

In the country bright as morn,  
I awake from bed this humble dawn;  
Country life so fresh and new,  
Morning birds and grass with dew.

As it gently rises to meet the day,  
And sit here in a mood to pray;  
That cat's are here to greet me well,  
Their nice perplexities so sweet and warm.

Merlin and Matilda are their names,  
To them but life is full of games;  
They sit around my feet new the fire,  
To feel the warmth from the night transpire.

A piece of wood on the fire or two,  
To stir the pot that the rest all knew;  
The other wake and I hear their move,  
The wooden timber all tongue in groove.

Merlin jumps up on my lap,  
While Matildas seeks some milk to lap;  
The grey old clouds that line the sky,  
The bathroom water just trickles by.

It seems the day has rain in store,  
From the wooden house my pen implore;  
From time gone by in now day years,  
It touched my heart to draw few tears.

Signed,

Zeal St.