**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.

