

The big black dog is loose again.
He's running around the neighbor's house
trying to catch his tail.

He scares the squirrel who
hurries to the top
of the maple tree.

He is trying to get to Heaven.

The yellow kite has him beat.
It is higher--and
closer than he'll ever be

For a short time.
But the breeze will die.
And the kite will fall.

So will the squirrel.

He'll chase his tail
around the neighbor's house.
And lap the slow, black dog.

Christina Smith