

**Stephen Robertson**

**One of our cushions**

*(for Jenny, and with apologies to B)*

One of our cushions is missing—  
I'm sure that there's one I can't find.  
How could it suddenly vanish?  
It hasn't just fallen behind.

Two of our cushions are missing  
from the sofa just outside the door.  
It really is very annoying—  
I hope we don't lose any more.

Three of our cushions are missing.  
I don't know quite what to say.  
It seems that there must be some rotter  
who's sneaking our cushions away

Four of our cushions are missing.  
It's getting beyond a bad joke.  
Destroying our comfort's as rotten  
as stealing a library book.

Five of our cushions are missing.  
How can we counter-attack?  
Perhaps if we asked him politely  
he'd remorsefully put them all back.

Six of our cushions are missing.  
The culprit must now be unmasked.  
It's becoming quite clear that the hour  
for soft pussy-footing is past.

It can't be a student or fellow—  
the thief's much too cunning for that.  
There's only one possible answer:  
this cat-burglar's Buster the cat.