

THE TALE OF MY CAT - SNOOKY: JOHN HARRISON

I once had a cat,
his name I still recall,
and he was a lovely cat,
black and white and small.

He used to lie,
on a mat in our hall,
or flat on his back,
by our fire, on my shawl.

He was a clean cat,
with neat sharp claws,
and my parents fed him scraps,
but he always wanted more.

Dearly, I had loved him,
my adored childhood friend,
until a bad boy clubbed him,
and so, he reached his end.

He was an old cat then,
and I was still quite young,
in our garden we buried him,
underneath the Spring sun.

At night, I used to cry a lot,
mourn his passing every day,
Mum said he was in Heaven,
so, on my knees, I prayed.

Take care of "Snooky" Lord,
and may he rest in peace,
and bless him, when he snores,
and purrs his way to sleep.