

Mickey Mouse is 90

like my mother  
Only smaller

Born Mortimer Mouse on November 18<sup>th</sup> 1928  
he grew to be a precocious  
troublesome youth

truant  
vandal  
reefer smoking petty thief  
gang leader

Served time and time again  
in a string of juvenile jails and adult penitentiaries

But all that was to change when he chanced to meet  
in a Downtown Skid Row speakeasy  
one Walter Elias Disney  
half-cut  
slumped on his stool  
doodling his contractually obliged goodbyes to Oswald  
the Lucky Rabbit  
on a beer-stained paper napkin

And over a bottle of bootleg bourbon  
they got to talking  
About baseball and dames  
love and money  
art and war

They smoked a pack of Chesterfields  
ordered beer for their boilermakers  
and laughed till they cried when a fat man slipped on some spilled pie  
and couldn't get up again

When the sawdust was swept they rolled out into the night  
and with a synchronised  
whistling walk  
headed to another watering hole a few alleys down  
where they would continue  
in an animated braggadocio  
their scheme  
to take over the world