

Squirrel

Run, jump, skitter
I make my way to the roof.
I here a sound,
dive for the gutter.

I sense her.
She stars at me
She jumps, I jump.
She holds something.
A phone, it's a phone.

What is she doing.
I scamper toward the end of the roof
She follows on the ground.
I stare at her, afraid of what she will do next.
She jumps, waving her long arms.

I run.
Run, jump, skitter.

