

To An Ant In Passing

By Dianne Gotay



I promise that I'll just sit here and wiggle my toes
I won't nudge you,
I won't step on you,
I'll just wiggle my toes;
And watch you make your way
Among the blades of grass.
How purposefully you pass,
Among the blades of grass.
You've every right to wander free,
Regardless of the likes of me.

