ADAIR SYN GEARY
THE FIELD OF CATS OR CATS AFTER LOVECRAFT
The Field of Cats or Cats After Lovecraft

“Nature is full of such illusions to impress the imaginative.”
-- H.P. Lovecraft

The crossroads nearby
are charcoal strings strewn
around the Field of Cats.

Hiss, it is a crack in the blinds,
to peer into somewhere.
The mangy cats cry
and scratch at our doors.
Close the windows or be
forced to hear
feral praying to some
mischievous cat god.

Hoot, beak, toes
form something
on the shingles
of the roof.

Hooting
might as well be
a bright star
sleeping beyond clouds.
This pudgy dove chirps.
In the sunlight,
it’s possible to glean
that the eyes in
the overgrown meadow
belong to the hungry
cats.

No one complains about
the Field of Cats.
Do we fear
the same fate
as the couple in Ulthar,
that fabled
Lovecraft
village?