



HONEY, BEST CAT IN THE WORLD

by Michael Shann

Sometimes, when I'm feeling sad,
I like to think about Honey.
You know how it is, when everyone
else seems to have lots of friends
and you're standing on your own
in the playground chatting quietly
with a goalpost, and then your mum
picks you up and asks how was school
today and you say fine, it was fine,
even though you want to cry.

Well these are the times I like
to think about Honey and all
her funny little ways, the way,
for example, she used to climb
onto my bed and sprawl on her back
with all four paws outstretched,

the big furry pillow of her tummy
just asking me to lay my head on it,
and the way she let me put her
in my old buggy and cover her
with blankets like a baby, then
push her up and down the garden
through most of the summer.

Oh Honey, she was the best,
and even though she died last year
and lies now under the new rose bush,
I only need to think about her
and all my worries become petals
floating up and away into the sky.

