

CAN YOU BE A POET

Shakespeare — when he gets it right you can almost hear the song.

A poem should never be discussed on the first reading — you have to read it twice.

Introduction to Part 2 of Katishe's 'My Uncle's Cat'

Now I'm Forty

What's changed? Well, my dear old grey cat has gone but I have full-filled my life-long wish to own a black cat. My little poodle is deaf with age. My sister has made me an Aunt and I am considerably fatter. I still enjoy the sound of my own voice enough to enjoy this book. I hope it will please you too, even if only one of my efforts does the trick. I have written very little the last few years but I fixed the story poem, The Shadow and Martin Dooner, it only took me 10

years. I wrote The Opal and Upon the Road in 2013.

I dedicate my best work to my parents and my worst to my brother Todd, in revenge for his honest opinions about my handiwork. Randal, Shaunea and Frank can share the middle for reading my work and looking at my paintings. My beloved nieces, Juanita and Genevieve and my Goddaughter Teeghan, are forgiven ahead of time for not getting around to reading my poems.

It is my personal opinion that I will never write anything better than the black joke My Uncles Cat, hence the title but since I likewise believe that poem to be really very good this does not dismay me. My health has decayed further and my optimistic outlook has failed with it, but I still love poetry and I thank anybody who takes the time to read mine.

Love to all, Katishe.

KATISHE WITH HER PARENTS MARIE AND MALCOLM.



My Uncle's Cat

One midnight which was fitting
For the evil work to come,
I took up my few tools
And went about it dumb,
At the top most of the staircase
I rigged up a simple trap,
I reckoned just below the knee
Was the right and fatal gap,
To string the fishing line I'd brought
Till musically tight,
To send my frail rich uncle Ned
Pitching down the flight,
I thought I heard a sound and froze
Then relaxed and sighed,
For upon one glance about
Of fright I nearly died.
I finished quick my business,
I looked up and saw the cat,
Like an idol, coldly staring,
Uncle's pussy still-ly sat,
And my shoulders shook with laughter,
That I should jump at that.

Well, my uncle took the trip I planned,
He sent no postcards back,
And left me all inside his will
So I should never lack,
And since t'was I who found the corpse
Then disappeared the line,
That helped me to a better life,
So everything was fine;
I went to old Ned's grave
And laid a rose on him,
And blessed the money making skills
That would keep me in the swim,
Returned to his sprawling house,
That's when began the fear,
It crept upon me chill and dark,
I'd bought my riches dear,
There was one soul who knew the truth
But he could scarce have talked,
And so began the persecution,
Anywhere I walked,
Xavier, my gentle uncle's cat,
Behind me silent stalked.

At first I thought it funny
Then it began to wear,
My face grew strained, my laughter forced
Under Xavier's stare,
Over the whole estate
The pocket leopard followed me,
Always when I'd look behind
My accuser there I'd see,
That maddening little sheriff
Was there when I hit the sack,
Xavier was making a point I knew,
And I was about to crack,
A friend suggested loneliness,
Said that was why the pussy
Dogged my footsteps every day,

AND NEVER KNOW IT?

But I'd have bet all that I had,
He didn't want a pat,
The way he lay just out of reach
Put paid to thoughts of that,
I had no doubt he hated me
My murdered uncle's cat.

I was a driven man by then
Xavier would have me mad,
I'd clung to hope that
He'd leave off his little pussy fad,
I swore I'd have that wretched moggy
Underground and dead,
So I lifted up the phone
Put through a call and said,
"Please come lay down some poisoned
meat
I've got a rat to kill,"
Relatively sure the cat
Could not survive the pill,
Now my uncle's torturing cat
Would stop this hounding me,
Half-insane I danced about
In weird unholy glee,
He took the bait, Xavier
Wriggled then he lay,
All still upon the Persian rug,
I shouted screamed "Hooray!"
But when Xavier got up again
I not a word could say.

Forward I sprang and grabbed him,

He scratched and spat, and bit,
I threw him at the farthest wall
And with a thud he hit,
Incredulous I watched
As he got up again alive,
He seemed to feel no pain at all
Had easily survived,
It was my turn to stare at him,
Staggering in surprise,
To see a cat now two times dead
Un-fazed again arise,
I was feeling weak be sure,
My energy on the lag,
But I clutched his scruff and stuffed
The beast into a handy bag,
I marched straight to the garden pond
And in it Xavier sank,
Mine own eyes with terror saw
The cat crawl up the bank,
As I advanced with a golf club
The cat just calmly drank.

What was my horror next morning?
To see Xavier in the light,
For with my feather pillow
I had smothered him last night!
That day by use of cunning traps
Went forward the campaign,
I gave him every chance to die
He seemed each time to deign,
I pulled the noose and sapling trick
And I know he fell,

I distinctly heard the splash
Pussy was in the well,
The covered pit succeeded
So I swiftly filled it in,
The two bull-mastiffs I employed
Ate him bones and skin,
And it seemed with this last,
I surely had my win.

So the deed was done, but was I free?
I fled back to the house,
And curled with my feet up
Like one who feared a mouse,
But I would welcome rodents
It would mean the cat had gone,
I cannot slay cold phantoms
And I fruitless cry begone,
I made a curse to damn me
Each time I stilled his breath,
That cat just arched his back
Beneath the stroking hand of death,
I cannot be alone now
A tribe about me prowls,
Blue eyed ghosts stare here, stare there
The afterlife allows,
I finished off that hellish cat,
Nine times I laid him flat,
And my haloed relation
Is full revenged in that,
Since now there's nine editions,
Of my uncle Ned's white cat.

THINGS YOU
NEED TO KNOW
ABOUT YOUR
SERVICE

SOME DAYS
IT'S LIKE ...
"HELLO?"

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