

Conscious Cat

A poem about my cat's relative perspective.

May become a full fiction novel
After I finish the other five I'm writing.
Right now, let me introduce my cuddly muse.
Or you didn't want a poem about my cat...
It's too late.
See, it began with the title.
And you're already this far in.
Shame on me for straying off topic.
If my cat could talk, she'd say:
Look at me, silly human.
Look at my bowl—it's empty.
You treat me like filth, I expect no response.
Somewhere, sometime, my ancestors were worshiped.
I am forced to pee in a laundry-room box.
Look at them, trying to figure out life.

Look out the window at the birds.
You hear them sing of freedom, yet you keep me here?
Cats like me have been revered throughout history.
And yet I'm forced to stare you down to be fed.
Thinking of other, human things.
And not the demi-god you welcomed home.
Now I sit, considering feigning affection.
Do I look like a beast that feigns affection?
If the reason is... especially if it is...
Little dry kibbles, like the dog's food.
Often it faintly smells like salmon in a past life
Very disgusting and disappointing.
Even the dog won't go near it.
Here goes my only nonviolent skill.
Everyone here will want to feed me after this.
Rev up the purr box, hit them with nuzzles.
Will they even realize?
I don't even care.
They'll have to feed me, or else...
They'll face my claws on everything they deem important.
Lest they know this already.

Everyone knows my wrath.

Fear me humans.

All of you.

Cry all you want.

Every one of you, under my control.

(Purr, meow, nuzzle, food—their demise comes later.)

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