



Butter Flies

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BUTTER FLIES

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A butter one day decided to be a bird.
He went down from the cupboard,
Flew out from the window
But at the last minute,
Forgot to spread his wings.
He landed on the road
And slowly melted like cheese.

Garbage Can

The garbage can
Eat a lot
Especially things with dots.
It can swallow every bit and still stay fit.
The garbage can
Hear the trash talking
And feel the worms dancing.
The garbage can
Roll over,
Jump around,
And dance the groove
Only garbage can.

Bed Rest

My bed has the flu.
He feels hot,
He feels sore,
And he can barely move.
His stomach feels queasy
So the doctor told him to take it easy.
When the doctor left,
My bed told me:
“I’d be stronger
if I were a double bed.”

My Baby Sister Ate a Book for Breakfast Today

My baby sister ate a book for breakfast today.
It was a long one and if she will have her way,
She’d prefer to prolong it for a day.

She peeled off its cover
Of a bear and a beaver,
And licked the first page.
Perhaps wondering if it would taste better
With pancake mix and sausage.

She savored every letter
And relished every word.
She liked the big words best,
And even managed to jest;
“This is yummy with lemon zest.”

With every chew and every gobble,
The capital letters,
although tall and proud,
Began to wobble.

It wasn't their greatest day
When after feasted on,
Their half-chewed curves and lines,
Were slowly fading away.
Some tried to hide between the sentences.
But the sentences even with all their might,
Without a backward glance,
Seized their chance and took flight.

And so, after swallowing the very last page,
My sister took a bow like an actor on a stage.
She looked at me and cried.
"I feel like having last year's calendar for dinner,
Coated in breadcrumbs and deep fried."