

Mice Dreams

Joseph & Casillas

Last night I dreamt of a mouse or
maybe two.
They were dancing around my room and
stopped at the foot of my bed.
When I asked why they returned, they
looked and said,
“There’s a party beneath your feet, but
you are not to attend.”
As I nodded off, I
wept and said,
“Have a good time, then.”
And sighed at not having
been invited.