

As I lie awake and sore,
The cat curls up and starts to snore.
Look at him the little creep,
How easily he drops off to sleep.

I toss and turn and toss some more,
This really is a total bore.
He stretches, yawns then dozes again,
I grit my teeth and count to ten.

I've had enough you little rat,
Oh how I ache to slumber like a cat.

I'll wake him up, this is my plan,
If I can't sleep then no one can.
Rub his belly, touch his paws,
And still the beast continues to snore.

How is he allowed such peace,
When nothing I do affords any release.
That hateful ball of ginger fur,
That happy face and contented purr.