

My Wish

By Suzy Hopkins

I think I'd like to be a fly
Fluttering high and dry
Gazing on a big fat guy
Who's eating my favorite – pie.
He can't outsmart my eye
He stretches high
He will try and try
Reaching to the sky
His swats, I defy
He sighs and wishes I would die
It makes him cry
Would I lie?
Bye Bye