

Porter A., Stone Academy  
6<sup>th</sup> Grade  
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Poetry Facilitator: Beth Jacoby

Sir, My Gerbil

Sir scampers around his cage,  
Like a black lightning bolt,  
So fast,  
It looks like he is teleporting.  
Doing the same things each day,  
Digs in his bedding,  
Runs in his wheel,  
Jumps on top of his plastic house,  
Biting the roofing wire.  
I pour in some seed,  
Give him some lettuce,  
He eats it all,  
In dainty,  
Little,  
Bites.  
Try to reach him,  
Grab him,  
Catch him,  
Hold his tiny body,  
Impossible!  
He flees all human touch,  
Open his cage,  
He hides in his cozy,

Little hole,  
A piled up,  
Chewed up,  
Lumpy mountain,  
Of cardboard.  
Leave him be,  
Don't try to catch him,  
He'll settle down in his nest,  
A tunnel in the bedding.  
When I'm asleep at night,  
And resting peacefully,  
He will create a cacophony,  
Of metal against glass.  
When I hear that noise,  
I know that he is safe,  
Running in his wheel.  
He is being himself,  
That's just what he is,  
Sir,  
Filbert,  
Abbey.