

CAT

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

None I love, least of all
Man—master, dictator:
I am his harboured hater,
Grudging thrall.

Trust me! Be tame!
Observe my humour!
Fool, what of the rumour
In my blood aflame?

Cat-self, sleek,
Subtle-dissembling,
Man shall pass trembling:
Wait, be meek!