

Stealth

By Pete Clark

A wraith in the deep darkness of the night
A shadow pacing stalking in the grass
Try try to capture a mouse with no light
Still hungry after wolfing the wee mass

The phantom of the alley must move on
To greener fields filled with tasty prey
But will not eat road kill she comes upon
Along her meandering winding way

Night retreats soon the world's rim will glow
Bright light will splash into nooks and crannies
The specter will cease searching high and low
She may find milk left by aged ladies

She returns to her den under a stoop
With her blind kittens done with her night's loop