

Elegy to a Dead Mouse

by whitesilence

A tribute

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Chapter 1 of 1

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You're small, you're cold, you're gray.

The neighbor's cat looked at you like you were prey,

But the frosty glass kept you safe.

Keeping you outside was such a waste.

My mother didn't like you,

She said you really smelled,

And watching me clean your aquarium,

Was similar to hell.

She made me keep you in the garage

Which is fine in summer's mirage.

But this was November and December,

And it was really cold.

When my nose was pink,

Yours was blue.

The water bottle froze

And your food stuck together like glue.

Now I stand here holding you in my hand

Before I put you in the ground.

Wondering where my mother would keep me,

If I started a five piece rock band.