

# *City Kitty*

&

*All Her Animal Friends!*



*Fun. Contemporary. Poetry.*

By Scott Doctor & Siti Wray





# *City Kitty*

## *& All Her Animal Friends!*

*Fun. Contemporary. Poetry.*

---

- The Introspective Eagle
- The Delightful Little Dove
- The Amazing Zzzzzzzebra
- That Pink Fluffy Thing
- City Kitty

# *The Introspective Eagle*



Two eagles were sitting around on the beach. One turned and said c'mon Mitch. Let's fly. Let's fly fly fly so high. Let's circle the sky. Until we're far out of reach. We'll go to the highest mountain on earth. And rest upon its perch. It's boring down here. I'm bored. To which Mitch replied. I know, I know. I like it low. You like it high. I'm feeble. And I enjoy people. You want to be up off the ground. In the clouds, with no sound. High enough that if we fall to the earth, we flop flat. Splat. No thank you. I'll stay here on this hard surface. Standing safely on it. In fact, I'll sit. You go ahead. I'll meet you there. I don't feel like flying any more. To anywhere.

Don't want to fly? Why? Said his friend. You're not a human. No flying? You're a bird. That's absurd. Just cause you're afraid of heights. We all have frights. But we fight through them. In order to remove them. C'mon. Let's fly. Be bold my man. Want me to hold your hand? Mitch looks pensive.

Non-expressive. Then replies. It's not just my fear of heights. Or snakes. Or lightning. Or planes. Or guns. Or nights. Everyone tells me to fly. Ever since birth. But I just want my feet to touch the sand and grass and earth. I want to enjoy mother nature. And not rush to get there. I'm old man, I need to slow down and relax. It's fun down here. Let's have a snack. And some wine, or a beer.

His friend was in dismay but had more to say! You don't drink beer Mitch. Or wine. And that's fine. And you know why people tell you to fly. Cause you're a freakin' bird! Look in the mirror! You're covered in feathers. And have wings. And there's a responsibility that brings. Plus you're not just any bird, you're an eagle. Not a beagle. You don't bark like a dog. You fly amidst the fog. Is it cause you almost got sucked into that jet airplane engine? And then pee'd your pants? You know I didn't tell anyone about that happening. Once I was done laughing and clapping.

Mitch twitched, then said. The sky and the air, I don't really care. Seen one sun and one cloud, seen them all I suppose. Let me guess. One is white and fluffy. The other is huge and bright. Am I right? I'm not sure what compelled me to reconsider my life's purpose. Perhaps it was having the grim reaper try to push me through an airplane propeller. And knowing my feathers would be used to fill up a comforter.

But down here, I have no fear. Ok Mitch, replied his friend, you need time to find out who you are.

Amidst this mid-life crisis. But you are still big and strong. Flying isn't wrong. Our expansive wings spread open wide as we glide over the ocean, the mountain and the blue sky. Don't sigh. Be proud of who you are buddy.

I'm finally done flapping my wings, Mitch admitted. I want to exchange them for arms, he kidded. But seriously. I want to be one with the earth. And walk on my feet. Slow as it may be. It will allow me to see more from down here, below the stars. Mingling with trees and grass and animals and cars.

There's a reason I was given two wings and two feet. I have places to see and people to meet.

So off you go. In the air. Off I go. On foot. Perhaps we meet again. Nice knowing you my friend.

Hey hey, ok ok. Said his buddy. Whatever. We go together. On this journey of yours. Walking the human way. I get it. And maybe I'll regret it. But let's try it. So. How do we start it? Mitch thought about it for some time and answered in a rhyme. One step at a time. One day at a time. Let's head north. And go forth. With no plans. We'll just see what happens. It will be both enlightening and frightening. But thanks for joining me on this important, introspective journey. I know it will be way more fun, if we experience it together, as one.

*The Delightful Little Dove*



A delightful little dove named Kristy likes to spread her beautiful wings. She doesn't like to sing, but in the air, she does like to dance. It'll put you in a trance. To watch her flying around. It's almost a visual sound. As she flies swiftly and effortlessly across the bright blue sky. Contrasted nicely against her bright bird body. She was most definitely, a real beauty.

Today while flying around, she found a cozy little park, just before dark. She swooped over to a fountain to get a drink of water. Then looked over to see a little boy beside her. He was in a wheelchair. All by himself. But she saw his mom nearby. He offered Kristy the bird a french fry. And she nibbled a bite. There was a calm and peaceful presence between them. She had no fright that he might try to grab her. So she got closer and closer. The boy reached over to gently pet the dove. And give her some love. She enjoyed his touch very much.

They stared at each other. For what seemed like forever. But then, the boy started to flap his arms. And pretend he was a bird. It was really cute, but still, he did look rather absurd. She thought he was about to fly away from his wheelchair, he was flapping so hard and fast. A minute passed. Then two. And finally, he grew tired and sweaty. Then the boy pointed up to the sky. He wanted to see her fly. But she understood that already, aware that he was stuck in his chair. Unable to move. He could not even stand. So he had a plan. Not to fly with her, but through her.

She could see he was happy. But wished she could give him her feathers so he could fly and be free. She had the gift of flight. And he did not. But. If watching her fly for a while, was enough to make him smile. She would give him his wish. So Kristy the dove flew up, up and away. Her moves were extra special that day. She even did some dazzling new tricks. Some fast turns and crazy dips, then a low swoop and a loop de loop! She saw the boy laughing and clapping. It melted her heart and filled her with pride. She could not help him on his outside. Only on his inside.

What the world denied him. Physically. She perhaps gave him. Spiritually. When the mom returned, Kristy knew it was time for her to go. She flew by him one last time, very slow. Then she shot away fast. Like the speed of sound. Soon the boy found, the flaps of her wings silently dissipated, just like her. Into the distance. Off to somewhere.

He enjoyed the brief moment in time he shared. With his friend the bird. He was only eight but already believed in fate. Some friendships last forever he knew. Some for years or months. And others. Just a few seconds. It's just a global acceptance. Of what the world offers. To its inhabitants. And sometimes life's best presents, are just, a presence.

From the confines of his chair, the little boy was very well aware, life could not always be controlled. Its own story had to unfold. And so. He waved goodbye to the air. His mother perplexed, seeing no one in particular. But she touched her son on the head and wheeled him away from the park they came to every day.

The boy and his mother returned to that same park many times after. And while he looked and looked, he never again would find her. But seeing the pretty bird, and watching her fly, and having their special moment together, is one he would always remember.

# *The Amazing Zzzzzzebra*





Amanda the baby zebra was a rare find. Truly one of a kind. As she became older, her black and white stripes turned into lines of pink and blue! The workers at the zoo were baffled. They simply didn't know what to do. They were excited but confused and her miraculous diversity was all over the news. But Amanda didn't like her bright colors and asked her mom, why mommy. Why don't I still look like you? Her mom looked at her for a moment, thought about it, contemplated it, and then said. Moo.

Moo? Amanda replied confused. Realizing that was not her zebra mom at all. But a cow named Sue. Ooops. Sorry. I thought you were my mom. She is black and white too. Just like you. But she has stripes and you have um, spots. Are they spots? Maybe blots. Either way. You have lots! The cow smiled and winked and said, you are very amusing little zebra. Or should I say, a-moo-sing? Amanda smiled. I like you Sue the cow, she said. Or should I say, I like moo? She laughs at her own joke. You turned out black and white. Like I was supposed to.

The cow moved closer and said loud and clear. Don't be ridiculous. Your ambiance is gorgeous! I'm so jealous. You're like a colorful work of art. Being unique is a great thing. Honestly. Believe me. Your colors are tremendously pretty. A rainbow is not black and white. It's a wide spectrum of vibrant light. Black and white is blah, two muted colors that sit like a lackluster rock on the ground with no sound. Bright colors take flight. They're full of visual sight. And with exuberance comes strength and mystery and beauty and might. Am I right?

Maybe. Replied Amanda the zebra. I don't really understand. But I still demand to be more like you. I too can say moo but it won't make me look black and white like you. How ironic they both thought. They wanted to trade. Cause they didn't like the way they were made. Amanda the zebra and Sue the cow quickly became best friends. Their silly conversations would never end. They discussed clouds and grass and humans with funny shaped hair. The two were so goofy, all the other animals in the zoo made fun of them, but they didn't care!

A zebra and a cow. Wow. Who would have thought. But they never argued or fought. They just laughed and walked and ran and even took naps together. Will you be my friend forever? Amanda asked. Of course, said Sue, relax. A friend makes the world a happier place. So we have to support each other always, in every way, every day. Ok?

Deal said Amanda. You're the best. But now I think it's time to rest. We had a pretty busy day today. We deserve a nap, what do you say? Plus I wanna catch some z's. Cause I'm a zzzzzzebra. Get it? See, I'm funny too, just like moo. Haha! And Hey. I changed my mind from before. I don't hate being colorful anymore! Cause of you. Sue Smiled. Me too. She said. I'm happy now, just being black and white. Thanks to you.

A zzzzzzebra huh? Said Sue the cow. We have to work on your sense of humor. Ok ok. Don't have a cow, said Amanda the zebra. Laughing even more now. You're just jealous cause I'm so much more a-moo-sing than you. Don't be in a bad moo'd. C'mon. Mooove closer. The Moooon is coming out. They layed under the stars until the sun returned, eventually, to find them sleeping under a tree. An unlikely friendship. That was meant to be.

*That Pink Fluffy Thing*



I want to ride that pink fluffy thing! Said the little boy with so much joy. His mom turned and smiled. It's called a flamingo. And the answer, I'm sorry, is no. C'mon let's go. It's a big zoo, we have much more to see and do. The boy wondered out loud. Why is he standing on just one leg? He looks funny. And he's bright pink. Like cotton candy. I want to lick his fur. Or maybe he's a girl, how can you tell, if it's a he or a she? Well, whatever it is, I like it and want to ride it. You can ride on him too mom, it will be a blast! Do you think it can run fast?

Mom gathered her patience. Honey. It's not a horse. Of course you can't ride a flamingo. They are feeble and slow. Plus, not every animal is for riding. Where to next? I'm having trouble deciding. But before she knew it, her son already began to climb into the flamingo cage! She hysterically asked an employee to help but he said no way lady. I don't risk my life for minimum wage.

Mom ran frantically in a circle. Praying for a miracle. Then she stopped, spun around seven times and fainted. And when she woke up moments later and her dizziness cleared, she feared how it tragically might have ended. She looked in the flamingo display but to her dismay. Her son wasn't harmed at all, he was safe as can be. Look Mommy, he yelled. The pink flamingo is riding me!

Sure enough. There was her son, down on all fours. With the flamingo sitting on his back! As he monkeyed around like a silly clown. I didn't want to hurt him like you said, the boy added, so I put him on top of me instead! He's not even that heavy, so if you want a turn we're done already. That's my crazy but sweet

and sensitive boy mom thought. No longer distraught. She hardly believed it. And breathed a sigh of relief. What's your flamingo's name?! She yelled out. This one is Steve. He proclaimed. But then explained. I know they all look the same but those others are Jill and John and Debbie and Shawn. And that pretty one is Mary Lou. I named her after you.

Once they finally finished the zoo, they were on their way out. An exhausting day, without a doubt. At the exit, her son stopped to wave goodbye. Mom, I love the zoo, he said. And all the animals too. I'm really sorry if I scared you. Mom kissed him on the head and said. Yes, that was way too much excitement for one day. I need some aspirin. And a bed.

But you already took a nap, the boy insisted. On the ground. You didn't move around or make a sound. I did, she admitted. You almost killed me from panic and shock, she mocked. Of course, her adventurous boy was clearly not ready to rest, as he grabbed her by the wrist. Mom, this is no time for quitting, he said. It's barely past five and we're still alive. Plus it's Sunday, our family fun day! Me and you have more to do. Don't make me sad cause I have no dad. Let's go bowling and get ice cream.

Mom rolled her eyes. Oh geez. She said smiling. Bowling and ice cream. Don't you ever run out of steam? Nope he said. I have lots of steam. And it would seem there is no such thing as too much fun or too much ice cream! So away they went. Mom never liked to vent. She always kept up. And never complained. She only complied. No matter the weather or what was their precarious adventure. She just enjoyed her son, made everything for him better, and cherished their special times together.

# *City Kitty*



In a small New York apartment, there was a kitty cat who was adventurous and curious, but also quite content. She always wanted to go outside but she never went. Her name was Siti but since she lived in the city, we like to call her City Kitty. Or just Kitty, though she is all grown up already. Like all cats, she enjoyed relaxing in the sunlight coming in the window and laying around, sleeping all day. It was ok, she was afraid of the unknown and never left home. But she also thought about the world and desired to wander and roam.

One day Kitty woke up from her nap and saw a big white bus parked in front. She has never been spontaneous before, but without warning, she jumped up off the floor and ran out the door. She wasn't sure why, but she hustled down the stairs and made it outside with a great stride. Nothing was familiar. Everything peculiar. It was her very first adventure! The street was busy. The sun was bright. It all just seemed so right. She ran to the bus and jumped inside. Just as the door closed and it started to ride.

Never in her life has she done such a thing. But she had an impulse. And an irresistible feeling.

Mostly, the bus was empty, so she went to the back and had a seat. Kitty rode for many miles and found new friends to meet. Everyone who sat beside her would pet and caress her. They even talked to her and fed her. She had fun seeing people of every age and personality but eventually, the bus came to its final destination. Without preparation, she ran out the door and saw something she never had before. Kitty found herself outside a busy airport. It was so exciting. There were taxis and people and luggage and planes. And some strange smells too, which was hard to explain. My journey begins, she said to herself with confidence, not at all feeling tense.

She wasn't sure where she was going, but the experience so far was exciting and flowing. She followed the crowd, though no pets were allowed, and had no fright to sneak onto a flight. She sat quietly on a seat and waited for the plane to take off. Where would it be? Europe, India, Alaska, Hawaii? She really didn't know. But since she's never been anywhere, anywhere is a good place to go. The plane ride was long. She watched a movie. Had some snacks. She had some milk and took two naps. When she awoke the plane had landed. And as soon as she walked outside, her sights and senses expanded.

She heard someone shout, selamat datang di Jakarta. Welcome to Indonesia a sign said. As a big smile came across her face. Her pulse began to race. Apa kabar? She heard, behind her. Kitty turned to find another cat with black fur. That means how are you? Said the boy cat. I'm fine, Kitty replied. Aha, an American! Her friendly cat shot back with glee. Welcome to my country. I'll show it to you if you let me. You're lucky you found me. There's much to see! Come on, follow me!

They walked around, enjoying each town. The people and places. The food and faces. She was a curious kitty cat. She learned about Indonesia and its past. Its nightlife was electrifying, its islands were vast. The history was fascinating, its people were stimulating. Indonesians loved smiling and laughing and were kind and gentle. Every memory was more remarkable than her last. And the opposite of her past. She loved museums and beaches and saw a temple and volcano. So wanted to go everywhere, fast yet slow.

After a few days, Kitty said it was time to go. She thanked her friend and kissed him on the cheek. She said, you made every day seem like a week. I'd love to stay but I feel something magical pulling me away. I want to see places popular and rare. I have a date. With fate. She went back to the airport and back on a plane. Not knowing where she would end up next! Kitty closed her eyes softly, purred confidently. It's a big world for a small cat, but she knew life had more meaning. And for the first time in her city kitty life, her smile was bright, and her eyes were gleaming!

# *Thank you!*

*We hope you enjoyed our FREE pdf poetry book  
of inspirational, rhyming animal fun.*

*Please share your pdf copy with anyone and everyone!  
If you prefer a printed copy for yourself or as a gift,  
we have soft and hard cover books available  
which also add in 5 additional poems!*



**Media Inquiries / Book Purchases / Compliments & Fan Mail :**  
[www.citykittypoetry.com](http://www.citykittypoetry.com) / [CityKittyPoetry@gmail.com](mailto:CityKittyPoetry@gmail.com) / social media: [citykittypoetry](https://www.facebook.com/citykittypoetry)

## Samples of the 5 additional poems in our 10 page printed book:



### *The Brave Butterfly*

Today I was outside enjoying my surroundings, staring at things around me, sitting in the park. Squirrels were nibbling at some tree bark. Ants were enjoying ice cream on the ground. Birds were eating spilled popcorn they found. I was having a satisfying sandwich of turkey and cheese, appreciating the soft breeze, when something was fluttering magically around me.

### *Cotti The Quirky Vegetarian Tiger*

Cotti is a big Sumatran tiger. But she is unlike all the other tigers of her kind. She has a different state of mind. Of course she is big and strong and fierce and has sharp teeth. But underneath, when you look into her dark black eyes, a sense of calm and peace lies. Most tigers like to fight and eat meat and don't mind blood, but not her. Cotti's not a fighter. She's a pacifist and a vegetarian. Which is like someone who doesn't like books becoming a librarian!

### *The Walrus Among Us*

Don't look now. But there is a walrus among us. Said the large lady in the small elevator. The six other people curiously and suspiciously looked down towards the ground, and sure enough, saw the whiskered animal beneath, with long white teeth. It was quite an unusual sighting, for an office building! Everyone started to fumble. They got scared and wanted to scramble. But the elevator had ten more floors to go. Uh oh! And oh no!

### *Fred The Lonely Ant*

Ants love to group together. They form an army, which seems to go on forever. From hundreds to thousands to millions at a time actually. You really never see just one single ant, statistically. But not Fred the ant. Fred was an army of one. He liked to fly solo, as he always said. You guys go do this and that, I'll be over here and over there, by myself instead. He wasn't grouchy. Just lonely.

### *The Buddha Yoga Zen Turtle*

Let's race to the market! Said the turtle to the rabbit. Can you hack it? I'll race you for a million dollars, he added. That's one of the most ridiculous offers I've ever had, the rabbit said back. You're a turtle, he laughed, even slower than a snail. Even slower than getting mail. Then he added an additional verbal smack. Besides having that heavy shell on your back, there are three pertinent things you lack.

**Media Inquiries / Book Purchases / Compliments & Fan Mail :**

**[www.citykittypoetry.com](http://www.citykittypoetry.com) / [CityKittyPoetry@gmail.com](mailto:CityKittyPoetry@gmail.com) / social media: [citykittypoetry](http://citykittypoetry)**

# *Personalize your City Kitty Poetry Book!*



## **\$20 Personal Poem**

- We'll write you your very own fun animal poem!
- Just answer a short Q&A for your recipients: Name, age, favorite animals, hobbies, special talents, favorite sports etc.
- We'll write them a fun and fabulous personal poem just for them - From you!
- We'll show you a sample page before printing your book for approval.

## **\$5 Personal Page**

- Add a personal written message from you to your recipient
- Include a photo for a personal touch.
- A great gift idea! Submit your wording and photo to us by email.
- We'll show you a sample page before printing your book for approval.
- You get the first full page of the book for yourself. Get creative. Have fun.

**Both options are only available in the 8.5x11 hardcover book**