

Woodchuck

Sliding under my garden fence,
so fluffy brown, so round.
How can she flatten herself to an inch
down so close to the ground?

What she consumed I could not squeeze
through such a tiny hole.
The largest thing, should fit between,
would be the smallest mole.

Standing on her two hind feet,
she boldly stares me down.
Her bright eyes seem to speak to me,
brow wrinkled in a frown.

*Let me be, so I may feed
my babies under your shed.
So they can grow to help me feast
upon your garden bed.*

If I could only train her to
eat bugs and pests for her health.
Then I might have a few things left
to feast upon myself.

~ Judy Loose