

Yoga Cat Purrs

On my yoga mat, I undulate on all fours
from cat to cow, cow to cat.

In comes cat, black and sleek,
slithering under my belly,
disappearing into my hair.

I smile.
He purrs.

A throaty, bubbling contentment,
like champagne,
tickles my ears, while
my hair
tickles his nose.

He is an effervescent miracle of Divine Love,
our beloved yoga cat.

