**VISITORS**

**by Arthur Gordon**

I lie in bed on a wet winters night,

When I hear a sound I canny abide,

I think I hear some rustling,

I’m fear’d o’ mice, I do confide.

I wake up quietly, watching and listening,

Then a wee moose comes out of his hame,

Och, I’m nae afraid of the wee thing,

It approaches me, it seems quite tame.

But goodness me, he’s nay alone,

Soon a whole family appears,

They huddle by the fire to keep warm,

Their very welcome the poor dears.

The scally wee things are offy bold,

Scurrying across the carpet then into the bookshelves,

Weaving in and out of the table and chair legs,

Simply enjoying themselves.

The sleekit, chukie beasties,

Are very active I do declare,

They go about their daily business,

Of my presence, they are simply unaware.

They climb upon the furniture,

Across the polished dining room table they slide,

Then into the hallway,

And down the banister they glide.

They scamper about and preen their silky fur,

Their tiny brown eyes peep up at me,

Och, it’s their hame as much as ours,

So I feed them some biscuits for their tea.

A few of them feed from my outstretched hand,

They look up at me with gratitude,

As if they wish to say,

We like your friendly attitude.

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