**Bobcat**

Kari Gunter-Seymour

Sleepless, I huddled in a rocker

on the back porch, jacket zipped,

hood up, invisible—or so I thought,

inside the shadow of a full Milk Moon.

She crossed just shy of the tall grass,

twenty feet in front of me, lit up

in creamy glow—dark spotted, huge feet

heaving her up the weedy bank to the edge

of the woods, ear tufts suddenly alert,

head swiveling over her shoulder.

I have seen that look before, in a photograph

of my great grandmother—a woman

stalked and caught. I have imagined her

screech in the night, my own throat

suddenly airless, the hairs on the back

of my neck stinging, the cat ricocheting

through the pines, gone.