

YASMIN DONLON



CATO DOGO

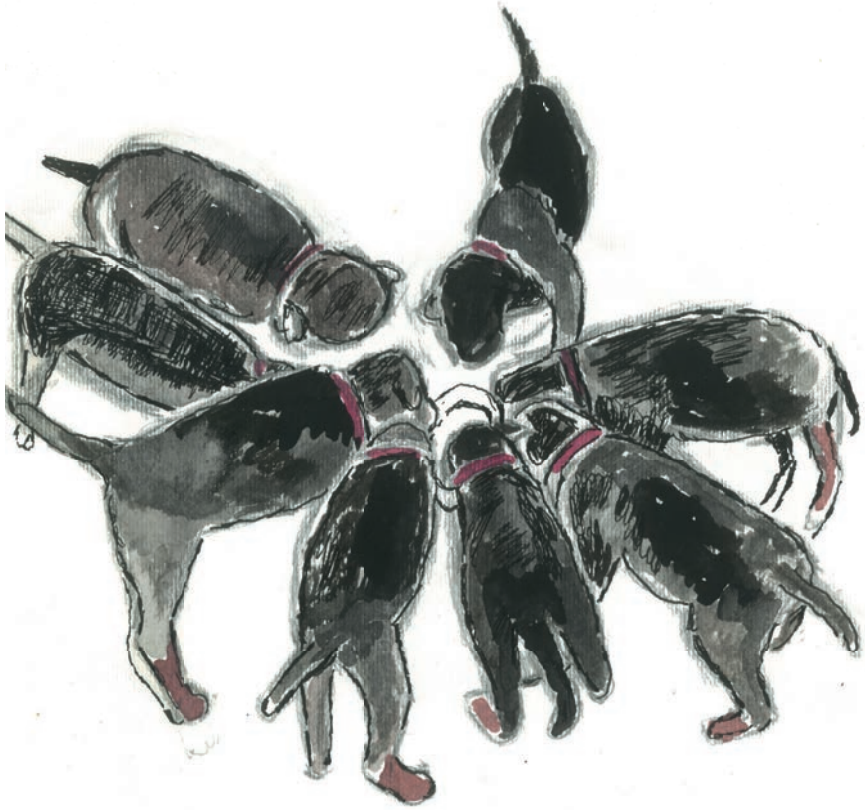




Aimee
à 3 CORNISH
REXES

3 CORNISH REXES

Jasmine is a Cornish Rex without any fur
She's like a Sphinx; like a piglet without the purr.
She's a sexy Rexy, who went to be seen to'
A week with Dirty Bertie and she was in kitten;
 Nine she bred, only two survived
 Angrisollo and Afro so glad to be alive
Angrisollo is a red point with a long red tail
 She holds it upright as if it's her sail.
We call her Whitey, as she is mainly white
While Afro we call Big Boy, as he's taller in height.
Afro is a Blue Point and has all the Rex genes.
Both of them are young, playful and full of beans.
 We take both of them to cat shows
 to see how they compete;
Angrisollo needs more curls and Afro can't be beat.
 You should see the 3 rexes
 when they eat with a crocodile bite
They shovel it in open mouths; food out of sight
 They are all three hot cats; little radiators
Three curled up together three lovely creatures!



8 PUPPIES IN A CIRCLE

They are all trying to eat
One big dish amongst 36 feet.
Such cute baby Rottweilers
No teeth but mouths like crocodiles
They shift their positions going clockwise
They return anti clockwise
Some have been given a name by their future owner
Lola, bear Vera and Winsor



A WEEK OF CATS

A WEEK OF CATS

Monday is start to work day;
Whitey a Cornish Rex who loves warm May.
Tuesday is Afro an other Cornish Rex
Who is too young to know about sex.
Wednesday is Jasmine their mother
who sleeps with her kits;
For they like to suckle her milk free tits.
Thursday is Spikey a large Maine Coon
Who will leap on your lap very soon
Friday is Tangye a stumpy manx ginger male;
A clever cat that feeds his cats without fail.
He knocks the biscuit box out of the cupboard
To be eaten by his mates in one accord!
Saturday is the day of proper Manx Bling Bling
He's pretty and compact a real cute thing
Sunday, the day of rest, is Burmese Aimee.
She sleeps 22/7 to see a sleepy flea.
We have to have seven cats you see
One for each day of the week; no day cat free;

AFRO

Afro is a blue Cornish rex
A typical boy is his sex.
He is into everything
Electric chords he'd hang on his play thing.
He could turn on an overhead heater
Or a kitchen fan extractor.
He'd try to mount our male ginger manx cat
A queer cat is what we call this cat.
Boy is our name for him and not Afro;
His sister is Angrisolla who he'd sleep next to.



AIMEE

Aimee is my posh Burmese fat cat
She sleeps all day and that's a fact.

We call her the S cat

Smooth, silky only dreams about a mouse and rat.

She scoffs, stinks, squawks then

A sleep to sleep off her food.

Sweet Aimee you roll over when you're in the mood

Especially for food and you have your fill.

Then off to sleep at will.

One day when you supervised my bathtime

You fell in the water and came out all soft and devine.

How you squawk at a big black moth on the window

Or bite our feet under the duvet you go.

Amiable Aimee you are called alien at cattery.

For you fly down from shelves, stalking birds,that you see.

BEFORE WE GO TO BED

Our cats like to have a run-around before we go to bed
A suitcase might fly right onto my head.
As they run about chasing each other
Up down round and round on top of a wardrobe to recover;
They swing on doors and climb up them
They have to be high up all of them;
Kings and Queens of all they survey;
A night time frolic never in the day
Once spent of energy they'll repose
All ready for a night time dose.



BLING BLING TEA BAGS

I remember when Bling Bling used to nick tea bags
Out of the caddy he was a bad laddie
While Tangye was after our fags
And tobacco he'd sniff a tobacco faddie
Sometimes he'd take them out of cups if there was milk in
He'd suck them and take them upstairs and under a bed
And we would throw them in the bin
While we had a book about experiments in a shed
How to make a tea bag fly
Ask Bling Bling as he saunters by.

BONE IN A BAG

I put Winsor's bone in my medicine bag
Now he thinks there's a bone in every bag
Since he now empties any bag he finds
Tablets and books of all kinds
Strewn all over the floor
Right to the back door.
He never eats my tablets
So never has to go to the vets.
Every new bag I bring in
He thinks there is a bone just for him;
I am his bonefactor you see
His bones are never for me;
One bone has a marrow filling; a tasty boney.



Charlie as Kitten

BOY

He's an electric cat our boy
He'll swing on cables in the bathroom what joy.

He can put on the overhead heater
Or turn on the extractor fan above the cooker.

He knows how to operate the telephone;
He once dialled the police as he was home alone'

When I checked my messages

(Usually there are no messages)

There was a message from the police at five
Saying if I require further assistance to ring nine nine nine.



Charlie

GREEN EYES

CHARLIE GREEN EYES

Charlie green eyes was my favourite cat.
He jumped athletically with no fat.
To sit them sleep curled up on my lap.
He was a tabby and white feline;
A proper moggie with no ancestral line.
Towards the end of his life on the fridge he would sit.
The fridge motor comforted him when he wasn't fit.
It was warm on top of the fridge for him to lie.
Oh how sad I was when he had to die.
My precious beautiful boy I loved you so.
I felt your ailments for you until you had to go.
I now have glimpses of you in my mind's eye
And I hear your paws go up to the sky.



Cheeky Charlie

CHEEKY CHARLIE

He's so very cheeky
Our main coon kitten Charlie;
He has a lovely fluffy tail
Our sweet baby male.
He has no fear of anything at all;
A kitten who can't climb a wall
Or jump on a lap or from a worktop he'd fall.
He loves to greet us with a little trill
Thrill thrill as he has his fill
Of kittie biscuits and Whiskas
As he pushes out his splendid whiskers.
He purrs all the time
He never stops this cat of mine
Ginger and white are his colouring
The same colour as our manx Bling Bling.
Two ginger toms are they,
What more can you say

DOG CAT CAT DOG

We have a dog who thinks he is a cat
And a cat who thinks he is a dog
The dog eats cat food
And the cats eats dog food.
They sleep together
And snore together
A symphony of snores;
Until the dog lets out a big fat fart
His very musical work of art.
His poos are really colourful
And the cats are runny and stinking wonderful.

FLYING DISHES

There are 3 full of food plastic cat dishes
Two grey, one orange so three wishes
For the Maine Coon to knock them down
the stairs to land at the bottom
Bang crash one gone the other finally the last one gone;
All the "Go Cat" gone for the dog to eat -his treat
While the Maine Coon has his fill of all the meat!



GAY DOG

Winsor humps Michael and other men
Never me just hetero men
I can't understand why he's so randy
He likes to smell male dog pee
He was done at six months ages ago
If you are a man he will have a go
At humping your leg or your front or your side
He's thinking he's having a super "ride".

HOT CATS

It is not only Englishmen and mad dogs
That go out in the midday sun.
Cats go and sunbathe in a window
They stretch out and absorb the sun
Their fur glistens with health.

Alas, it's a different story with a female cat on heat
She caterwauls and folds over herself
And she is more affectionate
rubbing against me or anyone else
She's any bodys!

The main thought in her mind is making kittens
Replicas of herself and her chosen male.
The male has to have a lovely pair of walnuts
To inspire a sex hungry hot cat!



SPIKEY

LEFT SIDED CATS

All our 7 cats wash one side of their faces
They forget the right side and other places
So they are one sided cats I say;
Filthy cats all night and all day.
Our big Maine Coon can wash ALL his face
A lick of his then apply to face at his pace,
His fur is all tangled underneath
He carries a paint brush in his teeth.
It's in the middle of his mouth I see.
To be an artist is what he's meant to be.
He can pick up a biro pen to show he can write.
He chirrups to his six pals saying I am real bright!

LOVE SICK CATS

The Bling Bling manx thing loves Jasmine
She parades herself under his nose,
When she's on heat; a hot sticky cat.
Poor Bling Bling has been castrated
But he does not know that.
He lives in hope as he's a sexy cat
He mounts Jasmine there's scratches on her neck.
Once there were two cats on heat
Jasmine and her daughter
Two Cornish Rexes and Bling Bling
Closed up together.
Bling Bling had some rum fun. Yes Him!
He adores Jasmine and licks her head
Before he goes to nick a teabag before bed.



WINSOR

MORE ABOUT WINSOR

He empties the bin so he's BINSER

He's our own dog cat cat dog

He eats cat poo and cat food.

He can be very rude;

Showing his underparts while asleep

No shame he has when I take a peep'

Last thing at night he gnaws a bone

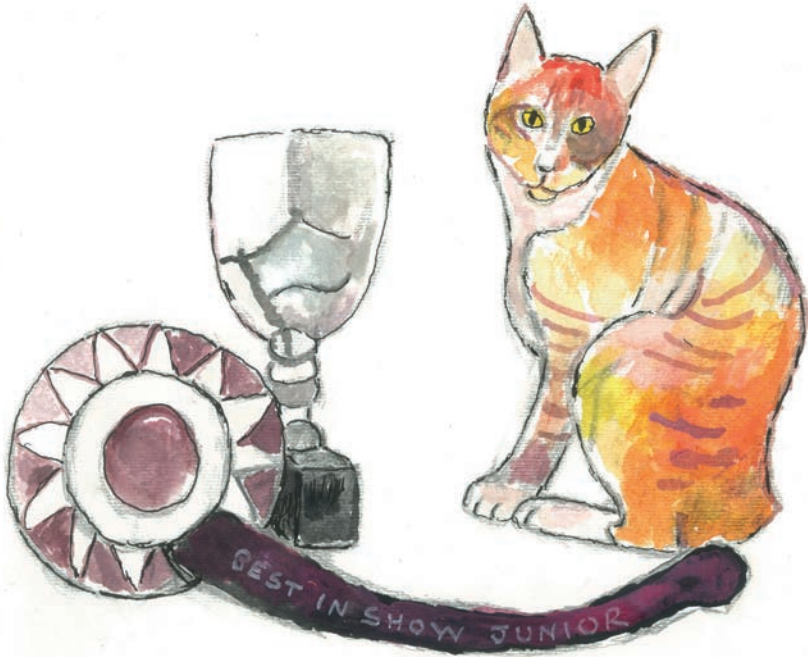
He is a dog to make a home'

Chewing the bins contents all over the floor

And into what we call his chewing room;

MY DOG HAS FLEAS

We used to play my dog has fleas
But dogs don't have fleas; they have ticks and insect bites
However our cats ALL have fleas
And they never get into cat fights
I know them so well I can give each one a name
Fiona, Fred Jack Birt never an exotic name
Sue has babies can you see their dirt
Fleas hop from one cat to an other
to get to their brother Birt



BLING BLING

SINGE BLING

We have a cat that sleeps on a newspaper by the cooker
He's an old cat not a bad looker
We call him Singe Bling
As his name is Bling Bling
He burns his fur as he is stretched out flat
He's our beloved Manx cat;
No tail but he's a very fat cat.
Burning fur has a pungent pong
Which we smell for a time long.
Bling is an ex-champion show winner
He knows how to pose thinking of his dinner
Of special biscuits a vet diet
Our three other cats aim to try it.

SQUIRREL TAIL

Our maine coon has a tail like a squirrel;
A splendid tail that's brill
But he hangs it all about
So you stand on it then shout
"Watch your tail keep it tucked in
You stupid thing
Do you want to have a bandage on it
Or to miss a bit of it.
A really bushy ginger tail you've got
That you've often forgot;
Hanging down with a life of its own
It's a tail you show me on loan.

SUMMER CATS

When it's winter
And the weather bitter
Our cats go undercover
And over each other
On the duvet or in it;
Welded together a snug fit.
Now it's summer and hot
Outdoor cats they are not
So they look out of a window or an ajar door;
That is what outside is for,
Two or one that is their ratio;
Dreaming about a catio.

THE THREE THUNDERBOLTS

It's like a group of elephants over my head
Can three cats be that well fed?
Bang thump wallop
Chasing around at a gallop
Running around from room to room;
How they go Zoom Zoom Zoom;
Cats should have dainty feet
They should tip toe on their feet.
But instead they chase each other about
So I have to shout out "you up there
Be quiet cool it go to sleep
So I can you for my sleep!"



TANGYE

TWO GINGERS

Two ginger cats side by side
One with no tail no tail to hide;
He's a manx cat.
The other one has a fluffy tail
He's a Maine Coon male;
Neither of them are fat.
Their ginger is the same shade of orange
Their colour scheme is the range;
They blend together
Two cats in ginger
They make you smile
Together in a ginger pile.

WE ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHO HAVE “A CHEWING ROOM”

Our dog Winsor likes socks curtains
anything off the clothes line;
He'd sneak in with trophies come rain or shine;
They go into our front room the best room
We call it his chewing room.
In there are bits of wood, empty cat food tins
Chewed up plastic from out of our bins.
At night time he brings out a bone
To chew and clean his teeth he's all alone
Growling if we take anything from him
“grrr grrmine” he makes such a din;
Our cats walk under him he walks tall
But won't come to us when we call.
He'll come when we have a biscuit to eat
As he moves quickly on all four feet.

WHITEY

Her pedigree name is Yascats Agrisolla
And to me she's a beautiful white star;
White with a ginger hue covering;
Blue eyes that are atrinkeling
But you never see her eyes
As she's always going bidey byes;
Always asleep preserving her beauty,
She's my special cat my very own Whitey.
Hello beautiful I'd say
Purr for me I ask her all day
She has a very loud purr, perfection
And I used to give her a purring lesson
As she didn't know how to purr that's right;
She was just too lazy and not very bright!





WINSOR

WINSOR D.I.D DOG

We've got a D.I.D a done in dog
He likes sticks that are bigger than him
Since he's wise and not thin;
His name is Winsor not Windsor
As he ate the D in Windsor;
He nicks our cats' food
When he's in a shocking mood
So he's a dog cat. A real dog cat
While one of our cats ate his dog kindle;
This cat runs under his chin for his dog wash,
He's a grey Cornish Rex and he's very posh.
D.I.D eats cat poo delicious;
His life is fun and not vicious
A bag of his dog poo he brings into his bed
And we can't have it Grrrrr bite he's well fed.
Our dog uses up his energy emptying the kitchen bin
And collecting junk and sticks from next door's garden
Then he flakes and becomes a D.I.D agen.



BLING BLING R.I.P

POOR OLD BLING BLING

We have to say goodbye to our old manx cat
PTS at the vet eyes open nothing to stare at;
His memories locked in his brain
In his brain they will remain;
There was no weight in him
His kidneys not working made him very thin
He used to be a robust big cat so vital
A "Supreme Premier" his cat show title.

CATO DOGO

YASMIN DONLON

At one time with her husband, Michael Johnson, they used to have 7 cats which they used to show. Now they are owned by 2 cats and a Rottweiler.

Yasmin has written 6 books, "Passing The Time", "Manx Cat Tails", "All The Cats Of My Life", "Self Portrait With Cat", "Legless" and "Pub People" (poetry).

Yasmin has a BA (hons) degree in Fine Art and Sculpture. She has had innumerable jobs town planning assistant, teaching, library work, making sausages, care work, pub work and helping at a shelter for the homeless.

At the moment she is learning to play the piano so she can eventually set her poems to music.



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