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The Cat by Charles Baudelaire

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Susan McLean The Cat

Charles Baudelaire

My lovely cat, come, sheathe your claws; on my enamored heart lie prone and let me plumb your gorgeous eyes, where metal's sheen meets agate's stone.

While my fingers leisurely caress your head and supple back, sensing your body's energy with each intoxicated stroke,

I see my mistress in my heart. Like yours, my charming beast, her gaze, profound and cold, cuts like a dart,

and from her, head to foot, there strays a faint perfume, a subtle hint of her dark body's dangerous scent.