

## Family Romance

Squeaking with delight, our cat gulps donuts  
we crumble on a paper napkin spread  
between us on the unmade double bed.  
According to the experts, cats, like grown-ups,  
don't crave sugar. But this cat, these grown-ups  
do. "Bad for teeth," I warn her as she shreds  
the napkin with her claws and chews sweet threads,  
ignoring fish that looks like something thrown up  
into her plastic dish set on the floor  
beside the catnip mouse she never attacks  
and scratching post she carefully avoids  
as she jumps down, trots out our bedroom door,  
our *almost* human daughter, begging snacks —  
"almost" for lacking the murderous urges of Freud.