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By Michael Eggleston

Kirkland Cats

We exit the dorm in a line
Little furry creatures walking up behind
Maybe ten or more, I lose the numbers
They are at maintenance more than plumbers
If you have food in your hand, they will come
A chicken bone or turkey ham, they want some
You can call them by their names
Eating from people's hands is like fun and games
Everywhere you go on Kirkland yard, the cats are there
Even at the cafeteria, with terrible food, they don't care
Waiting on breakfast, lunch and dinner
Maybe thirty cats or more, trying to be a winner
At the annex, in from of F-2 lying on mats
All together may be three hundreds cats
Some of them are like movie stars
They will eat out of cans or jars
Cats get treated better than inmates
Some staff will feed them on paper plates
Charlie, Blackie, and Tripod
These are the cat's names and is where I start
I've seen a cat that shakes when he walks
If you go into operations, it's one cat that talks
Kirkland cats are in full command
They roll in packs, just like a band
Meow, meow or maybe a moan
They will hustle you, when you take them home