



The Wind

The mischievous dust devils velvety fur,
Rubs against your skin, making you jump.

The determined wind will give you a chill
While it scurries to chase behind you.

It slows to a creep,
Where it will meet your yummy tasting shoes.

With anxious squeaks
And a pant and a pause

It thrusts to stay with you,
When all looks bad, it will pounce,
Onto your feet,
Giving you a heedless scare.

By Billy