

A big tom cat passed by
In an alleyway.
He stayed pretty well
Close to the wall,
He thought he was invisible.
In alleys of ancient Memphis
The back-lanes of Liverpool
Pyramidal homes
To the lovers of stealth.
Secret moves that sting,
Tricks without sleeves
Shoots and snarls lion like.
King of dark love hiding
Silently moving by shadow
Along old earth lines
Of love channels unseen,
Scented by desire
For a natural roar.
A curious instinct reborn
By a big tom cat who passed by
In an alleyway.