

## CLASS 405 - POETRY AGES 5-6

### FIVE EYES

In Hans' old mill his three black cats  
Watch his bins for the thieving rats.  
Whisker and claw, they crouch in the night,  
Their five eyes smouldering green and bright:  
Squeaks from the flour sacks, squeaks from where  
The cold wind stirs on the empty stair,  
Squeaking and scampering, everywhere.  
Then down they pounce, now in, now out,  
At whisking tail, and sniffing snout;  
While lean old Hans he snores away  
Till peep of light at break of day;  
Then up he climbs to his creaking mill,  
Out come his cats all grey with meal –  
Jekkel, and Jessup, and one-eyed Jill.

WALTER DE LA MARE