

Ants

by Bill Morton

Inspired by "Fueled" by Marcie Harris *

Driving by in a car,
I noticed something;
A man was putting
Ant killer in his yard.
So ordinary.
As it began to rain that night,
I looked out my window
At my lawn.
I felt not a single drop
As the ants' world was ending.
And in the city of New Orleans
A storm was falling
And as the rain fell upon them,
Lives were lost and ruined,
And I, watching TV at my house,
Felt not a single drop.

Poet

by Joey Dranetz

A poem was written
Of the nicest kind
Early yesterday.

Not by typewriter,
Or even a fancy pen,
Just pencil.

Simple thoughts of love and spring
Formed into a few words
Then put to paper

Making readers think about why
What was said was said,
And what it all may mean.

Perhaps it will be copied
All around the world
For millions to see.

What happens to the poet then?
Time to pull out the pencil,
And write again!

Dust

by Ajay Shroff

Under the couch by the living room door
Lived a tiny little bunny.
Even though he never really did any harm,
Nobody ever really liked him.

Everybody would try to bring him out
From his tiny little home.
Everybody would try to vacuum him up 'cuz
Nobody ever really liked him.

He always tried to keep to himself;
He always stayed out of the way.
He didn't cause any trouble, but still
Nobody ever really liked him