

THE WELL-VERSED CAT

*Poems
of
Celebration*



A Running Press Miniature Edition™

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And doesn't feel satisfied just
because
There's no good spot for to sharpen
his claws,
And meows and canters uneasy
about
Beyond the least shadow of
any doubt
That cat gits out.

Ben King
(1857-1894)

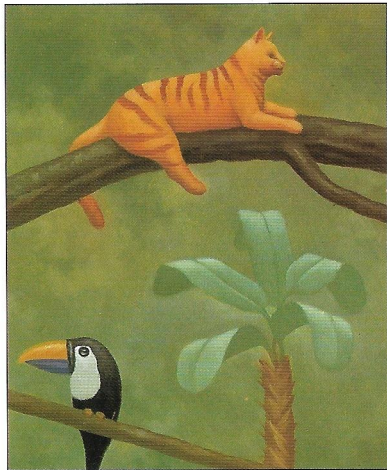
CAT

The fat cat on the mat
may seem to dream
of nice mice that suffice
for him, or cream;
but he free, maybe,
walks in thought
unbowed, proud, where loud
roared and fought
his kin, lean and slim,
or deep in den
in the East feasted on beasts
and tender men.

The giant lion with iron
claw in paw,
and huge ruthless tooth
in gory jaw;



the pard dark-starred,
fleet upon feet,
that oft soft from aloft
leaps on his meat



where woods loom in gloom—
far now they be,
fierce and free,
and tamed is he;
but fat cat on the mat
kept as a pet,
he does not forget.

J.R.R. Tolkien
(1892–1973)

from THE SONG OF MEHITABEL

this is the song of mehitabel
of mehitabel the alley cat
as i wrote you before boss
mehitabel is a believer
in the pythagorean
theory of the transmigration
of the soul and she claims
that formerly her spirit
was incarnated in the body
of cleopatra
that was a long time ago
and one must not be
surprised if mehitabel