

Chompsketta

I saw it in a cage
Sitting all alone.
I said it looks so lonely;
He said soon it would be dead.
It was not to be a pet.
Its reason to be alive
Was to be a fighter and die a dier,
And end up in some snake's belly.
What a shame!
It was so cute!
I could not let this be!
I paid the money
And took it home
And the fucker bit the tip off my finger.
The stupid thing sat there
All day long
And plotted my demise.
It hissed and screamed,
And ran amok
And plotted my demise.
I awoke one night
And found her gone—
Not to my surprise.
This could not be!
This could not be!
She is way too smart
To be running free!
Armed with bucket
And dirty towel
I set off through my house.
My room mates asked
Why so weird?
The truth I dared not tell
Bats! I said.
This place has bats
And my killer hamster's still in its cage.
Not to be found.
I figured she was gone
Making babies in the walls.
I went to sleep
Primed for attack,
Knowing it would come.
My windows were open,
The heat was off,
And my room got cold.
Under my blankets
I was warm,
And to my horror
So was Chompsketta.

I woke in terror.
It was under my blankets!
I grabbed at the covers,
And it fought back.
I've caught the fucker
Back into your cage.
But what was I missing?
I thought for sure
Its plan was done,
Yet I was still intact.
I piled books
Atop her cage,
And they stay there till today.
Never again will she get out,
For she has proved her point:
She escaped, and had the chance,
And that was good enough.
I know she could have...
She was right there,
But she is not that mean.
Evil, yes. Vicious, yes.
But outright mean, no.
I respect her
As she does I,
And we get along just fine
I give her food
And a place to sleep,
And my eyeballs are safe from her teeth.
She still is crazy,
Yet so am I,
So we get along just fine.

—Thomas Lloyd

