

Poetry Series

James Donovan
- poems -

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James Donovan()

A Breed Apart

My family has a cat named Mia
a purebred Siamese
but she'd prefer you call her
'Miss Mia' if you please.

She is a very pretty cat
with almond colored fur
with pointed ears and ebony paws
and an oriental purr.

Before we got her people asked
why such a special breed?
we told them just you wait and see
she is unique indeed.

Her parents came from Thailand
or so we have been told.
they lived there with an emperor
in a palace made of gold.

They taught their princess to be proud
and hold her head up high
to never mingle with the crowd
but act a little shy.

When she first came to live with us
we had no cause to regret
although she seemed to be aloof
we welcomed our new pet.

She was a playful kitten
with twinkling green eyes
she knew just how to charm us
and how to tantalize.

She'd ask us to come play with her
in her squeaky kitten voice
and though we tried hard to resist
we really had no choice.

As she grew older we soon found
what joy she gave our life
she shared her very special love
with me and with my wife.

But now her twilight days draw near
and we know that soon she'll die
the thought fills us with anguished grief
and makes us start to cry.

We know she'll find a treasured place
in heaven that's for sure
but we will never quite forget
our Siamese ball of fur.

James Donovan

A Cat And Mouse Game

When there's a rodent in your house you tell the cat to catch that mouse.
The cat will never hesitate to help the creature meet it's fate.

But while the cat has gone away, the mouse will just come out and play;
And when he sees the cat inside, he knows enough to quickly hide.

If the mouse stays hidden for awhile, the cat will simply sit and smile.
He has patience, he can wait; the cat and the mouse still have a date,

A dog who lives in the house too, says to the cat and mouse: 'you two
stop playing your silly game today, or I'll drive you both away.'

The cat and mouse declare a truce before they see all hell break loose.
So peace now reigns in this house, between the dog, and cat, and mouse.

James Donovan

A Cat's Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse

'Cuz the cat had pounced on him
and tore him apart -
Ate his mousey intestines
and chewed up his heart.

Kitty thought he heard sleigh bells,
which made him take pause-
He stopped daintily licking
the blood from his claws.

'Must be Santa, ' thought kitty
(that quite clever cat)
'Cuz nobody else climbs down
the chimney like that.

Indeed it was ol' Santa,
so jolly and fat
With a huge load of presents
and all for the cat

'Wow, the best Christmas ever! '
Kitty thought with a purr,
Then he coughed up a hairball
and shed some more fur.

James Donovan

A Cat's Prayer

Thank you, God, for harvest-time,
For milk, for meat, for fish,
Thank you, God, for all the food,
I find upon my dish.

Thank you, God, for Autumn time,
When leaves come tumbling down,
Thank you for their pretty colors,
Red, and gold, and brown.

Thank you, God, for giving me,
A lovely coat of fur,
Thank you, God, that I can talk
By means of mew and purr.

Thank you for my happy home,
Where love and care abound;
Thank you for its warmth and comfort,
Always to be found.

Thank you, God, for all the gifts,
That life has given me;
Dear God, who made us all, I raise
My humble paws to Thee.

James Donovan

A Cat's Secret Life

When people talk about their cats
they often wax profound
about the many attributes
with which their pets abound.

But they neglect to mention
the many hidden quirks,
the things that many cats use
to justify their smirks.

For cats have many secrets
they will not share with you
they'll simply grin and walk away
and plan what next to do.

Should they decide to pester you
They'll annoy you all day long
Or they will act so innocent
You'll wonder what is wrong.

Some cats are mischief makers
some others act serene
don't ever think that cats are dumb
their minds are very keen.

Cats have many hidden thoughts
that humans never learn
They know just how to pleasure you
and make your heart to turn,

From putting up with this old cat
to loving him instead
and letting him sit on your lap
or even in your bed.

And when you talk about your cat
You'll brag of him with pride
And when you do, his job is through
Then he'll be satisfied.

James Donovan

A Cat's Sixth Sense

She knows of those who do not care
for paws, and claws, and feline hair.

For kicks she licks the very one
Who tries to rise and deftly shun

The purr, the fur, The whiskered face
Of that darn cat who seeks a place

To nap: The lap she likes the best
Is there- right square upon the guest

Who blows his nose and starts to sneeze...
The one undone by allergies!

James Donovan

A Fervent Feline Plea

I hope I'm not asking too much, Lord,
All I want is a home of my own,
And to know when my next meal is coming
Instead of the scraps I get thrown.

I've been out in the cold for so long now,
Coping as best as I can,
But it's not so long I've forgotten
The touch of a soft caring hand.

I look in house windows at Christmas,
As cats doze by the fire, quite replete -
How I'd welcome a box in the kitchen,
And tasty food for me to eat.

For me there was tinsel and gift wrap,
But the fun didn't last very long -
They put me out with the rubbish;
I don't know what I did wrong.

I really don't want to be greedy,
At the moment I'm all skin and bone,
So would it be too much to hope for,
That someone will give me a home?

James Donovan

A Matter Of Choice

When the roll is called up yonder;
when my earthly life is o'er;
 will my soul go straight to hell,

or will I pass through heaven's door?

If I'm faithful to God's scripture,
and use the Bible as a tool,
will God grant me entrance?
Will the Devil say I've been a fool?

If I give praise to God's creation
bow my head and humbly pray
or give in to some vile temptation,
will Satan finally have his way?

When I prepare to meet my maker
will God recognize my face;
or will old Lucifer be waiting
to snatch my soul; to take God's place?

This is the choice we have been given.
Free will is always ours to choose.
My only hope for my salvation
is that His gifts were not abused.

I hope my life has pleased God
And he will gladly welcome me
Before the Devil knows I'm dead.
God grant me your eternity.

James Donovan

A Modest Cat's Soliloquy

Oh, what a grand and glorious thing it is to be a cat!
Yes, every day I live, I grow more positive of that.
For all the great, big busy world, as is quite right and meet,
comes humbly every day to lay its tribute at my feet;

Far down within the damp, dark earth the grimy miner goes,
That I on chilly nights may have a fire for my toes;
Brave sailors plow the bounding main, through peril and mishap,
That I, on Oriental rugs, may take my morning nap.

Out in the distant meadow graze the cows all in a line
That milk, in endless saucers full, all foaming, may be mine;
The fish that swim the ocean, and the birds that fill the air-
Did I not like their bones to pick, do you think they'd be there?

But, of all those who wait on me, preeminent is man;
For me he toils throughout the day, and all the night does plan;
Especially the gentleman who keeps this house for me,
And takes such thoughtful, anxious care, that I should pampered be.

He's stocked his rare old attic with the finest breed of mice,
A little hunting, now and then, comes in so very nice.
And furthermore, the thoughtful man, has taken him a bride
To tidy up the house for me, and keep me satisfied.

I am quite fastidious about the things I eat,
So both of them pay deference to my slightest fancy treat,
They never offer me a dish, to please my appetite,
Until they've tasted it themselves, to see if all is right;

And to entice my palate, when it's cloyed with other things,
All fattening in a gilded cage, a choice canary swings.
But best of all they're bringing up, their children who are told
Their job is just to wait on me, when they have grown too old.

Oh, truly I am monarch of all that I survey;
No rules or laws I recognize, no bells or calls obey.
I eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, and only have to play
No kind of base, degrading work will ever mar my day.

Oh, truly 'tis a gladsome thing to be a pussy-cat!
I'm very glad, when I was born, I stopped to think of that.

James Donovan

A Person Like You

The meaning of being special,
is found in a person like you.
A friend who is so thoughtful,
in everything they say and do.

A person who betters my life,
by being a part of it each day.
Someone who touches my heart,
in a special, and unique way

A person who's always giving,
and willing to help all they can.
Who truly gives from their heart,
showing they care for who I am.

This friend I have found in you,
is as special as one could be.
And I am so blessed in my life,
that you've been a friend to me.

James Donovan

A Remembered Cat

Today I looked up in the sky
and prayed to God to ask Him why
my precious cat had passed away.
Was it just to teach me how to pray?

'It was just a cat', my friends tell me
'You'll get another one, you'll see, '
But what other pet could e'er replace
my sweet cat's bewhiskered face?

Who could imitate his purr
when lovingly I stroked his fur?
What other cat could e'er reside
within my heart and by my side?

Could another cat give me such joy
when I watched him playing with a toy?
Would a different cat give me such bliss
when he gave me his sandpaper kiss?

I know a cat's life is all too brief
but when he dies it causes grief
it makes you wonder through your pain.
'Could I ever love a cat again?

In time you'll find another who
will win your heart and love you too.
He will become a treasured friend
and help your grieving heart to mend.

But you will never quite forget
That special cat, who was your pet
and so to God you humbly pray.
'In cat heaven, please let him stay'

And let him know that I will be
his friend throughout eternity
and that he will always be just that,
my much beloved, remembered cat.

James Donovan

A Stray Cat

I've often wondered to myself
what causes cats to stray;
are they fleeing from a cruel life
and trying to run away?

Or are they lost and far from home
and don't know what to do
for food and shelter from the storm
and so they turn to you.

One day I looked out in my yard
and what did I behold
a stray cat sitting rigidly
and shivering from the cold.

He looked like he was starving
his eyes were filled with fear
but when I tried to comfort him
he wouldn't let me near.

So I tempted him with cat food
and when I stroked his fur
he answered with a timid meow
and then began to purr.

I took him in and fed him,
then he prowled around my house,
was he just getting acquainted,
or was he looking for a mouse?

In time my stray adopted me
and claimed me for his own
he told my friends and family
'This is my new home'.

He'd found what he was looking for
a place of loving care
from which he'd have to stray no more
and be happy living there.

So if a stray comes to your door
and meows 'Can I come in? '
just welcome him with loving arms
and he will never stray again.

James Donovan

An Ode To Dandelions

Behold the colorful dandelion that permeates your lawn.
You think it's just a pesky weed and so it is withdrawn.
But, if I show you myriad ways to use this simple flower,
And explain it's many benefits and talk about it's power,

Would you then consider all the pleasure it can give
And if you do, I pray to you to let this poor weed live.
It is part of God's creation and it has a purpose here.
This dandelion is precious: it's need is very clear.

When nature's worst disasters like fire, flood, or blight
Ravage all the land we love, how can we set it right?
The dandelion will help us to re-vegetate the earth
to rejuvenate the soil and to prepare it for rebirth.

This 'weed' has healing power if your body starts to ache
It's leaves can ease arthritis, give your rheumatism a break;
It's roots can cleanse away the blemishes that mar your face
And it has vitamins that it provides for all the human race.

Dandelions are nutritious too, they're good for you and me;
You can use the leaves in a salad or to make a pot of tea.
You can substitute the roots for caffeine-free coffee there.
And you can get sweet dandelion wine in vineyards everywhere

Dandelions are not just weeds as I have shown herein
To pull them out without a thought is really such a sin
For they are part of God's great plan and if we anger Him
He might decide to pull US out and do so on a whim!

James Donovan

An Old Cats Dream

I wonder what life would be like if cats could rule the world.
Would they set up a democracy and have their flag unfurled?

Would they create an agency that eliminated all the mice.
What about their need to hunt, would that make them think twice?

Would they make laws to banish cars that run over all the pets,
But what about the shelter vans that take them to the vets?

Should they raise a mighty army to capture all the birds
But then they'd never hear them sing; they'd never hear a word.

Should they enlist a human to run their ship of state
But what if he neglected them and endangered all their fate?

Should they establish holidays to honor girls and boys
Who pamper them and play with them and give them many toys?

But what about the grown-ups who feed them every day?
'If we don't show some love for them will they make us go away? '

Should cats enact a set of laws that proclaim all felines free?
To just be chased by dogs and made to climb up every tree?

A wise cat knows that things could be much different than they are
but wishing for these other dreams Is like reaching for the stars.

James Donovan

Best Of Friends

They say a dog is man's best friend
but what about our cats?
I know my cat would disagree
if I ever told him that.

He'd say I can do many things
a dog could never do
like meow and purr when you rub my fur
or catch a mouse for you.

Friendship is a special gift
To treasure and to share
so give some to your feline friend
and let him know you care.

His friendship means a lot to you
and he shares it every day
sure, dogs can be real friendly too
but cats have a special way.

They may not wag their tails as much
but you know when they do
they're just expressing pleasure
and saying 'Thanks' to you.

But friendship is a two-way street
with a lot of give and take
so don't be always praising dogs
just give your cat a break.

Just let him know you love him so
and give him a special treat,
and let him know his friendship
no dog could ever beat.

If you are best friends with your cat
he'll never want to stray
and he will be your loving friend
forever, and a day.

James Donovan

Creatures

They say the dog is man's best friend but is this true, pray tell?

Is there no other creature that could play that role as well?

'What about our cat?' we ask, 'We love that little pest'
Is there no reason he can't be the friend we love the best?

And what about the bumblebees, the birds so high up in the trees
Who give us honey, sing us songs; can dog's compete with these?

Think about the eagle and watch him soar the sky,
A dog can do a lot of tricks but can he learn to fly?

Consider our two breakfast eggs sizzling in the pan
No dog could ever lay an egg, only a chicken can.

And don't forget the fish who swim in all the seven seas
They give us food. We don't eat dogs, especially ones with fleas.

Can a dog quack like a duck or like a donkey bray?
Or can he only scratch and bark to try and get his way.

Can a dog replace the cow who gives us milk and meat?
If dog's could give us buttermilk, that would really be a treat.

Yes, dog's can do a lot of things, like guard the house for you.
But creatures do some other chores that dog's could never do.

By now you must have realized that this is God's great plan
That creatures all, both great and small, can benefit a man.

So just stop trying to decide which creature is the best,
Your indecision may cause you to neglect all the rest.

And if you do, God made get mad and renovate his plan
He might keep all the animals and just do away with man!

James Donovan

Death Be Not Proud

A loved one dies, a wake is held, and friends all eulogize
They try to tell you death can be a blessing in disguise
They say it's probably for the best, that this is their belief
They offer you their sympathy, to try and ease your grief

Friends all offer healing words, but you can really see
That they are thinking to themselves 'I'm glad it isn't me'
And all their sympathetic words can't heal your broken heart
For death has come in like a thief and torn your life apart

To say that death's a blessing is a travesty at best
For death is not a hero, he's a coward not a guest
No, death is never welcome while we still value life
When he cuts into your heart it feels just like a knife

Tell your friends that death is just a villain and a fraud
Put death on no pedestal, let no man death applaud
Don't call death a blessing, but cover him with a shroud
Let your friends all know that Death should not be proud.

James Donovan

Gifts

Have you ever looked up to the sky and seen an eagle soar,
or watched a rain filled cloud pass by, or heard the thunder roar?

Have you ever smelled the perfumed air on a balmy summer's night,
or tried to touch, with tender care, a hummingbird in flight?

Have you ever scaled a mountain rising high above the plain,
or drank freely from a fountain that is nourished by the rain?

Have you visited a vineyard and partaken of its fruit,
or stood beside a redwood tree and marveled at its root?

To see, to touch. to taste, to feel; these are God's gift to man;
they are not fleeting, they are real; all part of His great plan.

He give us these gifts freely, no strings does He attach,
to let us know we all are part of His great garden patch.

We are part of God's creation, on this planet we call Earth
and so we must protect it and value what it's worth.

We must strive for peace on earth and do away with strife,
for God gave us His greatest gift; He gave us all our life

And if we are successful then we can proudly sing
'Thank God for all His many gifts; thank God for everything'.

James Donovan

I'm Only A Cat

I'm only a cat,
and I stay in my place...
Up there on your chair,
on your bed or your face!

I'm only a cat,
and I don't finick much...
I'm happy with cream
and anchovies and such!

I'm only a cat,
and we'll get along fine...
As long as you know
I'm not yours... you're all mine!

James Donovan

Judge Me Not

On judgement day when we face God and stand before His gate;
will we be able to tell Him we did not discriminate;
that we tried to give equality to every living man
and treat them all with fairness in accordance with His plan.

That we never practised bigotry or made a racial slur,
or made a hateful comment on one's color or coiffure.
That we never judged a man because of his religion;
or shunned him with indifference because of superstition.

Did we ever display chauvinism to a female friend
who recognized our sexism and prayed for it to end.
Did we show impartiality when we refused to pray
for a stranger of a different faith who didn't think our way.

The bible tells us 'Judge me not' or you'll be judged as well;
that intolerance and prejudice are roads that lead to Hell,
and holy scripture lets us know iniquity is banned,
and God will treat us all as we treat our fellowman.

So when we meet our maker and stand before His throne
will we bow our heads and pray to not be left alone,
and not be separated from His kingdom high above
If we promise to be humble and give everyone our love.

James Donovan

My Friend The Bird

Birds are creatures God set free
to roam the sky from tree to tree,
except the small one that I see
just outside my window.

It's not an eagle, that I know;
it's much too small to be a crow;
it's just a sparrow watching me
from just outside my window.

I hope my cat doesn't see it first
for thru the window he will burst
to satisfy his appetite
with just a little tiny bite.

One question often puzzles me
Why cats and birds can't get along
and live in peaceful harmony;
Have the birds done something wrong?

But now the bird has seen the cat
And he knows he must flee from that;
And so he swiftly flies away
But he'll return some other day.

He'll visit me when it is clear
There is no cat around to fear
And he can stay and simply be
A friend outside my window.

James Donovan

My Timid Cat

My cat is just a scared old cat
so timid and so shy
he'd rather stay inside the house
and let the world go by.

He doesn't venture out of doors
but prefers to be at home
he likes to keep me company
and has no urge to roam.

He doesn't want to fight with dogs
for they can cause him harm
he's afraid of all the animals
that live here on our farm.

He pretends to be a hunter
which he knows he'll never be
he chases mice ? for exercise
but then he sets them free.

When he was a younger cat
he never showed much fear
he'd challenge all the other cats
and dare them to come near.

But now he's gotten old and tired
his braver years have passed
he only wants to stay with me
and have some peace at last.

He's not the cat he used to be
he hopes I'll understand
So he will love me tenderly
and even lick my hand.

His courage shows such trust in me
That I can only reply
'Yes, you'll be my much loved cat
as all the years go by.'

James Donovan

My Two Cats

I had two little kittens
I named them Pat and Mike
And as they grew I soon found out
How much they were alike

They would romp and frisk all day
And never seem to tire
For them life was a special treat
They were little balls of fire.

They'd chase after a bit of string
Or play with any toy
And when I made them stop to eat
They almost jumped with joy.

I watched them grow to adult cats
And as they did I learned
That their loyalty and affection
Was something I must earn.

I would pamper them with special treats
I would gently rub their fur
And I knew that they were satisfied
When I heard them softly purr.

I would let them climb into my bed
And sleep with me all night
Then they would wake me with a meow
When the sun was shining bright.

As my cats began to age
I worried every day
How much longer would they live
And so, to God, I'd pray.

Please let them live a little longer
They are my family
It's always been the three of us
Just Pat and Mike and me.

James Donovan

Ode To A Stray Cat

Oh, what unhappy twist of fate
Has brought you homeless to my gate?
The gate where once another stood
To beg for shelter, warmth, and food
For from that day I ceased to be
The master of my destiny.

While he, with purr and velvet paw
Became within my house the law.
He scratched the furniture and shed
And claimed the middle of my bed.

He ruled in arrogance and pride
And broke my heart the day he died.
So if you really think, oh Cat,
I'd willingly relive all that
Because you look forlorn and thin
Well...don't just stand there...Come on in!

James Donovan

Special Seasons

Spring is a special time of year
when flowers start to reappear
and trees begin to bear their fruit
and birds are seen in swift pursuit
of a little place that they can own
a nest that they can call their home.

Summer is somewhat special too,
with it's balmy air and skies so blue
and all it's warmth and sunlit rays
to help erase and wash away
the tears left on your windowpane
by an envious springtime rain.

Autumn's the special time for chores
for all the tasks best done outdoors;
to harvest all the crops we've grown
and utilize the seeds we've sown
to prepare us for the coming day
when chilly Winter comes our way.

Fall is the special time and place,
to thank God for his saving grace,
and so, on this Thanksgiving Day,
we'll humbly bow our heads and pray,
'Dear Lord we thank you for all things
and for the gifts each season brings'.

Winter is that special time
when sleigh bells ring and doorbells chime
and gifts are placed so lovingly
underneath the Christmas tree,
and even with it's snow and sleet
we still say Winter can't be beat.

By now you all should realize
each season is a special prize
and no one can be called the best
without ignoring all the rest

so just be grateful for them all:
Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall.

James Donovan

The Gift Of Friendship

Friendship, is a special gift that we should always share
with every living creature we encounter everywhere;
and if we give it freely, it need not be repaid.

It gives to us a bounty with the new friends we have made.

Friendship is contagious, it can spread throughout the land
it can fill your heart with pleasure just to shake a persons hand.
When he returns the favor, he will gladly let you know
he now considers you his friend and he will tell you so.

A friend may be a neighbor who knocks upon your door
to ask if he can get you something from the local store;
or maybe he's just someone else you know from up the road
who comes and does a chore for you to lighten up your load.

A friend may be a stranger who helps you cross the street
because he sees you're old and tired, not steady on your feet.
A friend may be a loving pet; a cat or dog will do;
Who, when you pat him, wags his tail to say 'I love you too'.

Friendship can take many forms, not easy to explain
even a storm can be a friend if it brings much needed rain,
So don't take friendship lightly, but treat it with respect
And try to be a friend to all; I'm sure God won't object.

So if you want to be a friend, and make your life complete
then from the start, give fellowship to everyone you meet
for when you give out friendship you're part of God's great plan
And you've just become a member of the brotherhood of man.

James Donovan

The Noble Savage

Among the south-west indian tribes the Apache were revered
they lived and tilled their sacred land for over a thousand years.
They worshipped their god Yahweh and daily gave Him praise
for all the simple gifts He gave; like buffalo and maize.

They had lived with other native tribes in harmony and peace;
they wanted to continue so but the white man made them cease.
He came with his false promises that this land they would share,
But he tore down all their dwellings and then he settled there.

The white man was a pestilence, like a virulent disease
that overcame the indians and drove them to their knees.
So all the tribes united and decided they must fight
to recoup their hunting grounds and end this deadly blight.

And so they became warriors and were feared by every man,
especially by the white invaders who tried to steal their land.
The mighty battles they did wage would last for many years
and leave the land all wet with blood, and flooded by their tears.

But the white man had his way and gained the victory,
And soon the indian came in peace to live with you and me.
Except for one brave warrior who would not surrender so,
He was the great Apache chief; by name, Geronimo.

James Donovan

This Cat's On The Ball

If you want to get a pet
I think a cat is your best bet.

Give your cat a special toy
and he will likely jump for joy.

If you give your cat a pretty ball
you'll probably drive him up a wall,

He will jump around and bounce
and on that little ball he'll pounce.

When he's tired he'll stop to nap
and probably wind up in your lap.

You'll tickle him and rub his fur
and he will answer with a purr

He will fill your life with bliss
by giving you a whiskered kiss.

He may be a silly cat, it's true;
but he is just as smart as you.

And you'll soon find you don't regret
the day you got your feline pet.

James Donovan

This Old Cat

I'm getting on in years, my coat is turning grey.
My eyes have lost their luster, my hearing's just okay.
I spend my whole day dreaming of conquests in my past,
Lying near a sunny window, waiting for its warm repast.

I remember our first visit, I was coming to you free,
Hoping you would take me in and keep me company.
I wasn't very handsome, two years I'd roamed the street,
There were scars upon my face, I hobbled on my feet.

I could sense your disappointment as I left my prison cage.
Oh, I hoped you would accept me and look beyond my age.
You took me out of pity, I accepted without shame.
Then you grew to love me, and I admit the same.

I have often shared your laughter, you have wet my fur with tears.
We have come to know each other throughout these many years.
So, just one more hug this morning, before you drive away,
And know I'll think about you throughout your busy day.

The time we've left together Is a treasured time at that.
My heart is yours forever. I promise... This Old Cat.

James Donovan

Two Little Kittens

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

'I'll have that mouse, ' said the biggest cat;
'You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that! '
'I will have that mouse, ' said the eldest son;
You shan't have the mouse, ' said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

James Donovan

What Is A Cat

A cat is a special gift from God

just a simple ball of fur
who will let you know he's happy
when he thanks you with his purr
He will cuddle in your arms for warmth
and sometimes lick your hand
or ignore you and just walk away
he knows you'll understand
He has a special language
that he uses now and then
to let you know just what he wants
and how and where and when
His meow has many different sounds
and, depending on their rhyme,
he'll say. 'Can I go out', 'Can I come in'
or, 'Is it suppertime? '

He can pester you forever
and then say something sweet:
'If I don't scratch the furniture,
will you give me a treat? '
And as your cat gets older
you worry every day
he's not as strong as he used to be
should I let him out to play?
Or keep him in and cuddle him
and let him know I care
that if anything bad happens to him
that's a loss I could not bear
When he gets sick you'll care for him
the very best you can
and when he dies you'll cry for him
and ask 'Is this God's plan? '
Yes, your cat is a gift from God
just loaned to you for a while
to help and make your life complete
so remember him and smile.
And thank God for that special gift
your little feline friend
and let God know you loved your cat

until the very end.

James Donovan

What Are The Odds

Life is just a thing of chance; a fickle maid with whom we dance,

and never even take a glance at all the gifts that life implants;
while gambling with the gods.

We stumble forward in a trance, without a trace of elegance;
We hope a kindly fate enchants us with a hint of ambiance,
while we try to beat the odds.

If we treat karma with defiance, and only trust in self-reliance
can we expect her full compliance; will she grant us her alliance;
or will she think of us as clods?

Do we want to roll the dice and make a fateful sacrifice
In hope that kismet will applaud, or sould we place our trust in God?

For life's a very risky thing, so beware what kind of life you bring
before His heavenly throne and pray He grants you His acceptance.

James Donovan

What Is A Poem

A poem is a way to say
just what's on your mind today
a way to put your thoughts in verse
that doesn't cut into your purse.

It's a simple little rhyming scheme
that lovers often use to dream
or other much more silly folk
will use to try to tell a joke.

A poem can be many things
A song, a prayer, or words to sing
But the very best poems I find
Are ones that stimulate your mind.

Almost anyone can be a poet
Most of us just do not know it
All it takes is a verse or two
and the talent that God gives to you.

If your efforts meet success
Thank God and share your happiness
For poems are made by fools like me
But only God makes poetry.

James Donovan

When Kittens Play

Five little pussy cats playing near the door;
One ran and hid inside
And then there were four.

Four little pussy cats underneath a tree;
One heard a dog bark
And then there were three.

Three little pussy cats thinking what to do;
One saw a little bird
And then there were two.

Two little pussy cats sitting in the sun;
One ran to catch his tail
And then there was one.

One little pussy cat looking for some fun;
He saw a butterfly-
And then there was none.

James Donovan

Who Is God?

A question that has bothered man for all recorded days:
is who is God, this entity, we worship and give praise?
Is He a supreme being? Well, depending on your view,

He may be called a lot of things; so I offer you a few.

Christians call him Jesus Christ, the only son of God,
but they also call him heavenly Father, this is very odd;
They also call him Holy Ghost, the only true divinity,

so now instead of just one God, we have the Holy Trinity?

People of the Jewish faith, have named their god Yahweh,
but they have a plural name for him and that is Adonai
The Jews claim in the Torah, and in the Talmud too,

that Jehovah is their only god, so how can this be true?

Buddhists have no special gods they honor and obey;
They use three doctrines telling them how to live each day.
their holy book Tipitaka lets Bhudda stand alone.
Do we now have three new gods who occupy one throne?

The Pantheon of Hindu gods are like branches on a tree
yet their holy chronicles, the Vedas, limit them to three.
Vishnu, Shiva and Kali are the names most often heard
but most Hindus honor Brahma as creator of the Word.

Muslims worship Allah and face Mecca when they pray,
Muhammad is their prophet and the Koran is their way.
Islam is the faith they practice, and all of them believe
that other faiths are false and used only to deceive.

Atheists on the other hand, claim there is no God;
They say religion is a lie and mock it as a fraud;
Their creed is Evolution and they prize it like a jewel.

If they are wrong, if God exists, of what use is their tool?

Is there a God who'll punish us because of non- belief?
Is there a Devil who'll steal our soul like any common thief?
So in the end we ask our self, to what god should I pray?
We'll have a final answer, when we face Judgement Day.

James Donovan

Why English Is Hard To Learn

We'll begin with box; the plural is boxes;
But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes,
One fowl is a goose, and two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose is never called meese.

You can find a lone mouse or a house full of mice;
But the plural of house is houses not hice.
The plural of man is always men.
But the plural of pan is never pen.

If I speak of a foot, and you show me two feet,
And I give you a book, would a pair be a beek?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't two booths be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be ever called keese?

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
When the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him;
Just imagine the feminine....she, shis, and shim!

James Donovan