A 14 YEAR OLD CONVALESCENT CAT IN THE WINTER BY GAVIN EWART

 I want him to have another living summer,

To lie in the sun and enjoy the douceur devivre –

Because the sun, like golden rum in a rummer,

Is what makes an idle cat untoutpetit peu ivre –

I want him to lie stretched out, contented,

Reveling in the heat, his fur all ddry and warm,

An Old Age Pensioner, retire, resented

By no one, and happinessses I a beelike swarm

To settle on him – postponed for another season

That last fated hateful journey to the vet

From which there is no return (and age the reason),

which must come soon – as I cannot forget.