The Desert Party

In the middle of the desert

Where Mountains tower high

There is a great big bowl that stretches miles wide

This bowl has many wonders

As the sun begins to set

A mother Cactus Wren returns safely to her nest

She brings her chirping young a cricket one for all

Then she must try to sleep

But as she starts to settle in

The nighttime party begins

A Mountain Lion creeps out of its den

But it's the opposite of the Wren

For its not getting ready for bed

It has not eaten in several days

As he heads into the valley it prepares then

it hears

A lone javalina snacking on some Saguaro fruit

It waits silence, stillness

It pounces with the speed of lightning

scrambling feet

alas his job is done

But far away from that commotion

There's Mr. Packrat John

He's busy coilecting loads of treasure to decorate his house

As he runs around the desert he's as quiet as a mouse

A nut, a dime, a marble, a sharpened piece of glass

There is so much treasure hidden in the grass

The desert may seem empty
But open up your eyes
If you look a little closer
You'll get a big surprise

Orion Hallmark Grade 5

