Big Cat’s Ambition

On the prowl through my dreams come humans, fine, predatory, vain — a human cannot change his freckles — I shall wear a human all the same

once shot by my gallant hunters I’d turn her over, peel off her nails first then slice up the inside arms through the breasts and viscera, and pull the legs up through the hips then fracture the skull without skin breakage, ease it down the throat and out of the chest cavity, and dispose of all innards then tan till the smell’s gone. I’d set my merchants onto sewing — 200 pelts make a fashionable coat — and I’d go on till there were no more.

STEPHEN GRAY