Ode to Cat Hair

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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 your 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.