

## Chapter Eleven



Oh my, it's hard to move and yet  
That bowl gets filled with food! The Vet  
Has told her not to feed me much  
But how I love that stuff called fudge.

My kitten days were by far much easier  
I could run and jump and life was breezier  
But dear old Maisie took me under her wing  
And now to move around is hardly a thing

That I can do and enjoy without pain any more  
It's all I can do to get across this floor  
To the bowl that is constantly being filled with food  
Maybe she could push it closer – I'd be filled with  
gratitude.

Then there's my kitty litter or the grass outside  
Carrying this weight around – maybe she could make a  
slide

That would settle getting out and about in the air  
But then the getting back I do ponder in despair

I know my Maisie loves me and she shows me much  
When she lifts me on the bed to sleep Her blankets with  
soft touch

Getting down I have to wake her and I know that soon  
one day

Either she will not awaken or it'll be me who's gone to  
play.