

FELLOW FEELING

(W Girt)

Each night I have a visitor
Timid, small and thin,
Cautiously the cat-flap lifts,
Two golden eyes peer in.

My cat, I think, remembers,
When he too was a stray,
Struggling to stay alive,
Day after weary day.

For this wee waif he welcomes in,
To eat his fill, and more,
While other cats who venture near
Are swiftly shown the door.

Couldn't you be like my cat
And help a stray in need?
Just let a lonely wanderer in,
You'll be a friend indeed.