

The Nature

By: Adelaide Lynn Baumgardner

As I see you fly by,
Your orange wings so bright,
They shimmer in the light.
With beautiful bold black spots,
Like the pupils in our eyes.

Why oh why,
Do you fly so high?

You sit on a flower,
As you collect pollen,
So peaceful you seem,
Not a worry in the world.
Oh how beautiful you are.

Why oh why,
Do you fly so high?

Little flower,
Little flower,

How beautifully your PETALS

Wave in the WIND.

Oh, tell me,

Oh, tell me, why are your colors so BRIGHTLY shining?

Oh, how the bees come and land on you, to collect what you have MADE, and what you continue to produce EVERYDAY.

Your LEAVES wiggle in the humid breeze

Of the

EARTH.

Little flower,

Little flower.

As the grass sways,

I listen to the soft sound of the breeze.

The calm rustle of the leaves soothes me to sleep.

As the sunlight shines on you,

Your colors so green. A ladybug sits on you,

Not a sound it seems to hear.

The grass,

The grass,

The sweet, beautiful grass.









