

## ***A Man of Sticks and Straw***

*In the middle of our garden  
Stands a man of sticks and straw.  
Dressed in Grandpa's ol' sun hat,  
Plaid shirt and overalls*

*He is there to scare the birds!  
Make them fly in fear! and scatter!  
Alas, all he really does  
Is invite a lot of chatter!*

*The crows are very brave,  
They walk right up to him!  
Sit upon his crumpled hat,  
Then jump from limb to limb!*

*The deer at first encounter- leap!  
But now they do not flee.  
Visit him most every evening;  
Nibbling everything for free!*

*Rabbits too, are supposed to run  
Not sample vegetables the whole day..  
Our scarecrow is but rags and straw;  
With a smile that never fades away!*

*He is made only of straw,  
Limbs of wood,  
An acorn heart.  
A happy mood!*

*So, there he stands in our garden.  
He is such a funny sight!  
Charming all the wild critters-  
A friendly sentinel both day and night.*

*Written by,  
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