
Tabby in a Baby Carriage

Hell hath no fury like a scorned tabby.

Faithful white whiskers protrude
From beneath the pink baby bonnet,
And Tabby peturbedly wriggles
In a futile attempt
to free her swaddled body. But

No animal is safe
In four year-old hands.
Boy
and cat.
Destination:
Hell and back.

The up ward journey
Begins. Slow-

ly, push
ing, me

ow ing boy
Trips on a wet-sided stone. But
forg es
through mold
and ro
ses to

reach
the
un
bear
a
ble

Height.

The peak
Of Apple Hill.

All goes well;
Until

A dry wind from the south
Came ruthlessly
Wildly *whisking boy cat carriage to the depth*
of hell one earth in a frenzied flutter of fur.

The boy heard

The devil laugh
In his ripped ear, or maybe
It was only the vengeful screech
of the tabby.

Melissa Burden