

Ode to Cat Hair  
by Christina Hedding

Cat hair, you clingy piece  
of annoyance.  
How is it that you  
are everywhere,  
on everything I own?  
My new sweater  
not even removed  
from its bag, begins  
to mirror your  
ticked color.

Why cat hair,  
did you choose to  
grace the sugar cookies  
I made for work  
with your pencil-tip thin  
presence? Appearing in  
pastel pink frosting as  
a reminder to everyone  
that I'm single?

You invade my dinners  
like pepper in my soup  
& salt on my eggs.  
Your owner lacking  
the ability to open  
the refrigerator, yet  
there you are, oh vile shard  
sticking out from beneath  
the tightened milk cap  
as I lap the last drops  
from my cereal bowl.

When I sleep, I fear  
awakening in a coughing fit  
resulting in the production  
of my own hairball.  
Oh cat hair,  
how can it be that  
a community of your friends  
has changed the color  
of my couch arms coating  
them in layers of black snow?  
I attempt its removal  
scratching with my own claws.