

# The Cats of Spring

*by* Con Chapman

*With apologies to Swinburne, not that he needs them.)*

When the cats of spring are on winter's traces,  
The sleep-addled chipmunks emerge from their cribs  
To see hungry bewhiskered feline faces  
Licking their chops and tying on bibs.



While the brown-backed robin goes a-worm stalking  
The cats creep up making less sound than walking;  
He's going to get it, in just a few paces,  
Believe me, I know them—I'm telling no fib.



Cats are hunters who need no spring training,  
They're out there first thing, imprinting the snow,  
getting paws muddy when it's April raining.  
Then tracking it in, wherever they go.



If you're a mouse with suicidal tendencies  
My cats can help you to meet your endency.  
There are lots of critters whose lives are waning  
Though I'm not sure that all were quite ready to go.

