

I can't kill an ant because it won't kill me,

I'd rather see a bit better than become a bird or bee;

If I kill an ant will I have committed a crime?

Will the words in this line still want to rhyme?

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Do ants look like letters there printed on my page?

As all are kind of insects that infect incest with age;

Like spiders catch flies that are caught in a web,

They never will be married or never will be wed.

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Their little black creatures that ascend and descend,

But if they come into my house I won't be there friend;

They care what they carry to their hill down their hole,

So I'm best to watch out if they are under my sole.

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Life is an orgasm that creates organisms called ants,

That walk past papers and ask people in pants;

They claim to be good but can steal or can rape,

Maybe a women or a man hiding under a cape.

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Can you see any now or do you have to go outside,

Where the sky is bright blue and need air to reside?

If you go out at night where in the stars shining light,

They blend in with the dark and not know what's right.

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Ants have their own mind to come and to go,

And stay in line with the rhythm and flow;

I'll try not to step on them but what can I do,

For they are such little critters, just one might be you.

.

**Signed,**

**I'll find one to.**