

The Jeklhive & The Little Hare

There once was a girl called Tabby
Who lived in a forest so drabby
But the winds all blown
And she sat alone
In a hut that was, oh, so shabby

She waited for a minute, an hour, or two
And wondered if she would be found
But as she did
The winds all stopped
Ceasing to make a sound

Tabby was worried
Her mind apace
and so she buried her hands in face

A moment passed, a minute, or four
As she prayed upon the rotting floor.
But no one listened
The sky only glistened
The night persisted evermore.

Her eyes with tears
and heart with fears
She wondered if it was nothing
But then there came a silent voice
Which threatened to tickle her ears

The man said calmly, and in a simple tone
"If you weep anymore you'll turn to stone."

Tabby called back, her voice in quakes,
"I miss my mother, my sister, her cakes,
I miss my father, my brother, his steaks"

The man then returned, with a voice of care,
"I'm sorry for what you have lost, my dear, little hare.
You do not deserve all that is gone,
But if you stay any longer, you'll be as helpless as a fawn"

The girl looked up, with wonder and with pause
For all she saw were his sharpened jaws
The man stood up, as tall as a tree
his fingers on his hand counted one, two, three

Tabby was scared, and taken by his unusual sight
But he held out his hand and promised he didn't bite
She waited for an instant, a second, or five
Until she agreed to go with the Jeklhive