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The Narrative About the Flea

Fleas
Teeth dig into flesh
Skin quakes
I bite back with no avail
They hump and bump in the carpet
Grow fat and slink along
Black freckles on my cat
And Me.

- Little popcorn specks jump,
- I let out thunder from my throat,
- My hands slap air
- I bomb to kill
- Smoke swarms
- Four times.
- They chew anyway ...
- ...CROSS PEST CONTROL came and made my day!

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