

ADAGE MEMORIAM

When birds of a feather had flocked together,
an early worm to crunch,
a curious cat, who killed some, sat
while eating her not-free lunch.

While dozing in clover, along came dog Rover,
'cause opposites attract.
Her sorry was better than safer was ever
for having her tummy packed.

Though never too late to make bargains with fate,
she judged by her cover's look,
put in a quick note—and that's all she wrote—
as Rover's teeth closed her book.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/26/2020*