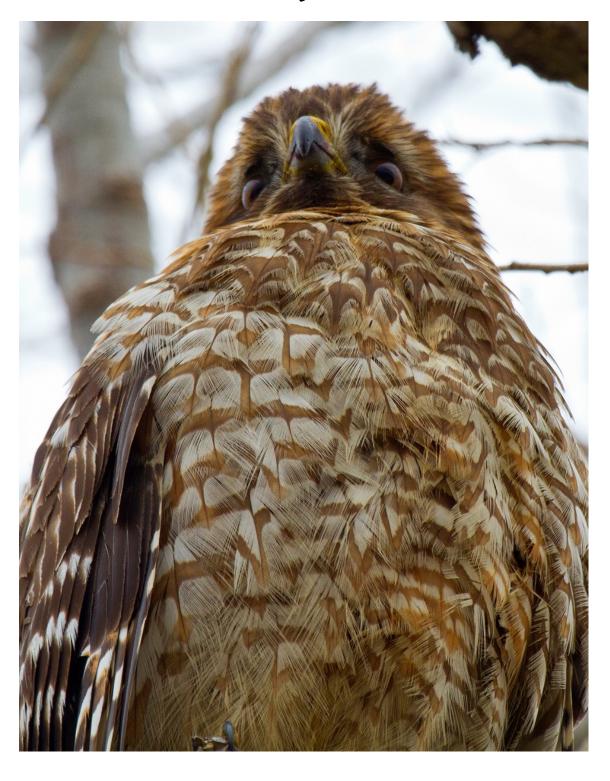
Mouse-eye's View



Mouse-eye's View

Please, Oh Please, Mighty Sir But a wee little mouse am I Little more than a puff of fur Not much from tail to eye

Your eyes are so intense Your beak is so sharp Your talons are so strong You caught me in the park

A Red-shouldered hawk even though immature Should find something better than a mouse so demure

You are so great
And so grand I see
You really deserve more
Than just little 'ol me

Perhaps a poet
Will come wondering by
Marinated in the lore
Of days gone bye

A tasty morsel he would be Full of verse and dignity
So please, oh please
Won't you set me free!

O Phil Robertson 2013