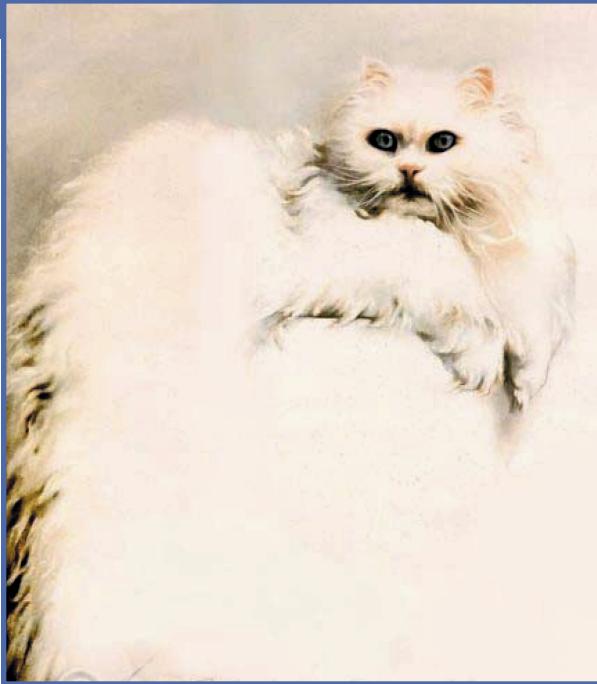


SNOWFLAKE

By Gail McNaughton, November 5, 2012

I am rocking here by the fire,
With my cat sitting on my knee.
She is a pristine beauty,
With a heart-shaped nose,
And a real prima donna, pearl of a girl,
With feathery, brilliant white fur,
Blue saucer-shaped eyes and a long ponytail.



She is personified as snow-white regal,
An angelic "purr" baby,
That is soothing to my ears.
She brightens each and every day,
As she shadows me on my household duties.
She discovers new things in her path,
And plays endlessly with dust bunnies.
I guess it is time for me to dust again.

She is my baby, my child so to speak,
For I am a lover of feline friends,
Who come and go along
our journey through life.
We outlive them but while they are here,
They teach us many things,
About independence, relaxation, compassion,
And being in the right place at the right time.
They drink in all of the love and nurturing,
To the degree that they want,
And we dote on them endlessly.

"Cozy" is a cat's middle name,
Sometimes she is a Snowball, a Casper,
Or a Puffball,
But I called her Snowflake,
And she is as sweet as ice cream,
And as soft as fabric softener.
She came to me during a winter's day,
When it was fiercely snowing and very cold.
Her white fur coat was covered in snow,
Snowflakes continued to dance on her fur,
Like snow fairies tiptoeing across her back.
She was such a surprise
and such a Christmas present,
And God's answer to my wish for love.
She sparkled in the sunlight,
And I saw her shivering as she licked her paws.
I welcomed her inside and that's when,
She and I started our routine,
Of sitting by the fire.
God bless my new friend Snowflake,
And God bless Mother Nature
for bringing her to me,
For refuge, comfort and companionship.
I couldn't ask for a better Christmas,
Than to have my best friend on my knee,
And us rocking on this cold winter's day,
Watching the snow pelt at the window,
and the fire glowing.

We snuggle inside our gingerbread house,
Located deep in the forest
where the trees arch over the roof,
And wrap us up in their soft boughs,
Like the hands of God.

★ Merry
Christmas!

