



Nixie in the Window



*Nixie sits beside the glass,
watching all the people pass.*

No résumé, no grand design,
no fucking forms for being fine.

No five-year plan, no need to prove,
she sees a bird and starts to move.

No labels stacked from floor to sky,
no need to ask the reason why.

Warmth is warmth and sleep is sleep,
the world is wide, the moment deep.

She doesn't build a box, then stay,
and spend her life escaping gray.

She doesn't wonder where she fits,
she finds the sun, and there she sits.

No status earned, no role to play,
no grand performance through the day.

Just whiskers, paws, a tail unfurled,
a little cat inside the world.

And ever since human beings began,
we've drawn a line and made a plan.

We named the land, divided seas,
put fences underneath the trees.

We asked who owns, who rules, who stays,
then built ten thousand fucking ways
to measure, rank, contain, control,
to number body, land, and soul.



Nixie in the Window



Nixie in the Window - continued

We made a border, made a state,
then seventeen forms to validate
the other forms we made before,
and hired someone to guard the door.

We ask the same old question still:
How do we bend the world to will?

And every answer spawns some more,
another lock, another door,
another rule, another side,
another reason to divide.

Meanwhile Nixie, unimpressed,
has found a sunny place to rest.

Her constitution's rather small:
Where is food? And where's my ball?

Where is water? Where is Dad?
Where's his hand when I feel glad?

Where's that bug I saw last night?
Where's my chair beneath the light?

Where's my corner, dark and deep,
when all you people interrupt my sleep?

And when she's done with being touched,
she doesn't fucking ponder much.

Her ears go flat, her tail goes THWACK.
Dad gets the message and pulls back.

Maybe she leaves and takes her space.
Nobody has to plead their case.



Nixie in the Window



Nixie in the Window - continued

She doesn't hear the word "no"
and think that love must therefore go.

She doesn't turn one irritated hiss
into a referendum on what love is.

Sometimes she bites Dad. Dad says, "Shit."
Nixie decides he'll live with it.

Ten minutes later, there she'll be,
curled right beside his fucking knee.

No tribunal, no punishment,
no seven-month emotional document.

No keeping score from June till May
because somebody pissed her off one day.

The conflict keeps its proper size.
It does not swallow both their lives.

She can be angry. She can stay.
She can still love Dad anyway.

She can disagree and still remain.
One bad moment isn't every pain.

She doesn't turn one wounded scene
into what every memory means.

Cat knows something we forget:
repair does not require a debt.

Presence doesn't mean agree.
Love does not erase boundary.

You can need space and still belong.
You can get pissed without making love wrong.



Nixie in the Window



Nixie in the Window - continued

You can leave the lap and clear your head,
then crawl back later into bed.

No speech required, no grand surrender,
no demand that either one remember

every grievance, every slight.

Sometimes you were mad. Now you're all right.

Apparently cats have somehow found
what humans keep fucking dancing around.

But simple does not mean immune.
The safest afternoon can change too soon.

The cat who asks for little still
depends upon another's will.

For food and water, warmth and floor,
and someone strong enough to guard the door.

She doesn't know the dangers there.
She doesn't have to. That's Dad's care.

She trusts the room, she trusts the bed,
she trusts the hand above her head.

She trusts the bowl will fill again.
She trusts her home. She trusts her friend.

And maybe that is why we owe
the gentler things a place to grow.

Not ownership or domination,
but protection without suffocation.

A home where Nixie gets to choose
the lap she wants, the room she'll use.



Nixie in the Window



Nixie in the Window - continued

Where "leave me be" means leave her be,
and coming back is always free.

Where she can bite and still belong,
be pissed at Dad and nothing's wrong.

Not because nothing mattered there,
but because repair means staying with care.

The tree can sway, the bird can fly,
the sun can fall across the sky.

Humans can spend another age
constructing one more gilded cage,
then form a board to contemplate
why everybody feels so fucking great.

We'll make a chart, we'll make a rule,
we'll make a mandatory training school.

We'll hire twelve consultants too
to study what the cat already knew.

Nixie yawns and looks outside.
Human beings complicate the ride.

She doesn't ask what side she's on.
She watches dusk become the dawn.

She eats and drinks, she sleeps and plays,
she loves in small, recurring ways.

She leaves, returns, gets mad, repairs,
and somehow she is always there.

*Nixie sits beside the glass,
watching all our kingdoms pass.*



Nixie in the Window



Nixie in the Window - continued

Empires rise, committees meet.
Nixie calmly washes both her feet.
Governments argue, markets fall.
Nixie hears Dad down the hall.

That's enough. She leaves her sill
and runs toward him because she will.
Not because some rule says she should care,
not because a contract put her there.
She simply knows that Dad is home,
the place she chooses when she roams.
And when she's frightened, small, or sore,
she knows who's standing at the door.

Dad does not own her. She is free.
But freedom still needs sanctuary.

A bowl, a bed, a place to hide,
a guarded door, someone beside.
So let the humans name and sort,
build another fucking annual report,
divide the earth from sea to sea,
then wonder why they cannot simply be.

Nixie has no grand design.
She finds the sun and calls it fine.
This room, this Dad, this afternoon,
this windowsill, this patch of moon.

No grand theory, no master plan,
no desperate need to understand.



Nixie in the Window



Nixie in the Window - continued

Just paws against the windowsill,
a beating heart, a world gone still.

Alive, protected, loved, and free,
with no requirement but to be.

She's just a cat. She's simply here.
She loves, she leaves, she reappears.

And while human beings question why,
Nixie watches birds go by.