

FELINE FROLICS
Mark Marusic 2019

Pixie, perched upon the Pixie ladder
What other feline could feel gladder?
I'd safely say that Audrey would
Perched upon a car's warm engine hood
Soaking up the loving strokes
And patting from the passing folk
You'd scarce believe this pint sized puss so cute
Could be a bully and a brute
To her feline neighbour Maud
In territorial discord
For a former dunny service lane
and she might even be the one to blame
for heavy sprays inside the home
of her feline rival's servant Simone
she's a boofhead with all other cats
except with Pixie, happy sharing household mats
she gets on well with humans, doggies too
more to canine traits than feline she seems true
a doggy in the body of a cat
she's not been known to catch a mouse or rat
whereas Pixie has caught heaps
with miaowing loud to wake me from my sleep
and waking Audrey too, beside me on my bed
a night time stay at home cat, movements not widespread
unlike Pixie, nighttime rambler, roamer
spurning company, glad to be a loner
the Pixie ladder is her exit
from her home life to her wilder orbit
in Sydney's hipster inner west
the ladder is bespoke, built to be her nest
after hours roaming she returns
to the edges of her home, framed in nocturne
perched upon the highest rung
I may be their servant, but they'll never get my tongue!