

Alley Cat

Like a back street cat leaving no can unturned, I've learned to search for flavor [worth the lick] and pick causes to lie between the sheets with.

Bedding down by taste, [gives haste to calming dogged craves] and staving off my arid desert thirst.

[I'm not too pleased to make acquaintance with what I have uncovered.]

For I am [gagging] on the grace I've gobbled down; drowning in [the Sea of Me] enfeebled by the lengthy term I've lounged on luxury's lap.

I've wrapped my conscience quiet with party cellophane to gain remedy from its yipping.

I'm skipping feast for [glutton famine].

But what swallowed smooth is grinding in the gut of my conviction.

Come remind me.

Slide your fingers on the map.

Slap me if [I nod into a drowse].

Keep me up all night with coffee brewed thick as syrup.

Stir up trouble in my hideout.

Crowd me as I sprawl across the floor.

Bore me to [yawns] with details of my post.

[For I still have arms enough to pull myself into the Seat of Servant.]