

The Light-house-keeper's White-Mouse

by John Ciardi, 1962

*As I rowed out to the lighthouse
For a cup of tea one day,
I came upon a very wet white-mouse
Out swimming in the bay.*

*"If you are for the light-house,"
Said he, "I'm glad we met.
I'm the light-house-keeper's white-mouse
And I fear I'm getting wet."*

*"O light-house-keeper's white-mouse,
I am rowing out for tea
With the keeper in his light-house.
Let me pull you in with me."*

*So I gave an oar to the white-mouse.
And I pulled on the other.
And we all had tea at the light-house
With the keeper and his mother.*

