Cats

When I think about cats,

My mind won’t go back.

They high-five me with their paws,

For a cat treat that they saw.

Wearing a coat of fur,

I pet them so they purr.

They speak with their meows,

For a mouse, they’re on the prowl.

Cats will be my friends,

Until my life ends.

This poem is not like most poems where they are deep and have a crazy meaning. This poem was just written for fun. It just explains how much I like cats.