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Puppy Love or Ode to Celia

by Pauline Walden

Celia, O! Celia,
Love of my life,
When I grow up
I shall make you my wife.

And yet I'm perplexed
That your claws are so long,
Your ears are so pointed,
Your voice is so strong.

When I approached you
You scratched me and spat,
I heard Mistress say
It's because you're a cat!

I know Mistress loves me,
My welfare at heart,
But why so determined
To keep us apart?

Celia, O! Celia,
Forever I'll pine,
My love for you thwarted,
You'll never be mine!