

By Stephen Kindland
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I Beg Your Pardon, But This Is My Garden!

“I beg your pardon, but this is my garden,” the spider said to the flea.
“Well I don’t see how that could be,” said the flea, quite indignantly.
“I’ve been here for nearly a year
raising a family I love very dear!”

So the great black spider sidled up to the flea
looking as scary as scary can be
and as he drew closer, dangerously near
he glared at the flea and he hissed in his ear.
“Well I’ve been here for more than a year,
spinning my webs and causing great fear!”

“But you and your webs don’t bother me,” said Mrs. Honeybee,
buzzing in for a landing near the teeny wee flea.
“This is my garden, where I’ve spent many hours
gathering nectar from all of these flowers.”

“Ha!” cried the grasshopper, listening nearby.
“This is my garden and I’ll tell you why.
“I’ve been eating these veggies and munching away
since I was knee-high to a fly and it’s here I will stay!”

“No way!” cried the beetle, sounding forlorn.
“I’ve been eating this corn since the day I was born!”

“I don’t really know about that,” said Mrs. Gnat, joining the chat.
“I’ve been eating so much I’ve become rather fat.”

“Me, too!” squeaked an aphid, perched on a leaf.
“Now all of you leave. You’re causing me grief!”