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The Cat on Your Lap

Pijush Kanti Deb

I am ever-cautious of the cat on your lap
along with its hidden claws
waiting for directing the dual
between your ‘yes’ and my ‘no’ and vice-versa,
but my compromised heart never call for a dual
rather well ascertained it is
with the regular scanning of my heart and brain
to maintain an eclectic equation
that embellishes my eyes
with a sophisticated vision of verified tomorrow.
Maybe, my office-schedule tightens its grip
or my dog at my feet barks at your cat,
our evening tea-hour, nevertheless, is well trained
to extend itself to decade or more
provided that
your cat and my dog interchange their masters
and my eyes are fearless to kiss
your awesome fingers-
embellished with sharp and polished nails.