

A Bug! A Bug!

A bug! A bug!
Get it off me, I beg.
Get it off, get it off!
It's right there on my leg!
When I caught
a quick glimpse
It looked wrinkled
and thick,
Like some crinkly beetle
Or a weird kind of tick.
Now I can't stand to look
As it crawls and it creeps;
As its tiny mouth grins
And its buggy eyes peep.
It's squatting there quiet;
That means something's
not right.
Oh gosh! What's it doing?
Do you think it will bite?

I'm sure it will sting me
Or fly up in the air,
And with a loud buzz
Build a nest in my hair.
It's... what? Not a bug?
Is that what you said?
Do you think that I'm crazy
And it's all in my head?
If it isn't a bug
Perched there brash
and so brazen
Then what is it, pray tell?
Oh!... you're right...
it's a raisin.

