

A Cat's Secret

Meow, my name is Misty. I'm a grey tabby cat.
My fur is so soft, my claws sharp as tacks.
I'm purrfectly behaved when my owners are home,
but it's much more fun when I'm home on my own.
The house to myself is the perfect stay-cation,
a snooze on the bed my preferred vocation.
I lick myself clean on the dining room table,
a climb up the curtains - my tail keeps me stable.
Oh, I don't feel guilty shredding the indoor palm:
it's a fact that us cats make you humans more calm.
Did you hear that? It's the mice under the landing.
Those mice and I have a certain ... understanding.
If they nibble on the beastly vacuum cord,
then I won't nibble on them when I'm bored.
But the taste of mice holds no appeal,
my owners know it must be fresh fish and cubed veal.
My owners are leaving and not before time,
once they're out of sight those curtains are mine!
No, I'm not worried about trouble when they come back.
I can purr my way out of anything ... that's a cat's counter attack.

