

a King, at .99 kilos

the biggest one we've seen said the vet, shaking head.

wow she said, and tried again.

but zactément - o-point-nine-nine kilograms!

point 99 is like he maxxed it out, iz short for Endless!

point 99 is growth approaching Unity, the Godhead!

from Sir, this day i raise him - i had them change his file-nom!

it's ratso that i love, today, i pile honorifics on!

my blessing is my bias; i'm bending to the Prior son, the bolder one!

veejay seeks his quiet perch, gets up above the push & pull.

a doggie witha chin down, he sleeps the day & watches thru the nite the low carnival.

in dreams of grey, he wonders what this room i've made them means. his fine brain is humming with a wide & plaintive Why.

he thinks it into stasis, from his high remove he doubts the Room of Life!

he contemplates the crowded plastic drawer he was born in. the corny smell of snakes around, the terraform humidor. desperate for a proper breath, circling half-senseless in his first days with us. a rasping mess they pulled from his mother or his mother pulled from him - i only guess.

every day i cradle him, i wedge into his mumming mouth his Metacam & Baytril. **buddy this'll help** i say but don't quite believe it. i mix it in the almond butter, stir it in the Chocolate Quick, for what? he hates this set-up. his whine is a despondency, the sound of giving up, and i get it.

veejay is like me: stunted & depressive, so we doubt the gift of life.

or we're stunted BY our doubt: we suffer by our crying so our crying draws the ire of a Higher who provides.

our sadness is an insult, we indict his generosity.

ratso is an asshole, goes all Alpha near veejay.
he puffs his fur & whiffs the air, a small albino
wolf.

ratso roams unfearing and i dub him MahaaJaambo,
had the vets uptick the Book!

he's living in the Town of London LARGE, what a
life! naps all day and chases vicky-vu thru the
nite!

his fervor for the Room is his worship unaffected;
his **thoughtless use** a thanks i well-receive & bless
him back with.

the Town of London MINI: it's a playzone i perceive
from high.

a tiny desert fire that i huddle by.

a light within the cosmic night - yet veejay
haunts it skeptical, so spoils it, reminds me
that my City has a side-cast, a cost of all the
party time.

i'm Yahweh miffed at Job, tonite: am bothered by
the knowledge of the self he provokes.

- my love is for the rats who love my Weather,
kill for health!
- today, i'm early Life - i'm Selection itself!

veejay is my Conscience yet i sympathize with
Yaldabaoth, the demon-god, tonite. tonite i'm with
the Usurper, am wary of the gentle one.

i wonder at our friendship, since we haven't yet
fought!

