

Laura Stephens

Kung-Fu Squirrels

As I woke up the other day, I realized I was late.  
My watch was reading nine, but the alarm said half-past eight.  
I threw my clothes on, scarf and sock, as fast as I could race,  
Then slammed the door, flew down the stairs, and sprinted out the place.

But as I came alive to the November-scented air,  
I heard a scuffle in the brush, and paused to stop and stare –  
For in the branches of a tree, I saw two Kung-Fu squirrels  
Who squawked in rage with claws engaged while leaping into twirls!

I soon forgot about my class as I stood fast to see  
One made a spin, and with its tail threw Rocky from the tree!  
The falling squirrel then made a flip and landed on all fours,  
Then climbed the tree with squabbled claws to settle up the scores.

The match went on up in that tree, and lasted quite a round,  
But ended quite abruptly when the squirrels both sundered down.  
I could not tell the victor: both conceded their defeat  
As I ran off to class to fill my empty classroom seat.

I told my friends what happened when I called them all that day.  
They said there were no martial arts – the squirrels were just at play.  
They said I needed better sleep. Though I admit I do,  
I really *did* see Kung-Fu squirrels! You would have seen it, too!