

## **WOE BE! TO THE LOWLY WORM**

*Woe be! to the worm  
Whom the little boy holds firm  
As he crawls on bare knees,  
Exploring, amidst mud and wet leaves*

*Lit'l Worm stares at his captor  
Whilst the lit'l worm's heart beats fast 'n faster!  
Gathering all available strength  
That a worm could possibly muster!*

*No probable means of escape  
Back into his shady, damp landscape...*

*Boy, closely examines his helpless prisoner;  
Gripped betwixt lit'l thumb and forefinger  
Trying to distinguish one end from the other!  
As Worm appeals silently to his father! or mother!*

*He cringes and wiggles in mime-like, worm-ways.  
As he fervently prays  
That this young captor's mission  
Is not to take Lit'l Worm, a'fishin'!!*

*Worm hopes Boy will soon tire  
Of such squeezing, poking, prodding!  
Lest his fate may prove dire  
From this endless stretching and mauling!*

*Says he, "Woe be to this poor, helpless worm!  
Must life end so dreadfully? so soon?  
Yesterday, life was so sweet and carefree!  
Today! I face inevitable doom!"*

*Once he remembered, "A big Blue Jay  
Had a real grip on me - for sure!  
Yet! that close encounter  
Is now but a blur!"*

*Lamenting, "Good-bye! rich, damp soil!  
So lovely with-in, to toil 'n squirm!  
Good-bye! cruel world!  
Alas! I am only a lowly worm..."*

*He fainted! He awakened! now, quite dry in the sun.  
"Whew!" he breathed, "that experience, seemingly done...!"  
Slowly, he crept towards the welcoming shade;  
Hoping to avoid another tortuous raid*

*Worm, most grateful for such a timely release  
Thanks boy so kindly that he is now home and safe  
Hopes never again to see that cute, little boy's face  
Anywhere near, Worm's dark, leafy, wet space...*

*Written by,  
Patricia Lee Keenan*