here's a little mouse)and what does he think about,i wonder as over this floor(quietly with

bright eyes)drifts(nobody can tell because Nobody knows, or why jerks Here &, here, gr(00)ving the room's Silence)this like a littlest poem a (with wee ears and see?

tail frisks)

(gonE)

"mouse",

We are not the same you and

i,since here's a little heor isit It? (or was something we saw in the mirror)?

therefore we'll kiss; for maybe what was Disappeared into ourselves who (look) ,startled