

Kristen Lawrence

"Cats In The Catacombs"

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Cats in the catacombs have scratchy, catchy claws.
They tousele a mouse or a ratty, tatty rat, then pause,
For something in the darkness creaks, and curious to
see â€¦!
RAWR! Spooked to poofs of nerves and fur!

Cats hiss like catalysts for mighty, frighty nights.
They cater with caterwauls down the labyrinthy halls,
Then patter, scatter as a knocking echoes down the
way â€¦!
RAWR! Spooked to poofs of nerves and fur!

Catsâ€™ eyes can categorize images so dim.
Like bunk beds of bones holding grins and gory eyes
awake.
A cataplexy like a hex will seize the bristly beast â€¦!
RAWR! Spooked to poofs of nerves and fur!

Cats brush by catafalques which, slipped in crypts
beneath,
Can portend a mortal end to the lives-of-nine inclined.
Well, pity kitties on their eighth who paw at loose, piled
skulls â€¦!
RAWR! Spooked to poofs of nerves and fur!

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