

MAGIC MONTHS

In April I will play
With roaring lions every day.
They hide in swaying grass
To nip my toes each time I pass.
But they don't frighten me--
I'm full of vegetables, you see.
So I don't taste like meat--
For meat is what they like to eat.

All August I will crawl
With lizards on the garden wall.
They hide between the stones
And pick their teeth with beetle bones.
They slip around like spies
And blink at sun and roll their eyes.
Today one licked my hand--
His tongue got stuck; I must taste grand.

Then when my lady bug flies south
And dances in October's mouth.
Her brother bugs say, "Oh!
Let's wash our feet before we go;
Let's be red acrobats
On lions' tails and lady cats."
But I don't think they will--
They'd rather polka dot the hill.

--Glenna Holloway