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Metaphor

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Metaphor

Think Samantha

write cat

and the cat

fighting Manx

rips harem pants

strafes with hind claws

ankle bones

while she

colossal, wind-flayed

stoops

swipes and spits to rid

herself of cat.

Randall Vander Mey

Snow and Thunder

Alone, awake in midnight's hollow chair

molecules of air beat the tympanum

fat, vulgar snowflakes

crackle at the window like a cat

in wrapping paper, this freak March night.

Streetlamp marks a chink

in night's black skull, then thunder—

flash on snowflakes-

rolls without.

Come inside, do,

the bone is open.