

NATURES GLORY

COCOON

A gentle wind sighs

Butterflies burst in the air

Silken bonds forgot

BRANCHES

Quiver

Tremble and shake

The storm bends the bough far

It creaks and groans and cracks like bones

Then breaks

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

There once was a bush in the ground

Its fruits were so black and so round

A boy took the bait

Twas nightshade he ate

And now he makes never a sound