

## Where No Cats Dwell Therein...!

For Betty Westwood

*"I love cats. Just can't eat a whole one"*. John Wamsley.

A strange, daytime knocking...  
At the windows of my home,  
Like someone *'tapping'*  
At the door of my heart,  
When my life  
Was suddenly empty,  
Sad, and left alone!

*'Suspicious'* tiny *'shats'*...  
On the door  
Of my *'front loader'*!  
The only way - from outside in -  
The old *cat door*,  
That hasn't graced a cat  
For ten years or more,  
And was never covered over!!

Outside - I began to hear  
This chirpy little singing,  
Such a happy, plucky tune...  
Bringing joy and happiness,  
In my ears it kept ringing!  
Like shining such a warm  
And beautiful light -  
Into a darkened, saddened room!

Then one night - in my pantry,  
I had an unsuspected guest!  
A tiny, little wren,  
So *'fluffed up'* with importance,  
Like - on top of my *'preserves'*,  
Was its very own,  
And special little *'nest'* -

As if to say  
*"Just what are you doing here!*  
*In this cat free zone,*  
*This house, not your garden...*  
*Is now my real home!!*

Through open door,  
Next morning,  
With broom –  
I chased it out,  
With ‘stern’ and ‘scalding’ words,  
“*You bad, bad,  
And naughty little wren*” -  
Not letting on  
The joy and happiness -  
This little bird did bring,  
Knocking on the window  
Of my sad and lonely heart,  
With one apparent aim,  
To so happily love -  
And so beautifully sing!

As time moves on,  
Their numbers,  
In my garden do improve,  
These tiny little creatures  
Have found a safe refuge...

All nesting safely,  
In the *garden* of my heart,  
They’ve tap, tap tapped  
Their way in -  
Through my window -  
Now we’ll never be apart,  
So joyously singing,  
They make me happy,  
Laugh and grin,

In a place  
Of peace and safety,  
Where no cats will ever –  
*Ever dwell, therein!!*

Tim Barritt. 3.7.10.

*Earth Angel 181*