

Tom Milsom, Catsongs I (Livia Remembered)

Live your life in fur and whiskers
Fourteen years on four small paws
Ate the heads and left the bodies
Of the victims of your claws

I poked you and you scratched me
Each claw like a tiny knife,
And through it all I shared with you
Some of the best times in my life

Last year dead, year before alive
This year, still dead. Sad.

Your indifference to that puppy
Selling bog roll on the telly
Made me love you so I didn't care
That your breath was smelly

Your little kidneys couldn't
Handle it no more,
Not unlike Pope John Paul II
Be he had fewer paws
You were not that religious
Also unlike Pope John Paul
And he lived in the Vatican
But you had never been there
At all, oh at all

This year dead, year before alive
This year, still dead. Sad.