

Swiss The Cat

Hello, I am Swiss.

Yes, I am a cat

And I have quite a lot

Just to say about that.

I'm gray with black stripes

And a little bit fatty.

What do you expect

From an all purr-fect tabby?

I don't get out much.

That much is clear.

Why would I leave

With food always near?

I'm not one for dancing.

I don't like to move.

I don't like to whistle.

I don't like to groove.

If there's one thing that's true

And not at all strange,

I like things the same,

And I do not like change.

Change can be awful.

Quite crazy, you see.

Just look at the change

That happened to me!

The first big change happened

When I was quite small.

I first didn't like it.

Not one bit at all.

The kids brought me home
Through the door to the alley.
They opened the door.
In the kitchen, was Callie.

A golden retriever, who was
Quite big, you see,
Especially to a small
Little tabby like me.

Her bark was so loud.
It could not be missed.
Out of fear and pure terror
I just had to hiss.

At first, I had thought
That she would soon bite me.
For a well-behaved dog,
She just didn't like me.

I wasn't a bad cat.
I wasn't the worst.
But, to Callie, I was second,
Since she was there first.

She didn't like it,
Not one little bit,
When, on her soft dog bed,
I'd frequently sit.

That's where I would lay
For sleep I did need.
Yes, her name was on it,
But I could not read.

Whenever I'd sit there,
On any old day,
If she was there first,
She'd just move away.

It's quite funny now,
Thinking back to that age,
Because, for dear Callie
I was the change.

Before I arrived,
And gave her life meaning,
Things were quite dandy,
Or so they were seeming.

Her life was quite good.
No doubt about that.
But, her life was complete
Now that she had a cat.

Yes, the day I arrived
Was an impending glory.
But, remember that change
Plays a part in this story.

It took a few days.
It took a good while.
But soon, the sight of me
Gave Callie a smile.

Yes, she grew happy,
And why wouldn't she be?
She now had a buddy,
And that buddy was me!

And I'll tell you this,
Just from me to you.
I didn't quite hate her.
I liked her, too.

We woke up each morning
At the crack of dawn,
And Mom would pour breakfast
Right after we'd yawn.

She would eat hers
And I would eat mine.
We'd do this together
Almost all of the time.

It was over this food
That we would both bond,
And of this large canine,
I grew very fond.

Now, as a cat
It's not a huge leap
To assume all day, every day
That I sleep.

I sleep through the morning.
I sleep through the night.
I'd sleep through a war,
And I'd sleep through a fight.

I'll sleep on a chair.
I'll sleep on a couch.
I'll sleep in a box,
And I'll sleep in a pouch.

But my favorite place to sleep
Besides on Mom's head
Was to sleep on the brown, soft
Square, comfy Callie's bed.

She soon liked it too.
She would not fake it.
She'd sleep next to me
Like a warm fuzzy blanket.

We cuddled quite nicely,
Like a baseball in a glove,
Two quite different species
With a very strong love.

I was young and naïve,
And Callie was bolder,
Which makes lots of sense,
Because she was older.

When I first met Callie,
She was quite spunky,
Especially compared
To a cat who was chunky.

Why, every morning
She'd race down the stairs
Like a jet darting through
The calmest of airs.

If she was outside,
She'd frolic and run
'Til the moon hit the sky
And said goodbye to the sun.

Goodbye's a hard word.
It's tough to replay it.
But, just like the sun,
We all have to say it.

Even for a feline
As purr-fect as me,
I once said "goodbye"
And it was quite hard for me.

I see everything.
I am the all knower.
One day, I saw Callie
Move a little bit slower.

I still ate my breakfast.
My breakfast, I chewed,
But Callie arrived
Once I had finished my food.

She had grown older
And weaker, not stronger.
To get down the stairs,
Took a little bit longer.

Things became different.
They were not the same,
And soon, my friend Callie,
Didn't know her own name.

Things got even worse,
And really, quite scary.
Too weak to walk,
Down the stairs, she was carried.

I didn't think things
Could get any worse,
But a big change soon came
To my small universe.

One day, my family
Got into the car
With Callie, saying they
Were not going too far.

They came back quite soon.
It was easy to see,
But there was one member missing
From my sweet family.

I looked at their faces,
So sad and so long,
And some how I knew
That my doggy was gone.

Gone were the days
When I'd wake up to see
A slobbering dog
Staring right back at me.

Gone were the days,
Beautiful as a necklace,
When we would both greet each other
And share a nice breakfast.

Those were the toughest
Of days that I'd fight.
Gone were the days.
Gone were the nights.

Gone were the nights
When I'd cuddle up
On the bed with my friend.
My blanket-like pup.

And if I thought Callie was dumb
For chewing a bone
Nothing was bad
As eating breakfast alone.

When things got too crazy,
Callie was a settler,
And it took a whole year
Before things got any better.

This once two-pet house
Now only had me,
A cat, who took pride,
Sleeping 7 to 3.

You wouldn't believe
The stress I went through,
Which I quite made up for,
Through eating more food.

Yes, I was sad.
No denying of that,
But I had become a much fatter
And more worshipped cat.

I was now the one pet
Who received all their love.
A beautiful creature,
Like a steak-loving dove.

I loved the attention.
Now, I was the only.
I may have been purr-fect,
But I was still very lonely.

Yet, the thing about dogs,
Love them or hate them,
Is that I can't outrun them,
And I cannot escape them.

I eat lots of pizza,
So I am quite fat,
And you'll never say I'm
One very quick cat.

That's what I realized
On one fateful day,
When I heard a new bark
From the alley doorway.

I looked at my family.
I would soon then pout
At the new puppy terrier
Drooling from its mouth.

This was a change for my life.
A real twist.
Just like with Callie,
With claws out, I hissed.

Boy, he was ugly.
Boy, he was fowl.
Boy, when I saw him,
Boy, did I scowl.

How dare this new dog
Come into my life,
And cut into my family
Like a very sharp knife?

How dare he sleep on the bed
Where Callie once would?
If she couldn't have it,
Then nobody should.

All through the night
I'd twist and I'd toss
Over this sickly monster.
A thing they called Ross.

I hid in the shadows.
My enemy, the day.
If Ross would come near,
I'd swipe him away.

But, if we're being honest,
Me talking to you,
I didn't much hate him.
It was just, he was new.

Although I missed Callie,
My friend, for so long,
I'd grown used to a life
Without a sweet dog.

I was used to eating breakfast
Just all by myself,
And my food was the only
Pet food on the shelf.

I had gotten more love,
And I loved to be pet.
Even with Callie gone,
I grew less upset.

But here stood something new,
And different, you see,
That distracted my family from
The important thing, me.

Yet, more in my life
Would really soon change.
For a cat, I soon saw
An emotional range.

You see, for sweet Ross,
So loved and so sacred,
For once, I, a cat,
Dropped my own hatred.

Yes, I stopped hating him
And that was because
In him, I saw something,
That Callie once was.

One morning, I noticed
At the crack of dawn,
Ross rushed down the stairs
Without even a yawn.

He sped down the stairs
So quick and so fast,
Reminding me of a dog
Who I knew in the past.

I would then soon learn,
Later that day,
Ross was really fast,
And he could also play.

Oh, he was young
And really quite jumpy,
And I was constantly tackled
By a so happy puppy.

Sometimes he was rough,
And yes, I would hiss,
But these were some moments
That I just couldn't miss.

He chewed up the carpet.
He chewed on it all.
He chewed on the tables.
He chewed on the wall.

But, my favorite thing
He would do most of all,
Is what he did with me
When the nighttime would fall.

Callie's bed was gone.
He'd chewed that up, too,
But I then did something old
With my friend who was new.

I wasn't alone now
At night, but instead,
I had a new puppy
To share a new bed.

No, this new dog
Wasn't Callie's replacement,
But, when cuddling with him,
He was a new puppy blanket.

I am still a treasure
My family has earned,
But between Ross and Callie
There's something I've learned.

It just doesn't matter
How purr-fect you are.
Change always happens,
Both near and yet far.

The things you hold dearly,
Like a bird in a nest,
Can be with you one day,
And then gone the next.

No matter who, what, when
Location, or why,
One day, to something
You will say goodbye.

Something you love.
Something you cherish.
There may come a day
Where that something will perish.

Change is not something
Just found in a purse.
Sometimes it's for the better,
And sometimes for the worse.

But, the thing to remember,
From this emotional letter,
Is that when things do get worse
Focus on the better.

Be sad when you have to.
That is quite true,
But, when making things better,
Don't turn towards the blue.

Instead, don't seek out
The things that are sappy.
Find the right things
That will soon make you happy.

Whether it be family, friends,
Or even a dog,
Seek what will help you
Through life's crazy fog.

For me, what helped
Through my very sad loss,
Was that slobbering terrier,
My best friend, named Ross.

THE END