

The day a mouse took over my house (OD to a dead mouse) by Brett Cabot

I used to find mice quite nice, until I discovered a mouse in my house.

Didn't realize I'd fed it for years and years,
on food scraps, spillage/ spoilage and empty cans of beer.

It was a good time for that mouse in my house, said my wife.
Gorging on scraps and beer... What a great life!

His daily pilgrimage being only too clear,
was a blight on my life and to all I hold dear.

So just why is he here!?!...

Safe, cosy and comfy an idyllic existence
But I really wish he would stay out of my kitchen!

As I walk down the stairs, I hope he's not there
with his mind numbing presence, and oblivious stare...

Oh! how I despair, about ...
That mouse who took over my house.

Desperate to stop him I laid poison and traps
The ultimate answer ... ah mmm, not sure? - Perhaps!

A diabolical solution, to remove, the mouse-ie pollution.
Bring our daily encounters, towards a happy conclusion...

Bang shut! Went the trap, in the middle of the night,
as mouse experienced its terminal fright.

Oh dear said the trap as it snapped its poor back
Oh no said my wife... Now get rid of that rat!

Get that dead mouse out of my house!

A sad thing to see, but not a sad thing for me.
As I remove it, then stuffed it with pleasure, and glee

Into a baggy to drop off in the big outside bin.
Hoping that I haven't committed, a cardinal sin.

Oh well I said, at least the beast's dead...
And finally out of our house and my head.

A final good riddance and, fare-thee-well, to that mouse.
That pesky, persistent, rodent which took over my house.

Oh no, look, there's another one!!!!
So here we go again...

I now spend my daze hunting mice
Setting traps, standing back and waiting for that snap
Daily filling baggies, each mouse destined for the bin
Caring less and less it's a cardinal sin.

Oh! how I despair, about ...
That mouse who took over my house.