

My Cat is a War Hero,
 Maybe not in the literal sense.

He came to us uncertain,
 Ripped from a home of pernicious stability,
 His siblings scurried away in boxes and bags,
 Separated from all he knew.

Into our home he came, delivered in cold plastic,
 New faces, more uncertainty, another home.
 Another place to reside.
 Before he's moved on.
 Unwanted, unloved.
 Or so he feels
 He cries for attention.

His vocal range is exquisite,
 A 'Chatty Catty'
 He knows it too, perched on the upstairs banister rail,
Mmrreeoowwwiing down the stairs,
 The echo spells terrible desperation,
 Loneliness eternal, magnified by such a pitiful patter.

And your heart breaks for him,
 You ascend to counsel and console
 And he trills your advance into his safe space,
 And settles down and receives pats.
 And suddenly he's no longer quite so loud.

We are his siblings now, whom he greets with chirp and vigour,
 Bossing us mornings for food,
 Telling us off at night for our bedtime tardiness,
 Annoyed preening should we fail to acquiesce his demands
 And then claws and nibbles should his cries still go unanswered

He's so gorgeous
 My Marmalade, Mackerel, Marmaduke!
 Mischief
 And he knows it...

The first vet visit he clung onto the banister with both paws!
YOU WILL NOT TAKE ME!
 This is his home now, whether we like it or not.
 It's nice to be wanted

An unsung hero who defended his brothers.

Now a just retirement
 Forever to be enjoyed