

Ode to My Nose

by Heidi Bee Roemer

No one has a nose like mine,
so long, so wrinkly, yet so fine.
My **trunk** can **trumpet** loud and long.
It has no **bones**, but it is strong!

It's also gentle. It can pat
my baby softly on his back.
My trunk's amazingly **prehensile**
and I consider it essential.

Like a straw, my nose can sip.
I use my trunk like finger tips
to reach for leaves or pick up hay.
And like a hose, my nose can spray!

No one's nose is so advanced--
except... another **elephant's**.



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