



The Red Fox - By D. A.

A large red shadow,
Sneaks in the gloomy night,
A thief, an outlaw that doesn't like the light.

When the sun come up,
He goes to sleep,
But in the night, he starts to creep.

He jumps into the nearest farm,
The farmer knows,
That he's about to cause harm.

He is a blur,
As he creeps past,
Then he makes it to the chicken coop, at last.

He devours a chicken,
And blood drips down his chin,
Then he goes to the city,
To search for food in a bin.

He lives in many countries,
He lives everywhere,
No matter what the climate is,
He is always there.