

Little Cat



(The Disposable Animals)
by Kristen Sharer

Where did you come from, little cat?
How did you end up in a life like that?
Cold and alone
Nowhere to turn
Hungry and sick
Tired and worn.

Did you once have a home, little cat?
Where you curled up in a chair, lazy and fat?
Happy and snug
life was a charm
Content and well-fed.
Safe from all harm.

Did something go wrong, little cat?
That you ended up in this state that you're at?
Scared and so sore
No one to trust
Lonely and dying
In a world so unjust.

Do you still have dreams, little cat?
Can you still remember soft, gentle pats?
Comfy and soft
Nothing to fear.
Sleepy and safe,
Never a care.

Who will be there for you, little cat?
Who will hug you and hold you close, little cat?
Lonely and dying
Cold and alone.
No one to trust
You once had a home.

Where did you come from, little cat?