The Burmese Cats

Scott Lakin Jones

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Once we went out for a walk, in the dark, or by the river.

It was a Sunday, or a holiday. I don't quite remember which any more.

Anyway, it was good weather, and we both enjoyed our walk and the weather.

And as we walked, we came up from the river past a line of trees.

And on the other side they could see the cats were walking, paw by paw window.
IT WAS one of those lyrical moments you read about, and sometimes REMEMBER

LATER, THE two cats in WINTERING SUNLIGHT, and the two of us looking up

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY it was a kind of AWAKENING, or a VISION.

EXCEPT THAT the two BURMESE cats were just cats, and we were just us.

LEFTWANDS, we WENT ON with our WALK, across the GRIENDLY and got HOME.
I slept in and had my tea with toast and some chocolate or ginger cake.

And I would have read a book, or the papers if it were Sunday.

I don't remember any other details long enough except that the lady said.

We said goodbye, we had our luck, and there were two beautiful jerseys.