

Poetry Third Place
“Fox” by Lillian Berry
St. Francis Xavier School, 5th Grade

Some people think Fox is terrible,
Others think he’s barely bearable,
Yet a Fox hears these folk tales,
And look down at his white-tipped nails.
You could think this may hurt him,
But his heart is never grim.

Fox walks his lonely path,
He wouldn’t even take a bath.
His ears are soft and black-tipped,
His bright orange fur he groomed and licked,

He leaps over mossy oak logs,
As springy as any leopard frog.
Paws strike the ground,
Without making a sound.
He wishes this could last,
But he soon returns to his narrow shaft.

There is where he slumbers,
He snores like he’s cutting lumber.
And shall I tell you how he sleeps?
In a large, curled up, fuzzy heap.
Sleeping Fox you may want to hug,
But all he wants to do is sleep nice and snug.

And this is how his long days go,
By now you should really know.
I’ve told everything to be told,
Lest you want a long story to unfold.
Yet that story is quite boring,
Oh, Fox is again snoring.