**Eek**

I had a little friend,  
his name was Eek.  
Only I could see him  
and hear him squeak.

He was a little tiny mouse  
grey and very small.  
Always there in my palm,  
attentive when I would call.

He resided in my hand,  
eeking out a living,  
by being my friend.  
Always at my beck and calling

He was my mate when I woke,  
buddy by the day.  
There when I cried out at night  
and *never, never* go away.

Now I'm old and grey,  
reflecting on my past.  
Remembering how my friend Eek  
is still there to the last.

