

HUNGRY DOG

By: Dylan Evans

My dog ate my homework
With a cute little nibble`
He started up slow
Just like it was kibble.

I thought he was full
But I was wrong
He ate and he ate
All day long!



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SPRING

What are those sounds I hear?

Those are birds singing beautiful melodies, dear.

What are those flowers I see?

*Those are blossoms that are a vibrant pink
and fill up the beautiful trees, honey.*

On Wasps and Figs

Sometimes I think about figs,
And the wasps who creep, softly, into the center of their syconia,
Delivering their small burdens of pollen
In exchange for someplace
To lay their eggs.

I think of the safety they find there,
At the heart of a fig,
The soft center of the fruit burgeoning around them,
Embracing them,
Inhuming their small bodies
In this sweetest of graves.

What is it like to be a wasp,
Weary and wingless,
Seeking sanctuary in the heart of a fig?

What is it like to be the fig tree,
Welcoming this friendly alien,
Receiving her eggs
For safekeeping,
Sheltering her last moments,
And transmuting her gift of pollen
Into fruit?

What is it like to be reborn
In the heart of a fig?
What is it like to live, one heart inside another,

To be seeker and refuge,
Each ensuring the other's children
Will live on?

Perhaps I want to be the wasp
To be so cherished,
Cradled in the darkness,
Safe and surrounded;
Perhaps the fig,
Protector and comforter,
To hold the one I love inside myself
To keep them cradled in my heart.