



It is told that a silly sulk of weather (long miffed by the smooth insolence of a mere river & a lesser great lake pacifically melding at a shared shore), rose from miff tomoil to a Kabuki-like rage of winds & rains that near capsized the great white tent erected to house the Cake of the Cat, visiting in honor of the woman who had turned 70. And all the celebrants laughed at the weather & they did eat of the delicious cake.

& lo, however much they consumed of the Cake of the Great Cat, it was replaced & did flourish in whisker & tail & did feed them all in rain and in fog and in the waters that rose & roiled ankle deep & more on the floor of the white tent. & formal Japanese waves were sent to test them all on the birthday of the woman who had turned 70 & lo, the hair of the woman which had resembled Phyllis Diller's & gone beyond that as lightning split the sky, to an amazing Andy Warhol style, was echoed by other female hair arrangements likewise gone white & awry in response perhaps to that same flash of lightning - Stan Laurel & Ben Franklin, for example, were represented there, bravely consuming the Cake of the Cat in the face of the flourishing storm.

& lo, the tall lighthouse which had promised so much, was lost in a great fog upon which sailboats teetered & were brought safe to a shore that could not be seen in all the conflux & riot of wind and wave - a whisker of shore, it is said, offered by the great-hearted green-eyed Cake of the Cat. For 'twas those eyes which, in the absence of the lighthouse, steered them there by means of a mild purr of wind, which subtly inserted a path for itself & the boats through the raw energy of the storm & kept them safe, so it is told. And so it will be told, again and again.

& the Cat was beautiful of frosting & its face was Buddha-like & radiant with comfort & wisdom, & the body & presence of the cat were filled to overflowing with a calico mix of all the delights & flavors of the world & many believe that the cat exists still on that whisker of shore, supplying for the brave sailors who landed safely there, all that they require. And often, the sailors & their families stretch out on the greeny grass & look up at the sky & tell stories about the clouds, the one that looks like Phyllis Diller slowly evolving into Andy Warhol & "Over there," they cry, "Stan Laurel!" "Benjamin Franklin!" And the Cat, watching it all, smiles.

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