

Mink Coat
by Paisley Dutcher

A mink wanders home on a chilly winter's night.
She slinks through the grass 'till she sees a queer sight.
A house all lit up with a warm orange glow.
The mink cocks her head as her feet start to slow.
Then she stops all together for she's beginning to hear
an argument coming from somewhere quite near.

She turns and she twists in search of the sound.
Surely, it has to be somewhere around.
Some field mouse or mocking bird must be in quite a tizzy,
but the spinning and searching make the poor old mink dizzy.
She stops and stands until she's steady once more.
This curiosity streak will kill her for sure.

She sits back on her haunches 'till from the house bursts a clamour
much too loud for a mouse or a mocking bird's yammer.
"Everyone has one; they're not that expensive!"
"My dear, understand why we're both apprehensive."
The mink stares at the house with eyes open wide.
With voices like that, who knows what's inside?

A curious mink should be careful but still,
she scampers to the window and hops on the sill.
She looks past the window and what does she see?
But a squabbling human family of three.

A mother and father stand facing their daughter.
She stamps and she glowers as her temper grows hotter.
The father is speaking in a calm, soothing voice,
"Do you know what is sacrificed for this frivolous choice?"
The daughter replies with words cut from steel,
"It's just a mink coat, Dad! It's not a big deal."
That gives the mink pause, how strange people seem.
How could a simple mink coat possibly mean
so much to a girl to make her cause so much trouble?
"I know what I'll do," says the mink to herself. "I'll get her this coat and I'll start on the double."
Feeling quite pleased with her selfless decision,
the mink leaps from the window with cat-like precision.

Days turned to weeks before the mink's faithful return.
The daughter's still fighting, but the adults have turned stern.
"No, you can't have one," the parents say before she can ask.
"It's an immoral, expensive, and unethical task."

It was after such a bout
that the daughter stormed out.

She stamped and she huffed and she pulled at her hair.
Then she noticed a bundle, sitting prim on the stair.
Her feet grew still and she stared at the thing.
It was small and green and tied with twine string.
She furrowed her brow and she looked left and right.
Then she looked back at the parcel, so small and so slight.
“Who would leave such a thing?” mused the girl as she stepped
closer and closer to the package she crept.
She lifted it up and held it still in her hand.
The mink, hidden low in a shrub, could no longer stand
this excitement any longer, her whiskers were twitching.
As the girl pulled the wrapping, her breath started hitching.

Oh, she hoped the girl liked it, she worked so very hard!
The girl opened the parcel to find a small card.
It was made of thin wood and had roughly cut edges.
It bore a small paw print, made of blackberry juice from the blackberry hedges
The mink’s shiny fur was glowing with pride.
Her grin was nearly impossible to hide.
The girl looked about then moved the mink’s note.
Past the wrapping and twine was a tiny knit coat.
The mink scampered proudly away to her home and her bed
happy to be rid of her needles and thread.