

The Purrrr-fect Companion

By Mark Edgemon

She walks on delicate tiptoes, swaying hips from side to side,
Looking for a place to lay her head, a master to feed and hold her,
To clear her path as she walks in feline sensuality,
Attracting every Tomcat, Dickcat and Harrycat by her fertile aroma,
Warming them with the heat from her loins, scalding them when she flushes.

It is the sensation of companionship, more than love she is after,
The manliest of keepers felt deep inside her,
An assortment of creepers contented by her purr.
And she by trait must keep moving, searching, seeking,
Until it's late and no master will have her.

The End