

The City Mouse and the Garden Mouse

by Christina Rossetti

The city mouse lives in a house; -

The garden mouse lives in a bower,

He's friendly with the frogs and toads,

And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese; -

The garden mouse eats what he can;

We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,

Poor little timid furry man.

The Naming of Cats

by T.S. Eliot

The Naming of Cats is difficult matter,

It isn't just one of your holiday games;

You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter

When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT

NAMES.

First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,

Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo, or James,

Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey -

All of them sensible everyday names.

There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,

Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames:

Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter - -

But all of them sensible everyday names.

But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,

A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,

Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,

Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?

Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,

Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,

Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum -

Names that never belong to more than one cat.

But above and beyond there's still one name left over,

And that is the name that you never will guess:

The name that no human research can discover -

But **THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS**, and will never

confess.

When you notice a cat in profound meditation,

The reason, I tell you, is always the same:

His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation

Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his

name:

His ineffable effable

Effanineffable

Deep and inscrutable singular Name.