

Curiosity

As quiet as a little mouse
I wake up to a warming house
Grab up my coat from off the rack
And sling it quickly on my back

And just like that, I'm out the door
Because I'm craving something more
Than the comfort of a man-made place;
I'm seeking to know nature's pace.

Off to my left, I see something scurry
It's not too big, all gray and furry
Zip, jump and up a tree
It won't come too close to me



Though it has seen me leave some nuts
On the backyard woodpile's many cuts
While the snow has fully covered the lawn
It's run to grab them when I've moved on.

Which of us is more curious, I ask
As I continue to my task,
A morning walk before the day
of teaching kids 'bout nature's way.

