

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

FOUR
III

bright eyes)drifts(nobody
can tell because
Nobody knows, or why
jerks Here &, here,
gr(oo)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

1, since here's a little he
or is
it It

? (or was something we saw in the mirror)?

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