

TERRORISTS

In the dark that is the bed,
in the dark, that is the sole
room in this life, we seem

to be taming a cat. The woman
with me is wife, or mother,
or both, and we are intent

on this impossible task of
training an animal we can't
see. We do hear it, its pacing,

always out of reach, and when
it jumps (this we have learned
to fear most, the silent space

of its jump) it lands claws out,
with the smooth unthinking cat
cut of claw into skin and flesh.

The sheets are twisted, they will
be bloody in the morning. Lately
it seems to be timing its jumps.

The woman and I are not sure
who in this night of training,
will be taught to kill whom.