

Old and wise,

The crooked tail

Remains.

The graying chin

And drooping whiskers;

Distinguished traits

Of wisdom won

In back-alley fights

Of perceived territories.

Marauder of Midnight;

Cascading

Silent

Panther-like

Across

Backyard jungles.

Pantomime-dancing with shadows

In the full moon's glow,

Like the cool

And refined blow

Of a Miles Davis

Solo.

Soft padded paws

Punctuate a 4/4 beat

Like Roach's snare,

Hanging like quiet thunder

In an empty sky.

Rhythmic heartbeats;

Steady, strong

Mingus-wild.

And caterwauling cries

Filling the dawn

With sweet alibis.

Quite handsome,

Still,

In his red collar,

As

The cat laughed jazz.