

Paw Prints & Poems

A Cat Lover's Dream of Lullabies

Beneath The Willow Tree

Beneath the Willow Tree

A perfect day for tea with friends
beneath the ivy green;
I've looked and searched with all my might,
and none are heard or seen

If you see them on your way
tell them please for me;
I need a friend here by my side,
to sit near me, for tea

The pot I filled with Chamomile
home grown by me with care;
the food is spread upon the moss,
for all my friends to share

Come visit me, come play with me
Neath the Willow Trees that weep;
Until the sun sets on the vines,
and we're in our beds asleep

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From; Paw Prints &
Poems

The Garden Swing

**Beneath the vines of ivy green
where willow trees and cattails lean;
Sweetened breezes mornings bring
where glides, the graceful garden swing.**

**In front of blooming flowers high
the swing sits 'neath the summer sky;
'Til evening brings its nighttime chill
and shadows cross each window sill.**

**When crickets chorus sweet and low
within the woods and moonlight's glow;
The fireflies with glowing wing
surround the graceful garden swing.**

**As winter pushes flat, the wheat
and leaves are rustled from their seat;
The bite of winter's bitter sting
Will never harm the garden swing.**

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Sometimes we dream in color
sometimes in black and white;
But when I dream of butterflies,
is such a special night

They bring a dream to life,
they bring us far away;
They are a touch of magic,
a hope in skies of gray



I hope you dream in color
and blue is every sky;
But most of all, I wish you,
a magic butterfly



SNOWFLAKE IN JULY



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I dreamt I saw a snowflake,
in the cotton candy sky;
my nap was interrupted
on a day in late July

Glistening like a precious jewel
from a lady's neck so fair;
This ice-blue gift of wonder,
fell through the summer air

How it sparkled like a gem,
this mystery jewel-like flake;
Touching softly on my cheek,
as though I were awake

Sleep so deep and comforting,
for such a nap as this;
Can measure not that summer flake,
so like an angel's kiss



The Lily Pad Kiss

Upon a lime green lily pad
on a bitter cold spring day;
The pad was partially frozen,
and the frogs all hopped away

They left the snow-filled lily pad
to us, for us to share;
But suddenly, a frog popped out,
from the springtime's cold thin air



He peeked at us, then took a swim
and dived down deep below;
Then up he flew, and stole a kiss,
between the flakes of snow

We blushed at him, so bold he was,
not expecting this;
A lily pad with snow in spring,
and a frog, who stole a kiss



*"Paw Prints & Poems"
A Rose In Blades Of Wheat*

A rose in June grew wild
by itself behind the shed;
Growing near the blades of wheat,
a brilliant shade of red

Pedals soft as feather down,
the morning dew still clings;
A poem cannot half describe,
the strength its beauty brings

Alone within the blades of wheat,
a treasure there to find;
The gift of such a beauty rare,
that nature left behind

So powerful, this rose,
to impart a scent so sweet;
And stand alone, all by itself,
within the blades of wheat

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Apple Blossom Time Paw Prints & Poems



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Its apple blossom time
throughout the countryside;
Springtime's blushing pedals,
fall light, where shadows hide

Within our little orchard
where the apple blossoms sit;
they appear as welcome strangers,
when all the lamps are lit



Our little cottage home,
and the fireplace within;
looks out upon the orchard,
and the full moon's silent grin

Within the evening shadows
where the Nightingales will sing;
our little corner of the world,
has all the joys of Spring

FOREST LULLABY PAW PRINTS & POEMS



They started on their journey,
through the forest down below;
bravely tempting scary things,
and shapes that creep and grow

Woodland sounds began to speak,
as they neared the shadowed hill;
They walked and walked beyond the trees,
and then walked further still



They braved the cold and braved the dark
and shadows from the night;
they sheltered near the grand mushroom;
to keep from out of sight

And as the moon beams settled down
through the forest, and the sky;
the woodland played to each of them,
a soft-swept lullaby

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Home At Last
From "Paw Prints & Poems"

*A Cat
Lover's
Dream of
Lullabies*

**We went to hunt for berries
in July one sunny day;
and in the windy orchard
we wandered far away**

**We rested by a babbling brook
beneath a sheltering hill;
Among the pines and white Birch Trees
into the evening's chill**

**The sky grew dark above our heads
and oh, the moon so white;
We walked and walked
through fields and woods
how lost we were that night**

**But far ahead, a golden light
we ran toward far and fast
our little feet ran down the path,
and home we were at last!**



In The Wings Of Cara-Belle

**On the wings of Cara-Belle
the world looks like a dream;
In evening skies she flies us,
to stars and each moon beam**

**Magic greets us every day
on each and every flight;
Seeing castles in the sky,
and gold on thrones at night**



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**Over seas and through the waves
she flies us out to sea;
To meet the mermaids with their pearls,
and dolphins having tea**

**When we finally land at home
such stories do we tell;
Of voyages throughout the world,
on our magic, Cara-Belle**

Cooking Apple Pie

A holiday with apple pie
says home is where to be;

Our Kitten's Kitchen cookbook
holds an age-old recipe

a symphony of spices
within a crust so warm;

Apple pie is magic made,
a calm within a storm

Cuddle up around the fire
enjoy a cup of tea;

The best about an apple pie,
is sharing it with me



Where Love &

Beauty Grow

**The forest and the fern-filled trees
where all the mysteries for us live;
are only just beyond our reach,
with magic gilded gifts to give**

**We found a woodland secret cove
where trees and brilliant mushrooms grew;
not far from home, these priceless things,
so fresh for us, these things so new**

**We want to give these as a gift
to all we love, and who we know,
this magic forest symphony
where only love, and beauty grow**

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The golden Heart

Beside the stone carved wishing well
where the blue bells and the ivy grow;
we found a golden locket there,
buried where old secrets go

The mystery of the golden gift
was written on the golden heart;
the words within the chiseled script,
from lovers that would never part



But in this place where secrets go,
near the stone carved wishing well;
are happy hearts all made of gold,
with many stories still to tell

They rest within the wishing well,
with other golden hearts alone;
until the day they meet again,
when hearts and secrets all come home



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They took us for a ride one day,
The swans of Forest Green;
We glided past a paradise,
and through a mirrored stream

The water pure, and crystal clear
the taste was that of tea;
The Forest Green, a secret place,
a fairytale to see

The swans, they glided through the woods
throughout this quiet scene;
A beauty worth a noble throne,
this land, named Forest Green

When I dream of fairy tales
and mermaids so serene;
My mind will always travel to,
... the land, of Forest Green



The Swans Of Forest Green



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Fancy Tea



Fancy cups and fancy spoons
pinkies out and sit up straight;
We knew this would not be for us,
when we approached the garden gate

The gold it gleamed, the curtains too
not a thing was out of place;
Gold was on the fancy walls,
and not a dirty hand or face



We tried to sip so quietly
not to slurp, but just to sip;
When the cookies passed around,
we were told to never dip

Instructions came to each of us
to never boldly disagree;
But smile and politely grin...
Too much work, this fancy tea!



Paw Prints & Poems *The Swan & The Rose*

***Around the rose of velvet red
the swans displayed their grace;
a water waltz in beams of light,
in summer's sunny face***

***The ripples from the golden pond
reflected on the rose;
the dragonflies with paper wings,
like statues, struck a pose***



***A carousel of colors grand
is the velvet rose in bloom;
its petals folded perfectly,
in the face of sun in june***

***The swans continued swimming,
in circles near the rose,
a graceful waltz conducted,
by the audience they chose***



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**There was a little library
where we all met one dark night;
we bravely looked at scary books,
with ghostly things of fright**

**While walking home, we met a friend,
a rodent brown and gray;
he said he saw a ghost near us,
and to run fast, and away**

**His eyes bugged out, so scared he was
so we followed close behind;
into a house, an empty house,
the first one we could find**

**All at once, we saw our ghost,
it came into the house;
our breath we held, our whiskers shook,
but the ghost, was just a mouse**

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Accross The Sea

Through the waves, beyond the sand
we swam across the sea;
We huffed & puffed and found our way,
my little friends and me



Baskets full of honeyed mint
and catnip studded fish;
All our cravings coming true,
every dream and wish

So brave we were and swam so hard
No food for days or night;
We finally made it to the shore,
and what a sweet delight



Land again, and home we go
it's time for snacks and tea;
A feast awaits our sailor's crew,
my little friends and me



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Paw Prints & Poems

Throw a pedal to the breeze
and see what it will grow;
dandelions or daffodils,
or snowdrops under snow

Hold a flower by its' stem
and let it scent the air;
a rose may wilt but shine again,
with love and gentle care

I bring to you my finest yet
my finest bloom of pride;
and hope you find none to compare,
throughout the whole world-wide

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The Castle Kiss

Beneath the golden castle stairs
where lords and ladies rest;
There comes a courtly castle man
dressed in his royal best

A long stem rose of satin red
he carries with him proud;
To woo the damsel of the court,
the fairest in the crowd

Her hair is long with golden braids
Her eyes, the sky in June;
The royal man, with ring in hand
kneels 'Neath the silver moon

Sweet and low, her voice rings out
beneath the silver moon;
"I accept your hand kind sir",
and she weds her handsome groom.



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The Fern forest

Out in the forest, deep with ferns
that grow between the ridges;
Through rocky ledge's pebbled ground,
with moss-lined wooden bridges

Rows of sweet forget-me-nots
and Mountain Laurel covers;
A perfect place to linger there,
a place for happy lovers



The webs of woodland sunshine
beam in the northern sky;
While the colors of the rainbow,
caress each dragonfly

Lets stay within these fern filled woods
among the watercress;
The world's a better place for us,
within this wilderness

“Paw Prints & Poems, A Lullaby”

**Rest your weary head good friend,
while we play for you a tune;
the day is calm, the sky is blue,
and flowers fill the room**

**Across the keys come gentle notes,
that carry through the air;
fall asleep our dear good friend,
and dream without a care**

**Our perfect little garden
with our yellow flowers high;
are like the notes we play for you,
with our piano, lullaby**



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Littens On A Swing

The stars swung over the moonlit trees
with the man-in-the moon watching all;
As three kittens glided out into the breeze
all alone in the shadows of fall.

The autumn stars applauded the three
as they moved on their evening sky swing;
These kittens that sailed so free through the air
and all the way over to spring.

**Come out and play by the light of the day,
come out and play with me soon;**

**By the light of the sun, I have the world by a string,
But I'll give it to you, plus the moon;**

**Can you stay for a while and be by my side,
the world is much brighter with you;**

**I'll bring us a lunch and a box full of smiles,
and a heart that is nothing but true.**

*Come Out &
Play*



Paw Prints & Poems



*A magic princess rules the night
with captivating care;*

*Aligning stars throughout the sky
with strands of mermaid's hair;*

*Alluring tales from days of old
of feline majesty;*

*The princess cat once ruled the stars
and ships upon the sea;*

*Beyond the years and stories told
of powers grand and tall;*

*The princess cat has handed down
her children to us all.*





Paw Prints & Poems—An Autumn Dream

Last night we dreamt of autumn time
when we played beneath the moon,
leaves of red and pumpkins round;
with a lazy cricket's tune

Everything glowed orange
and the forest flared its torch,
the owl's hoot came loud and clear;
from our cottage's front porch



Daytime brought the sleepy peace,
that only dreamers hear,
a drowsy, lazy quality;
with daydreams crystal clear

Evening brought the outside in
a blend of autumn's grace,
as one by one, we fell asleep;
near the grand old, fireplace

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Beneath The Willow Tree

**A perfect day for tea with friends
beneath the ivy green;
I've looked and searched with all my might,
and none are heard or seen**

**If you see them on your way
tell them please for me;
I need a friend here by my side,
to sit near me, for tea**

**The pot I filled with Chamomile
home grown by me with care;
the food is spread upon the moss,
for all my friends to share**

**Come visit me, come play with me
Neath the Willow Trees that weep;
Until the sun sets on the vines,
and we're in our beds asleep**

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Kitten, oh kitten come in with me now,
the clock in the hallway strikes one

You said you were coming right in from the yard,
as soon as your playing was done

The weather has changed, the air has turned cold,
and there's no one to sit down to tea

With your brothers & sisters asleep near the fire,
there's milk in your cup next to me

You said you went fishing, not knowing quite where,
I hope you return very soon

The evening grows dark, the wind does it howl,
and the dark shadows cover the moon

A rustle of leaves beneath the front porch,
I'll put on the light just to see

A great sight indeed, by the shade of the trees,
you are safe and have come back to me.

