

## LINES WITH FOUR FEET

The day goes blah, the day becalms;  
The hands on the clockface twiddle their thumbs;  
The chair and the footstool sit on their hams;  
But then—an end of a string unwinds  
And dangles down my mind.  
Cattthoughts paw at the string and miss  
Three times on purpose before they hook:  
Skirdily, skirdily, skirdily, chook!  
But big-dog thoughts with four feet flush  
Leap at the cats and yap and spit.  
Rowr-rowf!                Ss-st!  
No one around to break it up,  
And there would never be peace except  
That thoughts of you, like pandabears,  
Come padding in. Hi, bears.