

1955

## Kitten, When I Fold You

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## *Kitten, When I Fold You*

Kitten, when I fold you, stroking down  
A crease of bone that dimples through your fur  
And feel the give of softness through your fur,  
Some overtone of sadness from your purr  
Throats in my hearing; fear of domination  
Within your jungle blood foretells the truth  
That you, like chicks and lambs and little girls  
Must grow and lose the givenness of your youth.