

What Magical Fur Is This!
and Other Poems

What Magical Fur Is This!

Little child with salted cheeks
Face forlorn, marked with tear streaks
The rain may come, no light in sight
Here comes a friend to make things bright
Give his furry coat a snuggle and a kiss
It heals! Oh what magical fur is this!

Like a blanket it absorbs your tears
After a while the sadness disappears
Comforting you with each soft strand
Hug tightly, your pet will understand
Warmth that soothes and gives such bliss
It heals! Oh what magical fur is this!

Lucky Black Cat

Tall tales and lore from long ago
Ancient spells cast to and fro
Ghosts and goblins, scary ghouls
In grim fables, the black cat rules

Why must my coat scare you so?
Just as there is fur as white as snow
There is black, as dark as night
You don't need to run or take flight

I walk under ladders, nothing to it
You are safe, no falling in a pit
If you see me, just wave and smile
Know that your day will be worthwhile

No stars will shine, no moon will glow
Without a black sky to make it so
Touch my fur it's a comfort to hold
You've found a friend with a heart of gold.

Swift Sweet Ham

Playful little Hammie hamster
Scurries in his exercise wheel
With all the strength he can muster
This cheeky fluff runs with such zeal

Beneath a bed of wood chips, I see
Brown fur whizzing in and out
Soon a tiny ear wiggles free
A white whisker, a sneaky snout

Have a boring night, he surely won't
He loves a round of hide and seek
(Now you see me, now you don't!)
Oh if he could only speak!

He lies down to sleep at first light
My sweet Ham rests while I start my day
A song I sing to wish him goodnight
Best buddies we'll be, come what may.

Ballerina Cat

The cat moves with a graceful gait
She purrs as her onlookers await
With ease, she jumps daintily
To the beat: a one, two, three

She tiptoes close and flicks her ears
A shy grin as she savors the cheers
Between human legs, she zigzags with ease
Then arches her back with expertise

A swish of the tail, her fur so fine
Slick gray coat that seems to shine
She runs, then basks in the spotlight
She poses like a true ballerina might

Her slender limbs seem to float
Up in the air, it never misses a note
The purr-ima ballerina sways her paws
Then bows to the loud applause.

Curly, Naturally

Brush it out or comb it straight
It dries quickly in the breeze
My fur springs back to its curly state
Not a's or b's but cute little c's

Red, chocolate, black, white
Apricot, silver or dark gray
Poodle coat may be plain or bright
Lovely to look at, that's what they say

Not sure I want to cover it all
With a dress, skirt, sweater or tee
Naturally curly, I'll stand tall
'Cause I am my curls, my curls are me.

Rabbit Wabbit

If my furry rabbit is a wabbit
Then someone who's rich is a witch
And a raffle is just a waffle

If my cuddly rabbit is a wabbit
Then if you reek, it smells for a week
And a ram will make things go, wham!

If my fluffy rabbit is a wabbit
Then romance will be woe-mance
And gold rings will turn into wings

If my snuggly rabbit is a wabbit
Then a missing rail will make you wail
And a rapper is just a gift-wrapper

Aren't you glad my rabbit is a rabbit?

Counting Sheep

One sheep, two sheep, three sheep
Shear the fur 'til it falls in a heap
It's soft like a pillow, fluffy and thick
Fur turns to wool, now that's the trick

Four sheep, five sheep, six sheep
Know that from wool, good things we reap
Spin wool on a wheel and you will see:
Sweaters, socks and scarves it will be

Seven sheep, eight sheep, nine sheep
Cozy and warm as we sleep
From wool we make things that we need
Thanks to the sheep that did a good deed.

Where is Spot?

Where's that fur ball? I can't spot Spot
Just a wild guess, that's all I got
Inside that chest, what a long shot
Terry cloth towels that time forgot
Under bed covers, behind the cot
I give up, no more time to allot
Merry prankster, he's surely not
Wishing this isn't some tricky plot
But under pillows he got caught
Out comes a tail with a black dot
Now I'll give him the toy I bought
To show him that I love him a lot.

Little Angel

Clean white walls
And disinfected floors
Hope echoes in silent halls
Behind cream doors
Sick children pray
For healing rainbows
A chance to run and play
At times a furry friend shows
To spread comfort and love
It knows enough to stay
Soft angel from above
Nuzzles their fears away.

Mr. Flea's New Home

Welcome to my wonderful home
Living here has been pure delight
Look around, it's a forest of fur
Hills and valleys, what a sight

It has wall to wall carpeting
I'm as snug as a bug in a rug
I get a peaceful night's rest
No other pests, I'm feeling smug

The food is free and plentiful
I get to eat as much as I like
My neighbors are friendly to me
We camp out, we even hike

Sometimes it rains and floods
But know that a flea never flees
Once I sense danger I just jump
I laugh it off, no cause for unease

Best of all, my stay has travel perks
I enjoy the ride, the wind on my face
(I guess fleas are just easy to please?)
Truly, I have found my perfect place.