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Anthropomorphism

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I don't know why I want her to be in synch with me so much. Why I can't just appreciate her for what she brings into my life? But I never stop looking for our similarities as living beings.

For example, she tries communicating with me with sounds that mimic mine. Especially when she wants something. She's very crafty at conveying her meaning to me. It's one of the things I appreciate about her: she teaches me what she would like me to do even though we don't have the same language. She blinks slowly at me and I blink back to let her know that I love that she is that happy to be in my presence

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She can also be stubbornly independent. Hours go by and I don't know where she is. I look and look. When she suddenly appears, sometimes I am so vexed with being unsuccessful in my search that I ignore her for a little while. But that never lasts long. She lets me be me and come to her in my own time. She really understands me. I think that is something we all want in our lives.

I am lucky. I was alone in a strange place and frightened when I met her. She took to me immediately. It was a slow process but we learned to trust each other. I love her and she loves me.

The best day of my life was the day she put me in that little box with a gate on it and took me home. I dream about that day sometimes. Even all these years later, I purr every time I think about it.