**The Basking Cat**

Sleep consumes him

On the green chair by the wall,

Ear tips twitching

As light touches the olive armrests

Feathering out in straight lines

Across the seat cushion.

The sun sets far away,

Not yet upon him

But gradually approaching

In the yellow tinted clouds

Above the sea.

The snow,

Once thick and white

Like a fresh new pillow,

Has drained from the roof

Beyond the window,

And now wastes away

On the green lawn below,

Patches of iridescent glow

Climbing back towards

That yellow horizon.

But he does not seem to know.

He does not wish for lost autumn like me,

Does not wait for the morning

To turn light again.

He will not even move his head,

So closely tucked

Into his chest,

As the dusk turns colder

And he basks

In the fading sun.