

Compliments of CatSNIP, Inc.

FERAL CATS

(Mavis Khan)

Close to the ground with jogging steps they run
Until they reach the safety of the hedge;
There, to observe how closely I will come
To where, feet poised, they wait with nerves on
edge.
And yet, by now, they surely ought to know,
That I will only put the food, and go.

Each day the same enactment has to be:
They show themselves, then run with bobbing
gait,
They trust my coming but they don't trust me,
Preferring, till I go, to lie and wait.
They choose discomfort, though their needs are
clear,
Having no greater feeling than their fear.

Oh! If I'd had some means to bring them in
When first I saw them, when they first were
small,
Why then, I could have helped them to begin
To lose their fear of man, once and for all.
I dream of seeing them in firelight glow,
Warm and content, not running through the
snow.