

Oscar the ~~Cat~~ Lion

by JulieAnne Bowen

Bright orange slinking in our green lawn
Our cat pretends we can't see him at all.
Oscar thinks he's a lion.

He thinks he's ferocious, extremely brawn,
But he always comes running when Mom calls
Him from strutting around our lawn.

He wears his cat-suit like something tried-on,
It doesn't quite fit—too orange, too small.
Oscar thinks he's a lion.

Chances of him catching a bird at dawn
Are as good as him snagging a narwhal,
No creature afraid in our lawn.

He dreams of hunting in southern Sudan
But he's just as suburban as tee-ball.
Oscar thinks he's a lion.

No one's ever—not even Kubla Khan—
Swaggered like this feline puffball.
The orange king of our green lawn,
Oscar thinks he's a lion.