

THE BLUE TAILED SKINK

This is probably one of my best liked poems. It is about one of my most favorite little critters in the whole world. Skinks are found here in Virginia, and I remember seeing them in Kentucky when we lived there. I see them often, and in fact while we were moving in, one of them kept getting into the house. I would catch it and escort it out, but shortly find it back inside again. I finally gave up and figured, if he knows his way in, he knows his way out also. Since we have inhabited the house, he has discontinued his forays and left us in peace. He confines his hunting to the outside of the house and the garden. The skink is a lizard or newt type creature, and it really has a blue tail and black and yellow stripes

Oh, the blue tailed skink,
Is not what you think,
If you think he's a terrible bore,

He's a sprightly young fellow,
With stripes black and yellow,
Who loves climbing over your door,

Yes, the blue tailed skink,
Is as quick as a wink,
When the issue is catching some food,

With his marvelous choppers,
He's good at grasshoppers,
Or even a cricket or toad,

He will climb anywhere,
Without any stair,
To nose out a possible meal,

He climbs straight up a wall,
His blue tail and all,
Not letting it be a big deal,

Though he's beautifully dressed,
He's not terribly obsessed,
With appearance, in making his rounds,

He tends to his business,
I attest as his witness,
He observes some modesty bounds,

He is shy, he is cautious,
And he works with no office,
A traveling entrepreneur he,

By dint of persistence,
He pursues his existence,
While trying to be all he can be,

So let's have a drink,
For the blue tailed skink,
And wish him well on his way,

Let him live and be happy,
Be another skink's pappy,
What more can a well-wisher say?

by John D.Boenke
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