

Leroy the Cat

~ Robert Thomas ~

Upon his stoop the highest stair is he

Perhaps he'll see me come
Along the walk toward my home
His black and slouching form distinct
Or hear my call and spring.

On other days he'll send a plaintive whine

He's there beyond the door
Impatient will he glide within
To loudly loiter through our feet
Meowing loud hellos.

But Leroy likes his human friends to sit

He'll find a lap to climb
With clawless paws he'll knead a nest
And harmless knead and form his place
Persistent in the work.

You know, he seeks to climb my wife's lap first

She likes him too I see
I'm glad she lets him stay a while
The softest nest her lap would make
But dander makes her sneeze.

Myself I'm proof against the feline fur

The cat may lounge on me
Meowing squawking shifting rogue
He purrs un-paused, presumptive bliss
Obsessive preening too.

I still recall that day we met the cat

In empty rooms we stood
Discussing plans and painted walls
When down the stairs he softly came
To welcome us within.

I like to think he'll always be a friend

I do not know his age
Hope cloudy eyes will seek and scan
Soft hollow bones will climb and prowl
Shrill awkward meows loom.