

## Orange Cat

**Joseph Richter**

I was thrown against the ground.  
My innocence does not matter.  
The two cats over me have their claws out  
although I lay still, obeying every meow.  
The orange on me is enough for them.  
If I had been born cream, calico, gray,  
or even black,  
I would still be walking the path home  
to my family that awaits me.  
My fur is what stopped me.  
The orange on me holds their claws out,  
ready to scratch at any sudden movement.  
The orange is what has unjustly scratched  
so many cats just like me.  
The only thing between us is my fur—  
but that's enough for them.

**Joseph Richter** is a poetry writer who is influenced by societal issues.