

ODE TO A MOUSE

Margaret Shaw*

Student, M.A. Program in Writing and Literature, Rivier College

You once lived in my house.
I hated to snap
your tiny neck
in my trap.

The smell of your siblings
decomposing
in my kitchen wall
made it difficult for me
to enjoy my ratatouille.

The bird of prey
perched high
upon my dead
spindle cherry tree
was quite interested
in eating thee.

Oh, lovely mouse,
how peacefully you slept.
Gently, I laid you
down outside,
beneath hungry eyes.

I waited to witness
thy heavenly ascension;
your whiskers morphed
into flapping wings.

* **MARGARET SHAW** is a graduate student in M.A. Writing and Literature Program at Rivier. She earned B.S. in Elementary Education and Psychology from University of Massachusetts/Boston. Peggy taught kindergarten for 15 years. She was an ESL tutor for immigrants for 5 years. Peggy lives in Hudson, NH with her husband Thomas. They enjoy sailing the Prickly Heat in Wellfleet, Mass. and in Lake Winnisquam, NH, cross country skiing at Windblown, and bike riding on the Niagara Water Front in Canada. They have no pets, but enjoy neighborhood cats playing mortal combat with the field mice that inhabit their fieldstone foundation.