

My Shakespearean Soliloquy

Is this a cat which I see before me,
The paw toward my pen? Come let me cuddle thee.
I embrace thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, an amiable vision, strokable
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A feline of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from my sleep-deprived brain?
I see thee yet as tangible, at the end of my bed
As any which I can recall.
Thou shall'st me the way towards sleepiness
And such a gift it was to hear a rhythmic purr
Mine eyes are made the fool o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I apprehend thee still,
And on the furry chest and white tuft is a ringing alarm bell for blackbirds
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the business, providing affection and love which informs
Thus to mine eyes.....
The cat biscuits are shaken
And Truffles finally says farewell
Alarm'd by this, the pounding of paws is heard descending down the stairs
If I go; I'll awake
Hear it not, Mum ; for it is not time for her banquet
Hear not my sighs, which way they come, for fear
That my beloved cat will disappear
Whiles I wait, my heart cracks a little
I can hear the familiar crunch of biscuits
Now hear it not, as sleep calls
Which summons me to a heavenly rest and peaceful dreams