



The Cat With No Name

And Other Feline Haiku
Writ By Rod Pitcher

The Cat With No Name

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Rod Pitcher

This book is dedicated to my two black cats,
the late Dog and the present Dog Too.
My best friends for many years.

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Introduction

Haiku is an ancient Japanese form of poetry.

In its ancient form haiku has a strict form. It has three lines of five, seven and five syllables. There should be some indication, in the words, of the season, Summer Autumn Spring Winter, that is the time in which it is set. The topic is usually Nature in one form or another. The last line should contrast with the rest of the poem, and should follow some indication of a break in the theme. That is, there should be two contrasting themes that use the juxtaposition to highlight the contrast between them. The haiku should be self-contained and need no outside explanation or reference to make its point.

These rules are sometimes broken in modern haiku, although the form should be followed fairly closely.

My haiku take the 5-7-5 form but tend to vary a bit in other ways. Some have the seasonal reference, some don't. Often I like the last line to do more than just provide a contrast to the rest. I like it to continue the story, or perhaps, make the point more strongly, or be related in some way to the story but, perhaps, supply a surprise ending. Sometimes I like to add a bit of humour. Sometimes they turn out a bit weird!

Some writers may not like my variations, but they suit me and allow me to say what I want to say and that is the important thing, at least to me.

I like the haiku form for its rigid line structure. Being forced to keep the 5-7-5 syllable form usually requires a lot of thought about the words and what I want to say. I don't find that restrictive, because I like working with words. I find it more of a challenge than a restriction. Sometimes it takes a long search through my memory, or even dictionaries and other books, to find the exact word that fits and has the right meanings and inferences. I think that I'm making extra work for myself, but I don't mind that.

Here are some of my haiku. All are about cats, in one way or another. Some are simply stories, some are humorous, some

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have deeper meanings if you sit and think about them. Some are new, some are old. Most have not been previously published.

I hope that you consider them worth reading. As with all my writing, whether verse or prose, my aim is to get you to think about it: Or just to think! If I achieve that, then I have done what I set out to do, and have achieved my aim in writing anything.

The Cat With No Name

Silent as the grave,
Like a shadow in the night.
The Cat With No Name.

or, if you prefer,

The Cat With No Name
Like a shadow in the night.
Silent as the grave.

it works both ways for me

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My cat remembers
His forebears: Lords of the veldt.
Then the monkeys came.

A cat stalks his world
In the night-time city street.
Alone. Unwanted.

The Cat With No Name

Black cat in the night
Silently prowls the dark city
Unheeding the storm.

Hey diddle diddle
See my cat play the fiddle!
He's not much good though.

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My cat knows that he
In Ancient Times, was a god.
And still is, to me.

Cat lies in the sun
His black, soaking up the heat.
Recharging his cells.

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Ginger tom next door
Would play havoc with the ladies.
Good job he's been 'fixed'!

A house not a home
Without a cat by the hearth
Warming the winter.

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On the garden wall
My cat sits, soaking up the sun,
When the rain has gone.

Hickory dickory dock
See my cat run up the clock.
Twit. The mouse has gone!

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Lost my cat last night.
Hiding in the dark, he went.
What a naughty cat!

While my cat is gone
I wander all alone, no aim.
What a naughty cat!

My lost cat is back!
Now the sun is bright once more.
What a naughty cat!

“Cannot bring my cat?”
Said he at Heaven’s gate.
“That’s no place for me.”

Cat sits on the mat
Smuggly purring with delight.
He’s just had tuna!

The Cat With No Name

Cat up on the roof
Chasing birds that he can see.
But too quick for him!

Old man sits, alone.
The days, since his cat has gone,
Heavy on his soul.

Cat stood on the deck
A burning fire all round him.
“Save me, children last!”

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Conclusions

Well, there you have it.

I hope that you found something interesting in my little book of feline haiku.

Rod.

PS. Did you notice that the title and the other words on the front cover of the book form a haiku? Yes, they do. That's why I had to say 'writ by' instead of 'written by' or just 'by', because then it wouldn't have worked.

As you have probably guessed, the title of the book and the first haiku are plays on Clint Eastwood's classic role as The Man With No Name.

Yes, alright, I know you got it, but some of us aren't as clever as you. We need these things pointed out so that we don't miss them.

Rod Pitcher

About the Author

I live in Waramanga, a south-western suburb of Canberra, Australia's capital city.

I have about a dozen university degrees and diplomas in areas as far apart as anthropology, legal studies, psychology and including a PhD in Education.

I spend a lot of my time reading all sorts of things about all sorts of topics. I will read anything that is interesting.

I have a black cat named Dog to rule the roost and keep me company.