

BODY BRIDGE

Hind feet and butt by me,
front feet and chin on her,
he bridges us with fur,
and sleeps contentedly.

We're careful to lie still
so that he gets his rest.
It's awkward, at its best;
at worst, it breeds ill will.

Don't know how this began,
but soon he claimed the right
to crowd us both at night
with his full body span.

The scene was getting grim
till we resolved the threat.
We only need to get
a king-size bed for him.

by Lee Netzler