

THOUGHTS OF A FERAL

(Annette Easdon)

I sit beneath the bushes as she fills my dish
each day,
I only venture out to eat when she has gone
away,
I know it will upset her when I turn away and
hide,
As every day she tries her best to get me by her
side.
I wish that I could let her know that I don't want
to run,
And hope that she will understand it's nothing
that SHE's done.
I'd like to have her stroke me and pat my weary
head,
But fear will overcome and I'll run and hide
instead.
For all the kindly people who feed the strays
each day,
I pray the Lord will care for them as they have
cared for me.

* Dedicated by the author to all the kind and
caring people who give the lonely ferals a little
care, a little love, and a little hope.