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Disgraceful Graycie / Country Pleasures

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I have a very precise cat,
As fickle as can be,
And yet she loves me very much—
Her name is Graycie Lee.

She'll weigh only about two pounds,
And as light on her feet as a
feather,
Holding at bay four coyote hounds,
In any kind of weather.

In all the feline kingdom round,
She's easily boss, I'd say.
She roams all night, comes in at morn
Curls up and sleeps all day.

She's very particular on whom
She bestows her care and
affections
No time she has for family ties—
For against kittens, she has great
objections.

By all means she is a flighty Miss.
The only thing I can depend on
If she gets back from her jaunts at
night—
She'll be at the door for milk in
the morn. ♠

I like to hunt for stolen nests
In weathered barns, and gray—
To climb among the bales stacked high
And smell the fragrant hay.

Sometimes I find some little chicks
So pert and beady eyed—
Their mother calls for them to run
Beneath her wings and hide.

In spring there are nests of kittens, too,
So furry, soft, and warm.
With blissful pride, the mother purrs
And shields them from all harm.

Some harness, old and stiff with age,
Is hung upon a wall,
Covered with cobwebs, dust, and grime
Above an empty stall.

On rainy days, up near the eaves,
A pleasant place to be,
I linger 'til the shower is over
And duties beckon me.

(MARGUERITE EDGAR, lifelong resident of Custer County, now lives in the Methodist Nursing Center in Clinton. Several of her poems were published in Roy Stewart's "Country Boy" column in the DAILY OKLAHOMAN. More recently, she has compiled a booklet titled REFLECTIONS FROM BACK IN THE BEND OF BARNITZ CREEK, containing many of her poems and prose works.)