

The Missing Bracelet

By Kim Pritchard
Red Lion

I took it off and put it on the table.
Then my lap was taken over by Mable.
Who is a flame-colored feline
With a white stripe up her spine.

Mable jumped from armrest to lap
And the tail did nothing but rap tap tap.
I didn't have time to spend in the chair
Standing on up without a care.

To the kitchen I went to fix up dinner
Because Mable would think she was getting thinner
That's when it happened, I know for a fact
Even though she was never caught in the act.

She swiped up the shiny round object of fun
Hid it and then came and lay in the sun.
Never revealing where she stashed the loot
And not really giving me a hoot.

Eating her dinner and swooshing that tail
And not even leaving a hint or a trail
I went back to the table and yep, it was gone
And that flamed-colored feline let out a yawn.

Mable, you see, is not a thief
She needed it to complete her motif
The motif of gold, silver, reds and blues
Of lost rings, chains, balls and anything that moves.

It would be fine and a delight to see
If she could show me where it might be.
That swoosh of the tail told me not today
No matter what, I would not have my way.