

Acts and Dogs¹

Cynicality killed the act that curiosity, informed, had started.
The passion once procured in the soul, quelled, like a passing storm.
Spirit weakened, vision wavered, the motivation that once impelled began to wane.
Seeing no sense for sacrifice, hope was lost, and may never again be savored.

With no passion, with no vision, with no hope to carry on at any cost,
One has no purpose that they can serve.

The monotony of climbing to sustain rather than climbing to gain
Hollows the most reasonable movers and shakers out, until they're lame.
No longer sly. No longer curious. Their minds and souls fill up with fog.
Their heart stops beating and they become dirty, stray, dead dogs.

¹ Written in response to the poem "Cynicality." There's a play on words in "Cynicality killed the act," as in "Curiosity killed the cat," which is where the "cats" in the title comes from. Sly is also a word thrown in at the end to help readers infer cats, with their overall attitude mentioned in the poem.