

The pitter patter of little feet ran softly 'cross our floor;
He never was the type, you see, to slam the bedroom door.
His voice was mute though we would yell from one room to another;
I don't suppose he's ever cussed or cursed at his grandmother.
His kindness was apparent, for he would share our food
And only nibble our leftovers, whether broiled, baked, or stewed.
He never left on any lights in passing through a room;
And though he sometimes dropped a crumb, he never left a plume.
But, then, one day, he ventured out, as he'd begun to do,
And on this day, one couldn't say, it'd cut his years too few.
A little house we'd built for him, and left him there a treat;
Alas! It was his first day in, and the floor stuck to his feet!
Softly little Mickey cried and whimpered through the night;
And in the morning Sara came to gently end his fight.
The pitters and the patters no longer cross the room;
As the little house for Mickey sent him swiftly to his doom.