

## WHIMSICAL WISH

Long have I wished this vicious world away  
To where no bird have need to flee in fright  
When kindly cat on velvet paws would play  
His gentle jests at fledglings' new-found flight;  
Sharp claws so sheathed that never cruel clutch  
Would still that antic haste of frantic heart;  
But rather tender pat of purring touch  
Might stir instead a bird-song that would start  
A rare chorale of joy by choir reprieved  
From constant menace of the murderous day;  
Of ceaseless threat of tooth and claw relieved;  
To lurking predator no longer prey . . . . .  
Whimsical world. I wished might come to pass  
With no more bloodied feathers in the grass !

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