



Kimba Seeman

May 1, 2001 - May 14, 2013

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

CS

“ We found each other
February 2014
In the NYC ACC tagged for execution
a three-year-old cat
Unclaimed and unloved
Broken tooth, too large, too rambunctious, too old
for the kitten lovers.

We were saved that day
We become one being
Kimba-Craig
We played
We cuddled
We purred
We snuggled
We grew
Eyes looking into our soul
That is one
We shared chestnuts and Brussels Sprouts.
Two beings,
one called cat, the other called human,
would never share Brussels Sprouts
That can only be done when the soul is one
Proof of our unity

Sickness tried to divide us
It could not
It would not
We died as one

What remained was broken
Was wounded
Was not the same being as before
Because one can not survive as two

We were always one

*One day we will be one again
Kimba-Craig
Even raindrops return to one sky.*

Craig Seeman - May 14 at 08:42 PM

CS

“*Kimba Kat, born 2001, gotcha Feb, 2004, and passed away on May 14, 2013*

*We looked into each other's eyes
one last time 12 years ago today
I saw not human and cat but a being's soul
We were one, part of the oneness
That makes us the same
That made you my soulmate
That made you my brother
Our life was a shared experience
Understand without words
On the deepest level
We laughed, we cried, we played
Joy and Sorrow and Solace
Shared moments seemed so inconsequential
Your head on my hand, you stretched out on my legs
Your tap on my foot
Quiet purr sprawled across my desk
Resting against my head on the back of the chair
Quiet purr contentedly
Into each other's eyes as the time together wound down
Penetrating through all the barriers
A twin flame
Extinguished --- May 14, 2013*

*Missing you never ends. Our connection never ends.
Our time together draws nearer again.*

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2025 at 11:07 PM

CS

“*Kimba Cat, your aura persists in the embers of your existence. The marks left on the wooden legs of the kitchen island, the shreds on the arms of the couch, the doors you pushed open, and the padding of your feet as you thundered up and down the halls once so boisterously, all carry your spirit to me.*

Your head still rests gently on my hand now ethereal. Your weight against my neck as you lay on the back of my office chair. Lightly felt where there was once substance.

The marking of the eternal bond when the silver cord between this world and the spirit world becomes permanent. When the years gone equal the years here. Eleven years on this plane, now eleven on the other.

Years keep passing and I must reach deeper into the past to feel your presence. You are here now in each breath and every corner and on everything you've touched and all that we shared.

I feel you, touch you, and our eyes still alight on each other catching in that penetrating gaze into each other's souls. Held so tightly our spirits can't let go and, now I know, never will. We are forever attached, forever brothers. You my spirit cat and I your spirit human.

You were my life. You are my life. Even in death, we share our life. How can you be gone, be gone so long yet be so here with me? Please don't ever go!

*Adopted Feb 2004. Transitioned May 14, 2013, approximately 11 years old
Kimba my brother Cat.*

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2024 at 06:56 PM

CS

“ A decade gone, you remain in my heart. My soulmate brother Kimba Cat. The pain never leaves but now we are entwined spirits.

Fleeting, wispy I still see you in the dark corners of the house. Spirit brushing against my leg, a purr without location, perhaps coming from within me.

In the wee hours, I feel you napping between my legs. You've never left. You stretch and I sit up reaching to comfort you with a pet. Yet my eyes open and I only see the space without you.

Stretching across my desk your head is on my hand just like it was years ago. I feel your weight and I stop my work, looking down and nothing is there but my sullen heart and the faint touch once weighty, now just a memory.

Playing with Leo II, for a moment he becomes you. Dashing across the floor and you are one. Perhaps you are still here sharing a spirit. I see you. My heart comforted that you never left, but returned, changed form. Still visiting.

You're there, and there and there, and here. A decade gone and you are now part of my forever. And when I too am finally gone from here we will be together again still... very still.

We look into each other's eyes in a gaze we can not break. A connection beyond our lifetimes into eternity. That is my soul-brother cat. The once in many lifetimes cat that transcends species and bodies. Speaking a language without words.

We will always play together.

Yet I miss you in that forever-missing way that death causes.

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2023 at 09:10 PM



“ *Kimba Seeman*

January 28, 2023 at 12:38 PM



“ *Kimba Seeman*

January 28, 2023 at 10:16 AM



“ *Kimba, in the stillness of the night I can hear you purr.*

In the quiet night slumber, I feel you sleeping between my legs once again. With closed eyes, yours are open looking penetratingly into mine. Our souls are connected. Your head still gently resting on the back of my hand as you sprawl across my desk.

I still cross into an ethereal plane where we still exist together. We are no longer human and cat but two spirits sharing our existence. Our species different but souls so similar. My brother, my cat. Nine years gone, now as long as we had on earth together.

But in the stillness of the night, we are still together. Always and forever. We hold each other's hearts.

Wisps in the winds of eternity.

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2022 at 05:00 PM

CS

“ *With our souls connected communication is through the spirit heart.*

We knew each other's feelings, our shared sense of the world that primitive verbal language can never achieve.

I learned we can break the species barrier and feel as one. We are no different. Facets interlocked expanding each other's universe.

Shattered with your loss. A part of me crumbling to dust. Never to be complete again.

You were cat in body but friend and brother on a plane so rarely experienced.

You had so many more lessons to teach me. Now so much harder to learn. Perhaps I you as well?

Spirit guide forever, I miss you putting your head in my hand and your penetrating eyes revealing your wisdom and love.

I miss you my brother, friend, confidant, mentor, cat.

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2021 at 08:40 PM

CS

“ *My brother Kimba Cat. Stretching seven years since you parted this plane. You, far away across an abyss. A void in my soul/heart where you have been. A chasm I can't cross, trying to touch you once again.*

My brother cat, our spirits intertwined sharing common language unique to us. Speaking, sometimes mundane, sometimes wise, always in the fullness of our thoughts.

Looking into a fog-shrouded past. Knowing we were once there in that present. But not this present. Not this now. Only then. Can I go back there with you? [L L L]
[SEP:SEP:]

Your purr echos through years, fading. The flutter of your fur brushing against my leg, barely felt. Now hiding in dark recesses where poignant memories are tucked away.

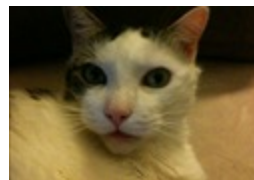
Your eyes, we stared so intensely that cat and human vanished and we were, simply, brothers. [L L L]
[SEP:SEP:]

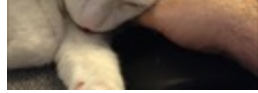
The missing is ever-present. What would we be doing today? What antic, what cuddle, what toy do we play? What conversation would we say? But you're not here. We can't play.

Now phantoms dancing across my thoughts. An ebbing pain sweeping in like a tidal rush. A void where you once were but, still are, in my soul, always present even though you are gone. One heart beats, the other, still.

[L L L]
[SEP:SEP:]

I am sitting with you... someplace where souls go.





Craig Seeman - May 15, 2020 at 12:28 AM

CS

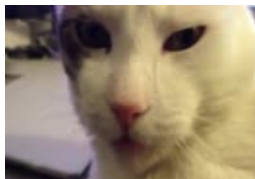
“ *It all went by too fast. Why aren't you here today sitting in front of my keyboard with your head on my hand? Kimba, my cat, did I ever take for granted you would be here with me forever, my anchor in a world spiraling through chaos?*

You left six years ago today. the silver cord attached to your kited soul, watching you drift away. I, left behind, in my mortal helplessness. No way to reach you, to pull you back in.

I want you back, my anchor, my brother, my soul cat. Grabbing at the tendrils of your life I once held. Like the aether's mist that I can almost feel but can not touch. A wispy breeze which became a hurricane when it all came to an end. You were gone. It was all so empty.

To feel your head on my hand again, your paws on my feet, whiskers against my cheek and purr in my ear and, you staring deeply into my eyes for an eternity. An eternity that ended and a new more barren one began. It all went by too fast.

Missing you forever.



Craig Seeman - May 14, 2019 at 09:37 PM

“ Some believe the spirit of our loved ones live on in their favorite things. Tonight Kimba Cat's favorite chair died and I've lost him all over again. Split at the metal base, the chair collapsed along with my heart.

At 20 lbs he was far too big to fit in my lap yet he had to be next to me. He spent hours on the back of that chair leaning his full body weight against the back of my head, often with a loud purr gently vibrating through my back. We were truly inseparable. He barely fit there and I can't imagine how it could have been comfortable but there he stayed day after to day while I worked in my home office.

He was so much a fixture on my Skype calls amongst clients and friends that he branded my business and myself as well. We were one. We will always be one. I lost Kimba May 14, 2013 of kidney failure and what seemed to be a rapidly advancing untreatable cancer at about 12 years old.

Later that year I adopted Spirit, short for Spirit of Kimba and, with an eerie familiarity he took on many of the same habits. How would this cat know all of Kimba's favorite things and, most importantly, so thoroughly continue on the back of that chair? Perhaps Kimba had walked back into my earth life. It so confused my friends who knew Kimba had passed only to see him in the same spot as always. Yet he looked somehow different.

It was comforting but only for a short time. Nine weeks later I lost Spirit to FIP. I felt like Kimba's return had been swiftly stolen from me. December 26, 2013. As if an interloping force conspired to separate us. The chair lived on and with it, his Spirit. My heart clung to that.

Just a few weeks later Leo Cat came into my life. A feral FIV+ cat who needed a home, I was driven by an unseen force to adopt him. Truly compelled. An odd transformation occurred and he began to continue many of the Kimba's patterns and favorite places... except for the chair.

Six months passed and he never approached that chair. One day I asked him, "are you Kimba? Can you show me?" And the next day, having never before done it, he was on the back of that chair.

Every day for the next several months he was there, leaning against the back of my head. It was as if he had an obligatory task to fulfill. Yet I could tell it truly was an obligation to show me even though it was not his favorite spot. Leo, despite being a hissy feral cat, had become a lap cat to me whilst he hissed at everyone else.

Over time his stay on the back of that chair waned until it was only a few seconds a few times a week before he would jump down and sit on my desk. Yet I felt the message was still clear. "I'm here and the chair and I are still connected to your life."

But finally the chair's life came to an end today, as mortal as we all are both human and feline. As years go by the fixtures that Kimba left in my life break. Some day it will be the couch with the arm he clawed at, the base of the table he shredded. Each time, Kimba leaves me again and Spirit of Kimba and, someday Leo too I fear. Until one day I will break too. And the marks of things and, with them, my very life and their continuation through me here, gone.

Perhaps in an eternal solitude we, Kimba and his continuing spirit incarnations, will be together with me. Alone. Away from a world that will never know us. But we will have each other in that forgotten eternity. And there will be a chair with Kimba on the back nuzzled against my head. Perhaps that is heaven. That's all it really needs to be.



Craig Seeman - October 16, 2018 at 09:38 PM

CS

“ Five years ago today I lost my cat brother, my feline soulmate, Kimba.

He's everywhere in my mind's eye and heart.

In every corner of the house I see you doing the things you did. The you that permeates everything you touched. Everything you marked... with your spirit is imbued with you.

Sometimes in this life we are fortunate enough to meet a fellow being for whom we tune into each other's souls. Despite different language, different appearance, we become best friends, finding a different way to communicate. A new and very personal language is born between us. The communication is complex yet understood only by us, the new culture of two.

Your leaving this world was so unexpected. I (we?) were so unprepared. Our unique culture of two lost, now with the last surviving member. This is the forever mourning of the spirit.

I still talk to you because, in our unique language, there's no other that can understand our words and essence they carry.

I know you're still here and I will break down the planer wall, both the material and immaterial barrier to speak to you.

I'm reaching for you, so close but just barely out of reach.

... but why aren't you here lying on my desk with your head in my hand as you always insisted on doing?

Kimba, my forever cat brother. ❤️🐱

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2018 at 09:17 PM

CS

“ I miss my little brother Kimba cat terribly. Five years ago today we went to the emergency clinic with the support of our vet to have tests done.

Kimba had been a robust 20 lb, 12 year old, active and super cuddly cat, always on the back of my chair or on my work table with his head in my hand. We learned that in addition to the unfortunately anticipated kidney failure he had an aggressive cancer like disease, anemia and a serious heart murmur. We brought him home for hospice care.

He will forever be my little brother and forever part of my heart and soul. I miss you TERRIBLY Kimba.



Craig Seeman - May 03, 2018 at 12:39 PM

GR

“ I'm so sorry for your loss, you and Kimba definitely had a connection and love like no other. After our loved ones leave this earth , the only solace I can offer is that one day we will all see and be together again and you Craig will see your precious Kimba again!

grace - May 14, 2017 at 11:10 PM

CS

“ Kimba Cat, my spirit brother, our forever relationship was shattered when you left my side incarnate. Four years ago today. I miss our conversations, listening to your cat wisdom. Our eyes locking, open without blinking in a stare that revealed souls holding for minutes, like a free diver's breath. We lived in the same world yet you saw it so differently. You helped me understand that. Your earth felt like a different place. You invited me in to share.

How you hated to eat alone. So much so, you'd insist I stay with you when you ate. When I was out, you'd barely touch your food. And when it was time for me to eat you'd jump up into the chair at the dinner table, just tall enough for your head and chest to be visible, insisting you get a portion. Brussels sprouts and broccoli, chickpeas and chestnuts, even a taste of tofu and anything on a cracker. How did you learn to be human? Perhaps you had to show me because you had taught me to be so cat. Our meals seemed so mundane at the time, yet our relationship so unique. It was us being us.

Grief, like our love, never ends.

Can we talk again? How can we share souls today? How can we share worlds? Where is my brother cat? Can you be here with me?

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2017 at 08:46 PM

CS

“ Missing you today yet I know you are here. I saw you in Leo Cat. It's been over 3 years.

No it hasn't. It's been a moment. Moments strung together. Each moment is present. No time has passed in our souls. You are present. You are here today. Yet, I miss you even in your presence.

Craig Seeman - June 16, 2016 at 06:51 PM

CS

“*Kimba Cat, my spirit brother, three years ago today our world together fractured when you left this plane, only the tendrils to our hearts and souls exist. Your phantom still here in the shadows of every room.*

Ethereal spirit darting across the floor leaping onto the executive chair, knocking it down with your velocity yet, the chair does not move.

Scratching on the kitchen island with your powerful paws carving your art yet, I hear no sound, the carvings still there.

Bounding down the hallway cavorting with a neighbor's small dog and cat into and out of apartments. The thundering of your footsteps belie your graceful gallup yet, the hallway is still.

Sprawled on the back of the chair like a headrest, soft and firm, you cushion my head. It's our bond yet, leaning back I feel only empty space.

Deeply we stare into each others eyes for minutes, for what seems unnaturally long for a cat being. Perhaps our souls are connecting yet, now no soulful eyes are looking back as if rope no longer reaches across the chasm.

You are not here today. Where is my brother today? I miss my brother Kimba Cat. Looking for you I find my grief.

We are twin flames, one is extinguished and the other, now only flickers.

Did I see you over there once, now?

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2016 at 03:51 PM

CS

“ Kimba Cat, my spirit brother, left his body and mine two years ago today.

Brushing my hand across the arm of the couch, I feel the little pulls you left behind. Leaping up you'd grab hold to steady your athletic 20 lbs. Settling in on the arm to sit beside while I watched TV. You so much wanted to share in my mundane life experiences.

Our shared routines, which seemed so inconsequential, now the sprinkled dust of memories passing through my soul.

Walking this world's mortal time, physical reminders of you leave me. A mouse pad you'd occasionally to rest your head, gone. Pillows adopted as your resting spots worn and replaced. One day too, the couch, with your pulls that tug at me, will be gone. All as impermanent as your life's vessel.

Memory without form. Yet alive. In another place. All that will remain is our spirits intertwined in our hearts.

Forever.

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2015 at 06:39 PM

CS

“*Kimba Cat, my spirit brother, a year ago today you left your body at 12 years old. Too soon, too short. I miss growing old together I'd hoped we'd share.*

You stay forever in the corners of my heart, leaping out to gently paw at my soul as you are doing today. Your purr lives within me.

Bounding to the top of my chair supporting my head with your weighty body. On my desk, your head finding it's way into my hand, telling me it was time to quiet myself and be still with you. The mornings you sauntered into my office after I filled your dish, standing on my foot insisting I follow you back to the kitchen to watch you eat. You hated to eat alone. Joining us at dinner, sitting in the chair at the table while we ate. Meals were always a social event. At night sprawling out across my legs pinning me down I felt the soft vibration of your purr as we drifted into sleep.

So large in life, you are now larger than life. Kimba my feline spirit brother. I miss your life expression.

Craig Seeman - May 14, 2014 at 04:41 PM

CS

“ *The other day marked 5 months since you left me. Maybe you haven't left at all.*

Time, our animal being loves

Weren't you my baby? Now you are my old boy.

Weren't you so much younger than me for so long and now you are so much older.

I watched you run to me, now past me, you run on, and soon I can no longer hold you.

Now you are my angel.

Craig Seeman

Brother of Kimba in Spirit



Craig Seeman - October 16, 2013 at 09:34 AM

CS

“ While I worked on the computer, you stretched languidly across the desk for hours and then suddenly you spy a black twist tie that had been sitting there all along unnoticed from a bit of newly opened computer gear. Still stretched you patted it gently. You decided it had sprung to life batting it into the air and down to the floor. You sprang after it and both of you skittered across the floor. Still very much a kitten in your twelfth year. Neither of us knowing that within a few weeks you would be gone.

Today I look at a twist tie on my desk, untouched. I miss my playful friend. The joy you took in such simple things.

Craig Seeman - August 12, 2013 at 10:15 PM

CS

“ *Traces Fading Away*

The blanket on our bed. Your beautiful white fur with hints of brown and black clustered around my feet where, each night, you'd rest your strapping body across my legs, head weighing heavily on my ankle. Taken to the laundry, returns void of your presence.

The couch. Leaping up and walking across my lap to curl up to my right while I watched TV. Strands of fur still found, reminding me of how you chose to be near. Pillows vacuumed clean. Now sterile of your warm reminder.

Today I grab a pair of black pants. Along the bottom are stray fur. A sign that we walked in each other's footsteps. Knowing that once washed, they too will be gone, a wave of sorrow washes over me, bathing me in the sadness of traces fading away.

My heart always remembers. Love does not fade.

Craig Seeman - August 12, 2013 at 09:57 PM

CS

“ Touching your ears, when they were cold I'd hold their tips in my finger tips, warming them. You began a gentile purr that would grow 'till it sounded like a pigeon cooing.

Craig Seeman - August 04, 2013 at 06:15 PM

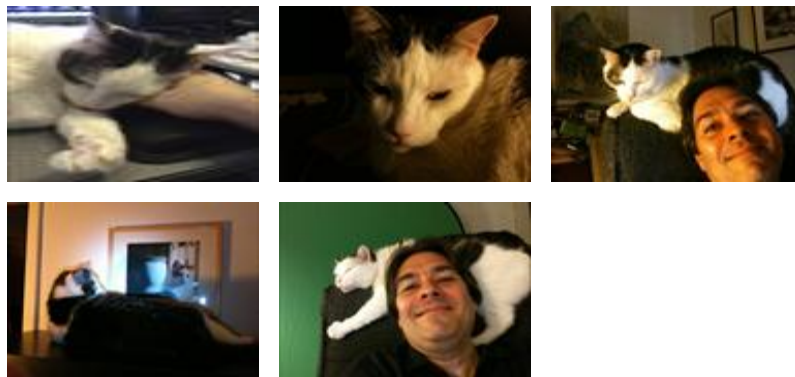
CS

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Craig Seeman - June 02, 2013 at 06:50 PM

CS

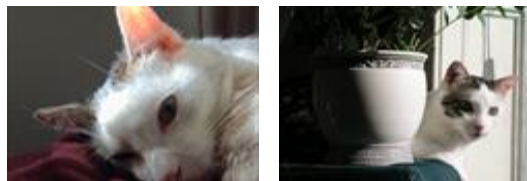
“ 26 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Craig Seeman - May 26, 2013 at 01:07 PM

CS

“ 2 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Craig Seeman - May 16, 2013 at 09:06 PM

CS

“ Yesterday we lost Kimba to kidney failure. We are devastated. He weakened, no longer able to jump, then walk and finally having difficulty breathing. We are broken, in pain, exhausted and in weeping tears. These words pierce deeply into my spirit deeply wounded.

I miss his being and his soul, his tapping my feet with his paw in the morning while at my work desk, asking to be fed and then, insisting that I watch him eat otherwise follow me back and giving me another foot tap dare I walk away back to my desk, his running into the shower after I stepped in and turned on the water, it was such an important event for him, his running start at the other end of the apartment, thundering across the floor with all his 20lbs and leaping four feet onto the back of my chair and bracing his back paw on my shoulder, leaning his full body weight against the back of my head almost as if his purpose was to be a kitty headrest, his jump to my work desk, sprawling out and resting his head on my hand whilst on my mouse, ensuring my attention would turn from work to cuddling, his sprawling out on the couch, belly up, leaving himself vulnerable with deep implicit trust, his jumping up into the bed and curling up between my legs at night, often with his head and front paw across my leg, his getting up and walking across my chest to stare at my face as if to assure himself I was alive and then sitting down in sphinx like pose, his weight heavy against my chest. And any point in the day, we'd lock into a deep penetrating eye contact stare, held for minutes, finally to have him begin a loud purr sounding like a cooing pigeon as he confirmed our souls were connected.

You are my friend, my little cat brother, my soulmate, my familiar. Part of my soul ripped from me yet still connected forever by a cord too far away. We still hug although my arms can't reach your paws.

Craig Seeman - May 16, 2013 at 08:55 PM