

Larry, the Number 10's Cat's Call

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This was posted by [Nigel Mace on the blog this morning](#). I felt it worth sharing more widely:

Ah... the hapless Larry! I believe that he really gave up when Maybot held that ill-starred election. Actually, he told me so in what I recorded as a..... "CAT'S CALL"

" 'Twas with Easter but an ember, as a cat can well remember,
when my whiskers went a-splutter as the press from 'Fleet Street's' gutter
newly hoodooed me as Maybot stormed outside
scratches like Brexit and yowled, to hear this nutter,
cats can tell a plainless house — we're notoriously choosy —
and the butler feeds me, PM's seldom stay.

Of the House, though not a Member, Larry's watched parties dismember
broken PMs like old chicken castaside
so I wondered if some butter, on his paws could make him utter
a revised opinion now. She's back inside
inside his purrs became a splutter, that's where they should have shut her,
for the frittering of Brexit time away, that the lady's now gone schmoozy with those bigots make me woozy."
He stretched. "Wake me — when you're sure she's gone away."