

BRITTA RETTBERG

Cat Scan

sooty tangles blurring onto each other
easing the edges
soft soot
like lucky black cat fur

that makes us laugh and get turned on and silly in spite of the tubing
and stretched suction cups and pink pads and iodine
carbon soot fur clogging up the back passages of the tubes

sudocreme and carbon soot like cat fur
and carbon shards
suck in and
congeal with the twin engine oil
which supercharges us through the tubes
and deep into furry Newbliss

there are twin peaks
twin engine oil peak ridges
oiled peaks
in the vicinity of Newbliss

near the cat's puddle
she looked at me and rubbed her furry sooty self against my thigh
and I took her touch as
permission for me to take a few sips from her pool;
the one near the lake where we
went swimming the other day

cat's puddle water is soaking and spreading into and through the bed pad
wetting and warming the twin peaks of the flaming mountains
cat's eyes are in the the lucky clouds-channeling Arthur Russell

and also Mahmut,
they dm-ed me yesterday, they're on a yoga retreat in the Egyptian desert
and the wetness is for them too

cat's puddle is seeping in and licking the sudocreme
lick lick lick

right before Mahmut's message I was reading some Carolee Schneemann
and she was thinking about cat scans and dreaming of Egypt
and mourning and kissing and licking and loving her cat forever

Laura Ní Fhlaibhín