

**Stray Cat**

Oh, what unhappy twist of fate  
Has brought you, homeless to my gate?  
The gate where once another stood  
To beg for shelter, warmth and food.  
For from that day I ceased to be  
The master of my destiny.  
While he, with purr and velvet paw  
Became within my house, The Law.  
He scratched the furniture and shed  
And claimed the middle of my bed.  
He ruled in arrogance and pride  
And broke my heart the day he died.  
So if you really think, oh cat,  
I'd willingly relive all that  
Because you come, forlorn and thin  
Well...don't just stand there....come on in!

*Francis Harman*