



Upon our lawn two crows had lunch,
they gabbed and cawed, made sounds and such;
while from a tree a squirrel watched on
between those two: some bread untouched.

A plan formed 'neath his cunning brow
to steal that crumb, but when and how?
*These crows are two, thought he, and wise,
but I am quick ; full of surprise!*

So racing down the tree leaps he,
bouncing 'cross the lawn;
speeding past the two of them,
that bitty crumb was *gone!*

You thought the story ended here?
The squirrel got away?
'tis true the crows both left the scene;
indeed they flew away,
but only as a strategy to fight another day!

Ol' squirrel saw those two again,
he wagged his wise old head,
for right now there beside those fools...
ANOTHER piece of bread!

What happened next, I swear it's true,
those crows flew after squirrel!
one took his neck, one took his tail,
then *lifted* Heavenward.
you should have seen that squirrel fight!
Him, airborne like a bird!