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My Own Cat in the Hat

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My Own Cat in the Hat

I breathe for you.
I blow balloons for you.
I vacuum the walls for you.
I collect dust mice
for your jar of collectibles.
Your Dr. Seuss eyes
curve everything
and make it real.
Kids are real to you
and the ice has the immediacy
you need.
You don’t tie your shoelaces
and you never trip.
Before I tripped into you
the world was filled with masks and tomfoolery.

I asked if your eyes were blue
you said they were frozen.
Your area is circular curvular
and I want to stream into it.
I want to drink papaya juice with you
and grow ochre fields.
I need to practice looking at you
so I can see you
and you won’t disappear on me
crossing the street.
Your long legs
bend with booze
and they glide on the ice.
You are spaghetti
twirling around my fork.
You are a Spanish Dancer
fifteen hundred feet beneath the Bahamas.
An eel-like creature
waving like a streamer
swimmering and slithering
through the mass of sea.

Julie Purwin