

A PRAYER FOR ALL THE STREET KITTIES

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From kittenhood you lived your life upon
unforgiving streets,
Tough existence for a cat, though you never
asked for peace,
And now all I can offer you is the needle's final
peace.

Think of a world where every litter's planned,
Where every cat is wanted in every town and
land,
Why are so many homeless? It's hard to
understand

Why every shelter in the land is full of surplus
cats and strays,
Praying for adoption within their seven days,
Accusing us of negligence in each compelling
feline gaze.

If I took you to a shelter you wouldn't stand a
chance
When even cuddly kitties don't get a second
glance;
And you just growl and hiss and spit while they
all purr and prance.

I hope the goddess understands why I cannot
offer more,
Than a filling bowl of cat food placed outside my
door,
And a blanket in the garage so you can rest your
weary paws.

You are too wild a spirit to live inside with me,
You need my protection, but you still need to be
free,
To neuter and to nurture, that is my
responsibility.

And now you're old the time has come to bring
you final rest,
That you let me pick you up at last, I feel that I
am blessed,
Though I know it's just because you're too weak
to resist.

I pray that God has mercy on me and will
understand,
That for his wild creature I've done the best I
can,
And loved you from a distance, my wild street
kitty friend.

For all the other kitties that live upon the street,
I pray someone will neuter them and give them
food to eat,
And a helping hand right at the end to ease
them into sleep.