

2.5.23

I am a black cat.

I am all of misfortune, and I am the very void of emotion itself.

I lay on sidewalk cracks under ladders, watching as everyone avoids me.

I wander, with occasional caretakers, who try and brush me out and clean me.

I run away, unable to take the feeling of cleanliness and love.

My matted fur is stuck against my body, with lice and ticks trying to eat me alive.

My teeth fall down out of my jaw, with blood dripping in their trail.

I get stuck in potholes and grates, the collar from owners who don't love or care for me clinging to loose wires that try to take advantage of me.

WASH IT OFF

Oil, Acrylic, Mixed media

Kai O. (any pronouns)

Mountain View, California