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The Feral Queen

A feral cat of huge frame and ugly, the doctor said, a threat to small marsupials, no one's puss, not even deserving of a vet's syringe, must have inspired in me this serial litter. Three "bondings" had occurred, she said, from separate couplings with the tom. In black and white I saw my letter screened, paws waving like anenomes on the ultra sound. I must say I was touched. I'd give birth at length to different selves, but not the writer, already tried, cast off. The adolescent painter long denied would re-emerge, brush in paw, and simply do it. A month later, it would be the singer of all feral tunes outside the quarter acre plot. The third would be the Feral Queen herself, electric furred and fierce, too quick for supermarket sightings, at best a paw print swallowed by the mop near Pet Foods, a fading yowl as trolley riders stage small tantrums and mothers stray from shopping lists, skidding on the trail of spat lollies, sucked biscuits, mangled language.