

there's a lot of things I think that we're missing out on  
like, nobody wants to bother the dog or go watch a movie alone  
or go to the grocery store just to buy some bread, and a block of cheese,  
and a stick of pepperoni to just bite into it all sitting on my civic like a caveman

and like, I get it, I'm not calling you out or anything,  
when I say "nobody wants to" really what I mean is:  
"Social pressure seems to be against all that."  
Which I hate. Like a lot

And it might not even be true? But I feel like it is, because  
It feels exhilarating when I get the pepperoni, and block of cheese,  
and the bread and just bite into it all sitting on the civic like a caveman  
its like I'm flipping everyone off, and I don't like being rude but, but I like doing that.

When I get home from my beer league hockey games at night,  
there's this cat, and I don't even like cats or anything,  
but there's this cat, she gets up onto my porch and tries to trip me,  
and she yells at me because she knows I want to sit outside with her in the cold and eat  
sausages and gravy, or drink warm milk with her,  
or just sit outside petting each other freezing our ass off

and you. I don't know. You just have to pretend to be a cat,  
nobody else is watching us eat our anchovies and even if they were,  
I'd bet they would be all "damn, I wish I could get home from a hockey game  
and sit outside pretending to be a cat, eating sausages or anchovies or  
some bread, and a block of cheese, and a stick of pepperoni  
to just bite into it all sitting on my civic like a caveman...

...that would be neat."

And I want to invite them out to sit with us while the kitty  
rumbles like a helicopter and kneads my chest and punches my mouth with her face  
and licks my jean jacket and eats anchovies with me but you gotta,  
and I mean you GOTTA pretend to be a cat. It won't happen if you don't

and it hurts, sometimes she doesn't realize she's cutting me open with her claws  
while she's steppin' all over me, but you gotta just pretend to be a cat  
and she yells at me when I run out of sausages or milk but you gotta just pretend to be a cat  
because she'll realize that I don't have any more, and then she stops yelling and  
rumbles like a helicopter and kneads my chest and punches my mouth with her face

and she gets it, I step on her sometimes and she yowls and hisses and  
I cry out in despair when she runs away, but she comes back,  
even just for pets and warmth and the promises of sausages and gravy some other day.  
But she gets it, and I don't think most human beings get it, because they don't want to get,  
like, cut open or stepped on or laughed at or punched in the mouth with a little cat face  
but that's what its about. Really, honestly, you gotta pretend to be a cat