

Litter

I watched them through the chink
In the wall of the old garage.
Six of them in the litter.
And the mice dreaded the day
They might huddle in fear
And run only to be grabbed
By the neck and shaken.

Blind,
Their blunt and bumbling noses
Awakening to feeling. Prodding slowly
Teatward to taste warm fur.

Six: two greys with white feet.
One black and three tabbies.
Electric
Their hair stands straight out
As they squirm their liquid bodies for food.
Constant somnambulists.

Disappeared.
Potatoes loose on the kitchen floor,
A missing sack. The mice were dancing.
Scuttling with oats in their mouths.

The stream out back runs still,
No ripple on its sleepy surface.
Nightmares of toes touching bodies:
I never swam there again.

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