

Moonlight Tiger

Tim the cat is black and white
He sleeps all day and plays all night,
And when the bright full moon comes out
Mr. Tim goes walkabout.

With clear green eyes and ready claws
The hunter stalks on velvet paws,
And all the field mice far and wide
Go scurrying away to hide.

His ears are pricked, his whiskers tense,
His eyes are watchful and immense.
The full moon sweeping grandly in
Has made a Tiger out of Tim.

-Lyla Atkin