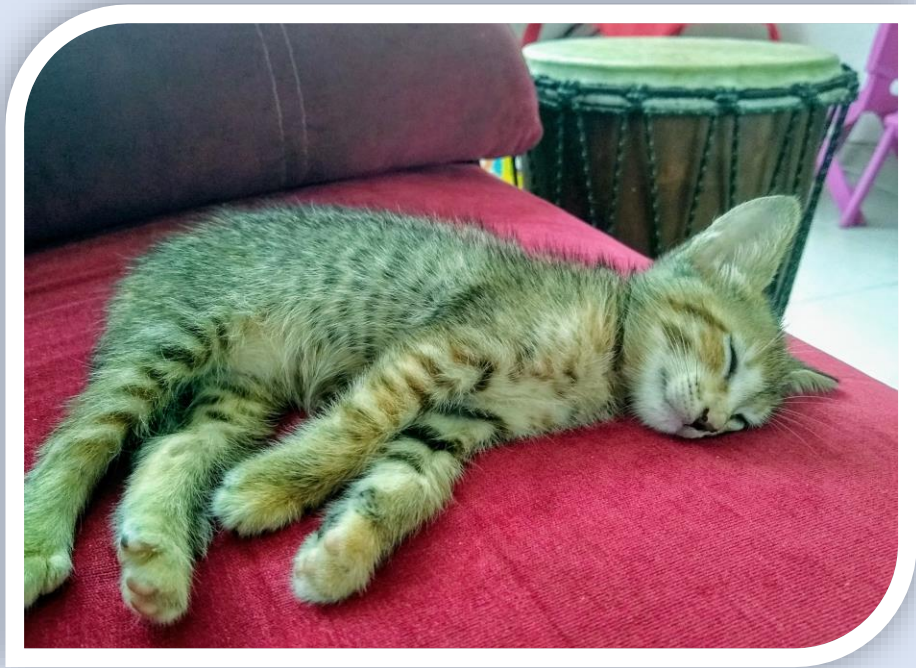


Cat with no hat



neil miller © 2021

If I were a cat, with or without a hat, I'd be fat
and a little lazy and go cuckoo cat-crazy if I saw a rat,
or a roach, or any of this or that, or hear the pitter-pat
of hushed tiny feet stirring about my comfy-cozy flat.

MY house! MY yard! Just WHO do they think they are!?
These trespassers passively passing with no permission!
These infiltrators invading every crack and perforation!
Creepy-crawly things, slimy things, things that YIP and YAP.
Buzzy-fuzzy things, chirpy things, things that RAP, TAP, TAP!

Naggy-annoying nasty little things that curl my feline fur.
I can't sleep at ease, can't eat in peace, I can't even Purr!
As they plod and trod and intrude on my domain. Purrhaps
I'm to blame. It's just so lame! And such a meowing shame
that I had to eat them all. 🐱