

## Anteater's Chant

by Heidi Bee Roemer

Don't give me a burger  
or a pile of fries.  
I'd rather have ants  
any color or size.

Ants by the barrel!  
Ants by the ton!  
Ants in a row  
that march one by one.

With a flick of my tongue,  
I lick them up whole.  
Ants tickle a little  
as --whoops--down they go.



Ants by the bushel!  
Ants by the bunch!  
Any chance you would care  
to join me for lunch?

### CREDITS:

Poem by Heidi Bee Roemer

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From *Highlights High Five* July 2017 issue.

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