

Hamlet's Cat

To venture outside, or to reign within.
That is the Question.

Whether 'tis better for a cat to suffer the cuffs and buffets of inclement weather,
Or to take a nape upon a scrap of carpe,
And by doing so melt the solid hours that clog the clock's bright gears with sullen time
And Stall the dinner bell.

To sit.
To stare outdoors,
And by a stare to seem to state a wish to venture forth without delay.
Then, when the portal's opened up,
To stand, as if transfixed by doubt.

To prowl.
To sleep.
To choose not knowing when we may once more our re-admittance gain.

Aye, there's the hairball.
For if a paw were shaped to turn a knob,
Or work a lock or slip a window-catch,
And the going out and the coming in were made as simple as the breaking of a bowl,
What cat would bear the households' petty plagues,
The cook's well-practiced kicks,
The butler's broom,
The infant's careless pokes,
The tickled ears,
The trampled tail, and all the daily shocks that fur is heir to,
When, of his own free will, he might his exodus or entrance make with a mere mitten?

Who would the spaniels fear,
Or strays trespassing from a neighbor's yard,
But that the dread of our unheeded cries and scratches a barricaded door no cat can open up,
Dispels our nerve and makes us rather bear our human's faults,
Than run away to unguessed miseries?

Thus caution doth make house cats of us all,
And thus the bristling hair of resolution is softened up with the pale brush of thought,
And since our choices hinge on weighty things,
We pause upon the threshold of decision.

Author Unknown