

## DUST BUNNIES

By Richard Tornello ©2010

Dust bunnies come and dust bunnies go.

Where do they come from, can we show?  
That very question was asked some days ago,  
and posed to minds that ought to know.

Perplexed, puzzled, and furrowed brow.  
Eyes crossed with purpose and wonder, strained.  
No answer forth coming, dumb as snow.

As a fact, this we know  
“They grow in corners, under sofas and couches.  
As a fact, this we know  
They can double in size in a day or so.”

Again we’re asked,  
What do they eat? Where do they sleep?  
“Ah, um, ah ...”  
Another mind stumping,  
mental,  
exercise treat.

“But, they’ve got no feet!”

They’re faster than brooms.  
They scoot in front or slip around.

“And got no toes!”

They scoot in front or slip around,  
sliding so fast, scamper to another room.  
All the while,  
they ride on the backs of dogs and cats.  
Dare I say, they play with mice when you’re away.

Cornered,  
Quickly... they...collapse,  
your guard comes down  
and...

approached,  
and...  
touch to grab,  
and...  
they jump-flit-away! They're gone.  
Playing peek-a-boo,  
and  
*Do It All Over Again.*

“You have a cure?

It's no use they'll get away!  
It always happens. There's no.....!!!

Varoooom, varooom, all gone, all gone.  
I got me, ha-ha-ha , an electric broom.

The End