

THE SQUIRREL

Just kiss the squirrel good-bye.
Don't waste a second glance
from the corner of your eye.
He doesn't stand a chance.

Alas, his future's grim.
Quite clearly he is doomed.
He'll be shredded and consumed
when my dog catches him.

He doesn't seem to mind.
He's seen it all before
and seems confident he'll find
a safe escape once more.

I'm left here with the thought,
while watching him take flight,
that the squirrel may be right:
I've never seen one caught.

by Lee Netzler

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