

The Cat by Sophia Nitsche

The cat,
His eyes are the deep green forest,
Calming, and deceptive.
Those eyes could have a thousand words behind them,
Like a thousand leaves blowing in the wind.
A thousand words never heard,
A thousand trees never seen.
The eyes of the forest are mysterious,
Both cruel, and forgiving.
The cat, he sits,
Always watching
From the chair
Upon which his roots are deep.
Behind him,
The forest rustles in the wind.