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Cateral, a Lateral but Visceral Guttural

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The Sequel to Doggerel

The Rhyme Within

"The sequel and prequel are about equal,"

Said the film-conscript to the lit-wit about the zit.

And time stood still about the pill, waddling like a penguin, at last clean through the oil spill.
The Cat Meows

Dogs may be happy
Or even as they say 'slap-happy'.
Just give a dog a bone
And let the sleeping ones lie, be nappy.

Birds may chirp, chipper,
Tweet on twitter,
Or even sing a song singular,
All rhyming in 3/4 time and timely.

But only cats can tune into the cosmic contentment,
Groove into the celestial static,
And drink-in the milky-way in the deep dark night, nightly.

They--the dogs, birds and stray cats--all want to be
The 'cool cats', the 'cat's whiskers", the 'cat's meow',
But the cool cats only call out the same doggone, bird-brained mantra,
Namely:
Just be!
Postscript 2/19/14: Look What the Cat Dragged In

There is a good reason the line from the song is ‘...two cats in the yard.’

Since, for both Judy and Trudy over tea, it’s true

That the most card decks (or ‘cats’ as they say in Marathi)

A pair of hands can shuffle at a time is two.

But perhaps it's not so hard for the bard,

Since as Cary Grant used to intone

Thrice, "Judy, Judy, Judy",

So that we have not two cats but three,

Or as the case maybe

Just the same one,

Only repeatedly.

Never mind that three is neither here nor there when all’s said and done,

And two is neither too few nor too many a sum to the select few, the savory some.

At any rate, at this late date, a third cat poem I must relate, so here goes:

Never mind this long preamble, before the salty deck-hands in unison below bellow,

"Thar she blows!"; "Thar she blows!"

And if they haven't come to blows, yet again, "Thar she blows!"

The third cat is a concept Zen,

Like the smile Cheshire, to interpretation open,

Since birds chirp chipper and dogs are slap-happy

The enigmatic smile could be theirs, you see,

In fact, any featured creature, it could be

But we must regard as a token

That the word 'Cheshire' has been spoken
Never mind it's only in a book that some cool, fool of a cat dragged in.