

BLACK SNAKE

We do have snakes in the area. Not many, and most are benign like the Black Snake. They are interesting creatures. One day I spied a green Grass Snake, a variety I had not seen before, crawling across our black top driveway. He had evidently gotten on it by mistake, and it did not feel good to him. He, or maybe she, progressed slowly, and it seemed to me, uncomfortably, until it got to the edge. As soon as it was in the grass it rapidly slithered away and was instantly lost to sight. The black snake and I had a brief encounter, and came to an understanding as you will see.

Little black snake at the edge of the lake,
I know you're afraid of me,
But please don't run, I think you are fun,
An slender as slender can be,

I just want to know where it is that you go,
And what do you do all day,
Do you ever climb trees with your esses and zees,
As you wiggle along on your way,

Or go down a hole to look for a mole,
Or perhaps a succulent mouse,
Or do you explore by my sliding door,
(Now don't you come into the house),

Little black snake, I think you're a fake,
Not vicious, nor wish any harm,
But some you upset, away they will get,
And view your intent with alarm,

It's hard to relate, I guess it is fate,
We're too different and unlike, you see,
But if you could know, I think you would grow,
More accustomed to persons like me,

We'll be friends at a distance, if that's your insistence,
I'll not try to run your life,
You don't need to tarry, I know you are wary,
Your world with dangers is rife,

So zip on your way, I'll remember the day,
We met at the edge of the lake,
And we looked eye to eye, as we each passed by,
And thought, "What a curious snake."

by John D. Boenke, Copyright August 1994, All rights reserved