

A canticle of cats

Praise God from whom all felines come,
With dignity and ease.

The way they let us pamper them
And pet them if they please.

They condescend to come to us
And sit upon our knees.

And if there is a chill at night
They come into your bed
And keep you warm till the first light
When you must see them fed,
And you are left to wonder why
God seems to like to tease

He made cats warm and cuddly-

Why does he give them fleas?

Lorna Logan