

The Porcupine

The porcupine's a lovely beast
a black and bristled ball of good.
He rarely serves for food or feast.
Of all the creatures of the wood,
he knows the most but thinks the least.

I met him sitting in a tree.
I looked at him. He looked at me.
I said to him, "How do you do?"
With bright, black eyes he looked me through.
It then occurred to him to flee
by climbing slowly up the tree.

But long before he reached the top
he once again was moved to stop
and look upon me far below
to see if I would stay or go.

I laughed to see those beady eyes,
so very small, so awfully wise,
without the slightest thought at all
that I could climb or he could fall.

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