



## **ENGLISH POETRY – GRADE 12**

### **Macavity: the Mystery Cat**

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the  
Hidden Paw –  
For he's the master criminal who can defy  
the Law.  
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the  
Flying Squad's despair;  
For when they reach the scene of crime –  
Macavity's not there!  
Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like  
Macavity,  
He's broken every human law, he breaks the  
law of gravity.  
His powers of levitation would make a fakir  
stare,  
And when you reach the scene of crime –  
Macavity's not there!  
You may seek him in the basement, you  
may look up in the air –  
But I tell you once and once again,  
Macavity's not there!  
Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and  
thin;  
You would know him if you saw him, for his  
eyes, are sunken in  
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his  
head is highly domed;  
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers  
are uncombed.

He sways his head from side to side, with  
movements like a snake;  
And when you think he's half asleep, he's  
always wide awake.  
Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like  
Macavity,  
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of  
depravity.  
You may meet him in a by-street, you may  
see him in the square —  
But when a crime's discovered, then  
Macavity's not there!  
He's outwardly respectable. (They say he  
cheats at cards.)  
And his footprints are not found in any file of  
Scotland Yard's.  
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-  
case is rifled,  
Or when the milk is missing, or another  
Peke's been stifled,  
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the  
trellis past repair —  
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing!  
Macavity's not there!  
And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's  
gone astray,  
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and  
drawings by the way,  
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or  
the stair —  
But it's useless to investigate —  
Macavity's not there!  
And when the loss has been disclosed, the  
Secret Service say:  
'It must have been Macavity!' — but he's a  
mile away.

You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking  
of his thumbs,  
Or engaged in doing complicated long  
division sums.  
Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like  
Macavity.  
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness  
and suavity.  
He always has an alibi, and one or two to  
spare:  
At whatever time the deed took place –  
MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!  
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked  
deeds are widely known  
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might  
mention Griddlebone)  
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat  
who all the time  
Just controls their operation: the Napoleon  
of Crime!

**T.S. Eliot From: *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats***



### **Elvis's twin sister**

*Are you lonesome tonight!  
Do you miss me tonight!  
Elvis is alive and she's female:  
Madonna In the convent, y'all,  
I tend the gardens, watch things grow, pray  
for the immortal soul of rock 'n' roll.  
They call me Sister Presley here.  
The Reverend Mother vague possibilities.  
digs the way I move my hips just like my  
brother.  
Gregorian chant drifts out across the herbs,  
Pascha nostrum immolatus est.....  
I wear a simple habit, darkish hues, a  
wimple with a novice-sewn lace band, a  
rosary, a chain of keys, a pair of good and  
sturdy blue suede shoes.  
I think of it as Graceland here, a land of  
grace.  
It puts my trademark slow lopsided smile  
back on my face.  
Lawdy. I'm alive and well.  
Long time since I walked down Lonely  
Street towards Heartbreak Hotel*