

# Wckr Spgt, Intuition And Stupidity

Before she was here, there was always fear  
Sometimes I'd wake in the night  
I might shake in hate or fright.  
It's different now, it's changed somehow  
Though I can't see,  
I know next to me  
it's warm and soft.  
The form I boffed  
It stirs and purrs  
The whiskers make a fat face  
(A bad relation  
for a transmigration).