

Ave atque vale: A Eulogy for a Mouse among Men

You were fast and lean and sleek and smart.
No other mouse could play the part.
You scurried with the speed of light,
Zipping past, both left and right.
Sometimes you crept without a care
And sniffed around 'most everywhere.
Your paws were white. Your back was gray.
We thought you'd never go away.
What did you eat? We couldn't say
Until you stole Slim Jims away.
You liked TV and felt at home;
When it was on, you'd deftly roam.
But traps of all kinds you abhorred,
Or rather, they just made you bored.
The traps? We'd tossed them in the trash
Except for one out of the stash.
We left it with its stale Slim Jim,
And one bite brought an end so grim.
(Well, grim for you, I must confess,
But not for me, as you might guess.)
O little mouse, our long-time guest,
We have to tell you, we're impressed.
You had a run so grand and long
It might inspire a country song.
With stealth and speed and cunning, too,
You made our home a home for you.
Still, we could not all coexist,
And I cannot say you will be missed.
Rest well, dear mouse, our furry friend,
At last this tale has found its end.

