

Sleeping Out

What it is we cats get up to
when we don't come home?

What do we do? Where do we go?
Bet you humans would like to know.

Do we make a magic circle
recite poetry, dance and chortle?

Do we form an ancient pack
and prey along the railway track?

Do we set the night on fire
eyes emerald, sapphire?

Do we have a brawling, fur-flying,
caterwauling old knees-up?

Do we find a partner
and have a lovey-dovey smooch-up?

Or do I, bit-of-a-loner,
slink off under the warmth
of a parked car for shelter?

That's for me to know and you to wonder.



Grace Nichols

Cat Rap

Lying on the sofa
all curled and meek
but in my furry-fuzzy head
there's a rapping beat.
Gonna rap while I'm napping
and looking sweet
gonna rap while I'm padding
on the balls of my feet

Gonna rap on my head
gonna rap on my tail
gonna rap on my
you know where.
So wave your paws in the air
like you just don't care
with nine lives to spare
gimme five right here.

Well, they say that we cats
are killed by curiosity,
but does the moggie mind?
No, I've got suavity.
When I get to heaven
gonna rap with Macavity,
gonna find his hidden paw
and clear up that mystery.

Nap it up
scratch it up
the knack is free
fur it up
purr it up
yes that's me.

The meanest cat-rapper you'll
ever see.
Number one of the street-sound
galaxy.