

Claws



If my cat
were a fish, he'd be a shark.
A big shark.
A big, mean shark.
A Great White Shark.

But he's not a fish.
He's a cat.
A big cat.
A big, mean cat.
A Great White Cat

who cruises the neighbourhood
terrorising any creature
he happens to meet.

Birds wing away
when he prowls the gardens.
Other cats scat
when he struts his stuff
and even dogs make sure
they're somewhere else
when he's around.

He's rough. He's tough.
He's terrible to behold.
More terrible
than any tiger.

Sometimes he disappears
for days and days
and days

but just when
I start to think
I'll never see him again

in he strolls
pushing through the cat-flap
as if he's never been away

and he jumps up
into my lap
and curls himself
around himself

and falls asleep
purring like a Porsche
while I stroke him
and stroke him

and tell him
over and over again
that he's

the Best Cat
in the Whole Universe.

By Tony Langham

Poetry Questions

What do you like about the poem? Is there anything that you dislike about it?

Does the poem remind you of anything that you have ever read? Does it remind you of any person you know? Does it remind you of anything that has happened to you?

What patterns can you find in the poem? Are any of the words or phrases linked with other words or phrases? How?

What puzzles does the poem leave? What questions does it make you want to ask?