My mysterious moggy!

Where does my cat go

every single night?

For hours and hours,

he’s out of my sight.

His fur is black

and he’s difficult to see.

So as midnight strikes,

where on earth could he be?

I often wonder,

is he a witch’s cat?

Her secret pet,

like a vampire bat?

Is he allowed

a broomstick ride?

Twisting and turning,

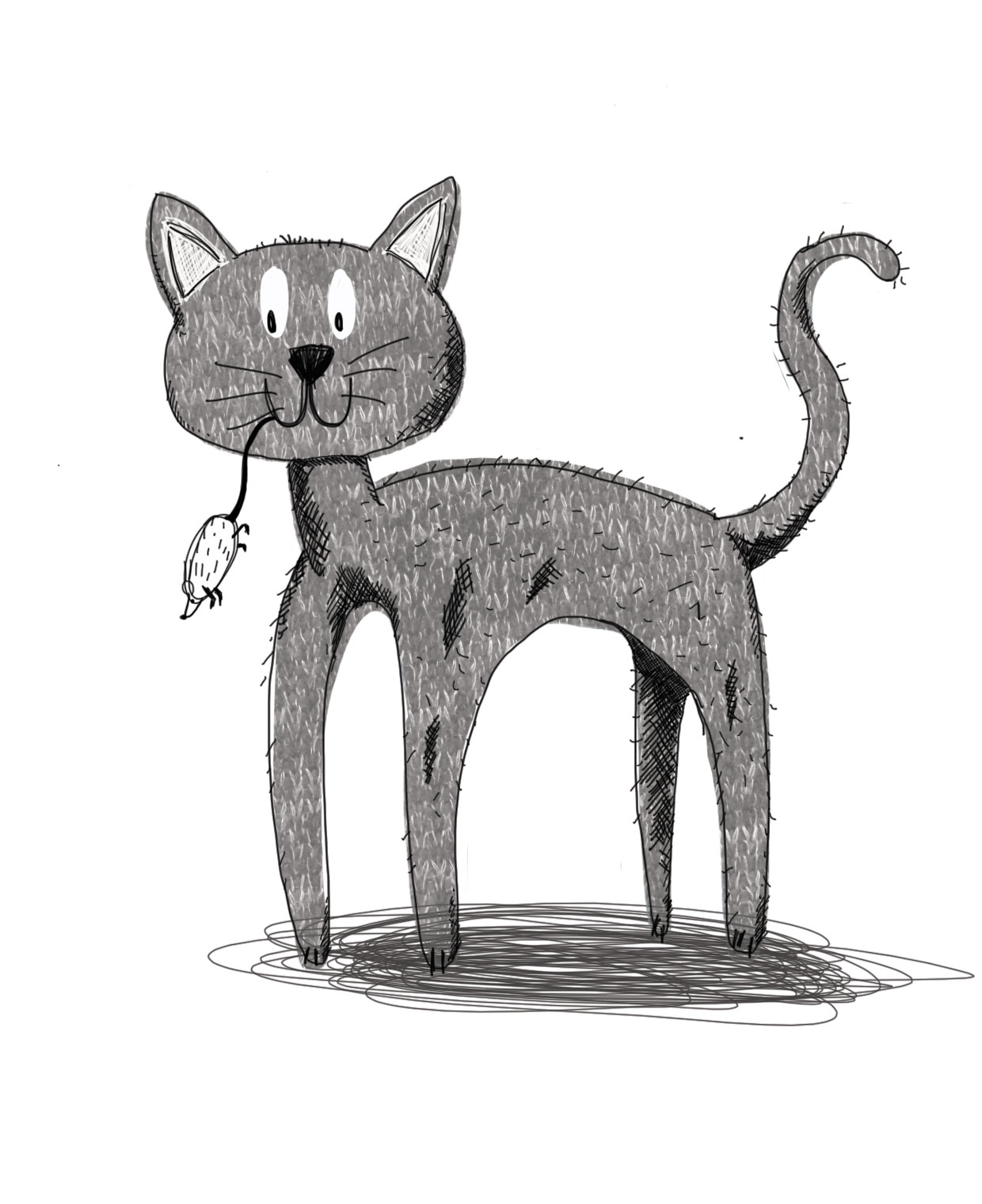
hover and glide.

Has he mixed

her potions and spells?

Stirring her cauldron,

bubbling smells.



Perhaps he wanders

for miles on Halloween?

Watching ‘trick or treaters’,

without being seen.

Every morning,

he creeps into my house.

And sometimes he’s carrying

a little dead mouse.

But I’ll never know

what his eyes have seen,

his night-time haunts,

the places he has been.

These are his secrets,

locked into his head,

like my secret money box,

hiding under my bed.

*(Oh dear, I’ve told you where it is now…)*

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(From Hedgehogs 1 Big trucks 0)

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