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Norwegian Forest Cats

My friend owned a striking pair of forest cats; or rather, two of them owned my friend.

Strutting fur-balls, they were so affectionate, so socially interactive, the twosome seemed

to deem themselves dogs, but more intelligent. And dog his steps they did wherever he went, eager for attention, flopping down, rolling over on their backs, awaiting petting as their just due.

He called them his garden aides because they unfailingly impeded any attempts to weed,

water, or tend to the nurture of his garden, their own nurture considered a greater priority.

As outdoorsy as their master, the forest cats came and went from the house as they chose,

their day, one of climbing trees and foraging, those days they and he were not gardening.

My wife and I'd go out in May for rhubarb in the garden of the forest cats and they would

cheerfully lead the way and entertain us, while we cut and stacked spring-fresh rhubarb stalks.

Our friend's cats were so amiable I was tempted, at least briefly, to find one for our own home,

at least until I was reminded cat fur ranked near the top of my list of allergens to avoid. Still, a garden with a Norwegian forest cat or two is compelling enough I could convince myself

an occasional sneezing or coughing bout a small price to pay for such elite companionship.

Agricultural Anomaly

No matter the weather, malignant or sublime, you knew that once harvest was at last done, the last bushel binned, so that there was time for us to chew straw and compare crop results, we all knew Peter would claim his land had produced the highest yields in our community. Who knew, his yields may well have been the greatest in the entire nation, worthy of *The Guinness Book of Records*.

It was the same story every single year. If you had a field of spring wheat that gave you forty bushels an acre, then you knew that Peter would have a patch of wheat, too, just a mile or so away from yours that went fifty, though every time you passed that field

you figured he'd be lucky to get thirty.

Year after year, Peter cropped his fields and each time he claimed the highest yields.

Everyone knew it wasn't about facts.

We all knew some folks need to stretch the truth a bit to make it fit the story and the pictures that they carry in their head. Peter was one of those who had an ego that could never be satisfied unless he saw himself as the best. The hole we dug for him before his funeral was the same-sized grave as all the rest.

Glen A. Sorestad

Glen A. Sorestad has been writing and publishing his poetry for a half-century now. His poetry has appeared in literary magazines, journals and reviews in many countries and his poems have now been translated and published in eight languages. He lives in the city of Saskatoon on the western plains of Canada. He is a member of the Order of Canada, Canada's highest non-military honor.



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