

## Every Cat Has a Story

by Naomi Shihab Nye



The yellow one from the bakery  
smelled like a cream puff-  
she followed us home.  
We buried our faces  
in her sweet fur.

One cat hid her head  
while I practiced violin.  
But she came out for piano.  
At night she played sonatas  
on my quilt.

One cat built a secret nest  
in my socks.

One sat in the window  
staring up the street all day  
while we were at school.

One cat loved  
the radio dial

One cat almost  
smiled.