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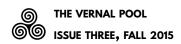
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ADAIR SYN GEARY THE FIELD OF CATS OR CATS AFTER LOVECRAFT



The Field of Cats or Cats After Lovecraft

"Nature is full of such illusions to impress the imaginative." -- H.P. Lovecraft

The crossroads nearby are charcoal strings strewn around the Field of Cats.

Hiss, it is a crack in the blinds, to peer into somewhere.
The mangy cats cry and scratch at our doors.
Close the windows or be forced to hear feral praying to some mischievous cat god.

Hoot, beak, toes form *something* on the shingles of the roof.

Hooting
might as well be
a bright star
sleeping beyond clouds.
This pudgy dove chirps.
In the sunlight,
it's possible to glean
that the eyes in

the overgrown meadow belong to the hungry cats.

No one complains about the Field of Cats. Do we fear the same fate as the couple in Ulthar, that fabled Lovecraft village?