



Bugs Bug Me

by Donna Marie

I can see you, little bug,
Crawling 'cross my bedroom rug,
Going on your merry way,
Looking for a place to stay.

Perhaps you think you'll find some food.
I'll never know what is your mood.
You've got your little life to live.
I'm sure you have a relative.

You may even have friends that fly,
And I don't mind when they fly by,
But when they chase me 'round and 'round,
I run away or SWAT THEM DOWN!

Although in books I have learned,
We need you bugs for the world to turn,
You shouldn't trespass in my house.
I want you to leave, but you WON'T GET OUT!

I can't help it if you give me the creeps,
And I'm very tired, I need my sleep.
Perhaps others would leave you alone instead,
But I pay the rent here, so SQUASH! "YOU'RE DEAD!"