The felines outnumber humans six to one.
They drive the boats and rule the sun in this sleepy fisherman’s town.
They crowd the streets and beaches and docks and take out seagulls by the flock.
They creep along the rooftops and yowl cool-cat jazz under the moonlight, with tails in the air because they just don’t care, and even the mayor is covered in cat hair.
Yesterday he made a PSA, and though it was only meow-meow-meowing, he really meant to say *Please don’t litter in the bay—Let’s keep the harbor clean so that the fish will stay.*