“The Cats' Protection League” by Roger McGough

Midnight. A knock at the door.  
Open it? Better had.  
Three heavy cats, mean and bad.  
  
They offer protection. I ask, ‘What for?’  
The Boss-cat snarls, ‘You know the score.  
Listen man and listen good  
  
If you wanna stay in the neighborhood,  
Pay your dues or the toms will call  
And wail each night on the backyard wall.  
  
Mangle the flowers, and as for the lawn  
a smelly minefield awaits you at dawn.’  
These guys meant business without a doubt  
  
Three cans of tuna, I handed them out.  
They then disappeared like bats into hell  
Those bad, bad cats from the CPL.

<http://www.excelsior-edu.org/showroom/user/1366971474034000042/gallery/b_1438596247064098057.jpg>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_pRlMrFkoHg>