## The Cats of Spring

by Con Chapman

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

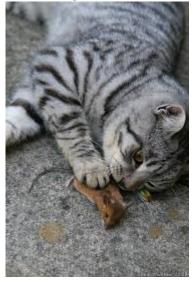
When the cats of spring are on winter's traces, The sleep-addled chipmunks emerge from their cribs To see hungry bewhiskered feline faces Licking their chops and tying on bibs.



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.

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