

Velvet Comfort

I am curled on a bed made of velvet,
My legs are long for galavanting through hallways,
My snout is long for sniffing crumbs and animals.
I wear a collar of clouds, it signifies my being.
My long, spindly tail lies behind me,
My paws cross each other, I am poised even in rest.

I have fur made of silk, ears made of cotton,
Eyes made of cashmere, paws made of wool.
Velvet on silk is soothing, as is cashmere,
As is wool, as is cotton. I am comfortable.
So I sleep, undisturbed on my velvet throne,
I lie here and drift off into another world.

This world is made of satin, my woolen paws feel light
The ball and chain that is leash and collar is gone,
I am free. I run through fields of flowers and clover,
I chase rabbits; I am happy, they are inspired -
To run, to hide, to survive; to escape me.
I am inspired to chase, to jump, to be free.

My cashmere eyes and my wet nose twitch
They think I look sad, yet I am exhilarated.
In dreams, we do whatever we desire,
So I escape to worlds of hares and pastures,
In cotton fields made up of my ears, and I wake
To the food bowl being filled; my flannel home awaits.

I leave my satin dreams, and awake to friendly pats,
I leave my velvet comfort, and rejoice in loving arms.

-Sarah Cunningham



Shannon Ferguson
Velvet Comfort, 2024