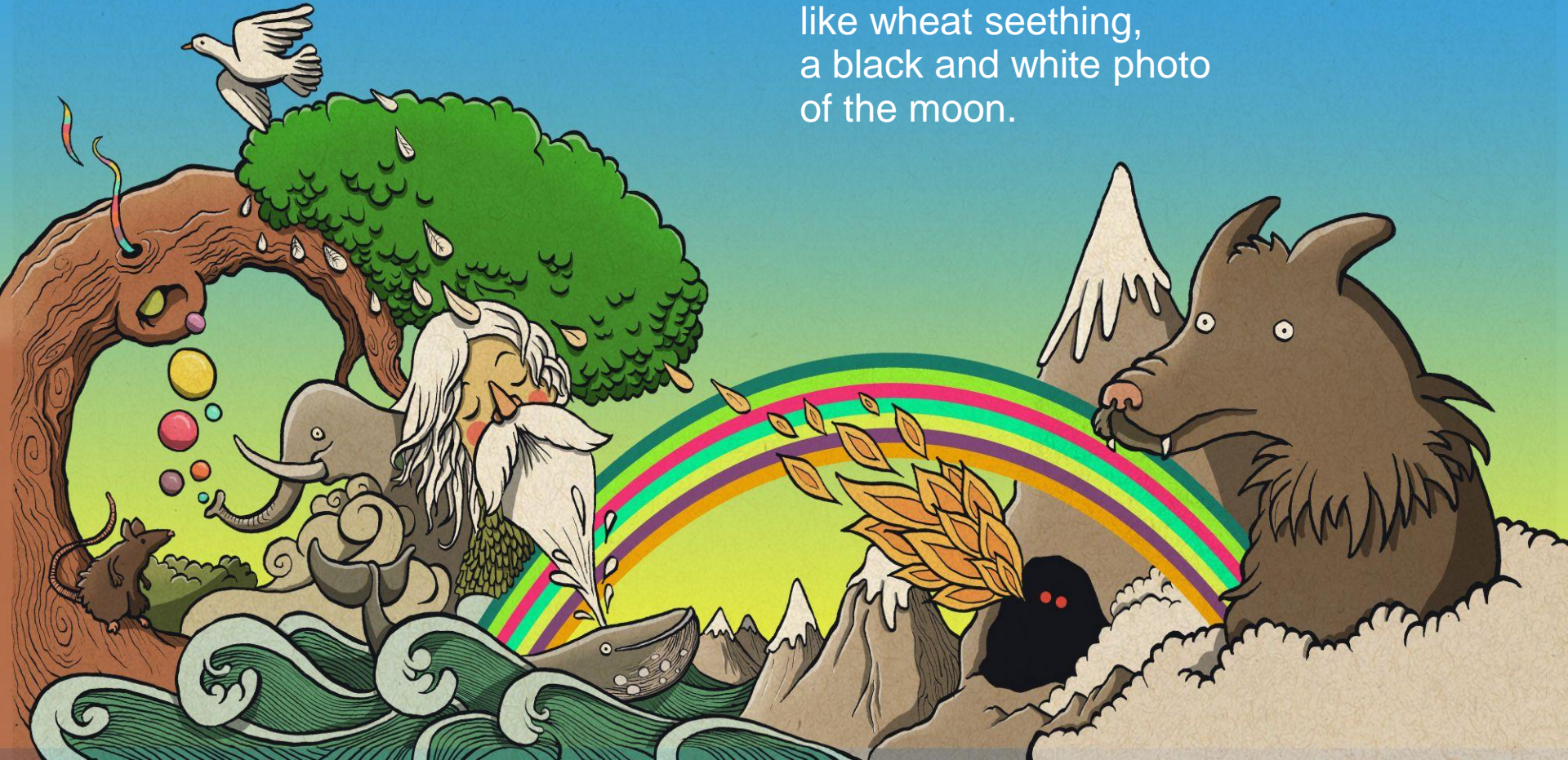


1. My cat

My cat curls
on the arm chair,
pillowing the curve
of crescent moon.

Her paws are pincushions,
needle-claws tucked out of sight.
Eyes, shell-tight.
She snuffles,
making cat dream noises.

Her fur ripples
like wind breathing on water,
like wheat seething,
a black and white photo
of the moon.



At night, she pads
along the garden wall.
Pauses, poised before leaping.
Eyes like green glass
glittering in car lights.

She stalks back indoors,
tucks her head under paws
of darkness –
even though she drifts
into sleep – creeps
through dreams,
her ears are alert,
picking up
the slightest
sound around her.

Mini-tiger.
Cool as a cat.

