

la souris de la maison

A field mouse has taken up residence
 In manor halls all her own.
Perched aloft atop dining chair finial
 Smoothing white belly.
Tawny pelt mirrored in silver candelabra;
 No cat to fear.

Her nest is spun with threads of gold,
 Solace in their circle.
Stray diffusion gleam in baseboard grotto,
 A space to her scale.
Shadow of perfumes long since their time
 Lull her to dreams.

Moonlight through brocade drapes lacteal;
 Dust hangs like stars.
Their bed is trimmed with bits of lace;
 Ribbons from her beloved.
Tatters of tartan skirt-hem for blankets
 As seasons pass.

Her heart to the girl of the house is given
From whom all gifts flow.
Hours spent resting on silken blouse
Of her benefactor.
Hearing the patter of her family
Over floorboards sanguine.

Her pantry caverns heave with stores & spires
Like forgotten cities.
Her children are gorged on crumbs of cakes,
Each rooms to inherit.
Households soon settle and bustle at tasks
And lead expeditions.

In distant foothills hidden a colony grows
In chambers filled with sky.
On frail paws an empress rises to join
Her mild mistress.
And at long last she curls to rest
In cranial hollow.