

THOSE ORNERY ANTS!

Did you ever consider those biting red ants
That creep on the trails towards the legs of your pants?
They always LOOK DOWN, just doin' their thing,
While digging in dirt, fall, summer and spring.
Sometimes when I walk down the paths by the river,
Focused on overhead songbirds, I shiver
To think that these insects are climbing my shoes
To bite at my ankles or feet, as they choose.
But then, as I sidestep, I cannot help thinking
Of all of the sights that these creatures are missing.
Their work on the Ramble or next to Palm Lake,
Disturbed by occasional volunteer's rake,
Obscures or'head gifts of Nature's bequests:
Lizards and willows, and hummingbird nests,
Red-tails and flycatchers, warblers and coots,
Red-wings and vireos, mesquites and shoots.
Towering cottonwoods, vultures that soar,
Orioles, Costas, and so, so much more!
Oh, think of what wonders could fill up their cup,
If only those ornery ants would LOOK UP!

George Shoop

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