



I am a Strawberry

*I am sweet and juicy
I wonder why I have to wait 'til spring to bloom and grow
I hear the birds: they're back! And flitting, flying by the sun
I see the patch is getting picked: the caring hand approaches
I want to end up in a pie and eaten with a fork
I am sweet and juicy
I pretend I'm deep, dark red
I feel heavy on the vine
I worry I'll be picked too soon
I cry when fruit's too tart
I am sweet and juicy
I understand I'm good for you
I say I'm nature's candy
I dream of rhubarb, crust, and cream
I try to bring the taste of spring
I hope I'm picked real ripe and red, then
I am sweet and juicy*



By Aaron Ojalvo