

The Cravin'

A feline retelling of The Raven by Edgar Allan Poe



Manny Halloween Cat is the inspiration for this poem because he's always cravin' extra food. Here he is dressed as a raven and looking very unhappy about it. Yes, he was bribed with treats to be in this costume. As usual, he claims the treat bribe wasn't enough and he's cravin' more snacks.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I hungered, weak and weary,
Over many an empty and curious bottom of forgotten bowl—
Tummy grumbling, cravings gnawing, soon enough I started pawing,
Perhaps not so gently clawing, clawing at my cat mom's door.
"Tis some housecat," she muttered, "pawing at my bedroom door—
only this and nothing more."

Cat mom then returned to sleeping, as my stomach, nearly weeping,
Implored me to my paws and so I stalked across the floor
And I pounced upon the bed and firmly bopped her on the head
And I meowed right in her ear,
"Cat mom, dry food! I want more!"

She made a noise and switched position, and I had a premonition
That I would still be hungry unless I escalated more
So I sharpened up my claws, and I opened up my jaws,
And I bit her on the ear and then let out a mighty roar—
"Cat food, Meowmy! Give me more!"

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That sure made the human shaken and so soon she did awaken
Saying "Manny, it's too early--it's just a quarter to four!"
With my tummy loudly rumbling, losing energy for grumbling,
I swatted her upon the nose and said,
"I'm starving! I want MORE!"

Silly human, such a sinner—I am cravin' second dinner
And she sure is in trouble since I had to wait 'til 4,
So I took my fearsome claws at the ends of my black paws
And I shredded cat mom's quilt and then I pushed it on the floor,
"Can't you see I'm starving? Meowmy, I need MORE!"

I saw her pale arms flailing, so I started loudly wailing,
Thinking all the noise would get this sleepy human up for sure,
But she rolled over, ever lazy, driving me and my gut crazy,
And she fell back asleep and then began to loudly snore
"Cat mom!" I howled, "I want more!"

But cat mom, 'til the alarm's beeping, still was sleeping,
still was sleeping
Through all my nips and bops and howls and claws and
so much more
When she woke she smiled to see me, while still seeming
somewhat dreamy,
And she told me that last night she'd had nightmares galore
"Just some bad dreams, nothing more."

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So I rubbed her legs with fervor as I hoped she'd be my server
Of delicious canned and dry food, of which I needed so much more
After padding to the kitchen, while I followed, loudly bitchin',
She opened up the cupboard and she said, "Oh no, the store!
We're out of cat food, Manny—I'll have to go buy more!"

So as she ran out to get it, I knew that I would not forget it,
And started planning my revenge to get her back—it's all-out war
I chewed up her favorite shoes, on the floor I left a poo,
And I clawed her fancy purse and knocked her laptop to the floor
It's what she deserves, and nothing more.

But then she returned with cans for her wicked panther man
And the biggest bag of kibble I could ever have hoped for
So I stopped my misbehavin' to eat the food that I'd been cravin'
And booped my head against her leg and said,
"Hey Mom, I still want more."

And the cravin', still I feel it, *still* I feel it,
As I pace here, loudly howling, right outside her bedroom door
As I plot more wicked acts while I yearn for extra snacks
I fear I'm doomed to feel the hunger, cravin' treats forevermore.