

Poem

by Corey Ragle
9 yrs.
Little Elm, Texas.

From the corner of my eye,
What do I see?
Something that startled me!

Shiny sharp teeth,
approaching it's prey,
I don't think he's here to play.

Strong jaw ready to munch,
looks like he missed his lunch.

Listen to that snip and snap.
With all that eating,
I think he's going to need a nap.

"Stop playing with your scissors!" the teacher said,
...so my imaginary crocodile went to bed.

