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:

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From *Highlights High Five* July 2017 issue.
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