

Dance with Me

by Jack Healey

“Dance with me,”
said the Butterfly to the Bee.
“We have all day to roam and hunt.
Best friends, I’m sure, we’ll be.”

“The valley’s filled with sweet perfume
and nectar, there, abounds.
The blooms are bright. The breeze is still
and there’s no one to disturb us.”

“We’ll start out at the gurgling brook.
We’ll race beyond the willows.
We’ll trace the coursing stream along
to the meadow filled with heather.”

The Sun is warm as we sail along
and taste of every flower.
“I’m glad we met and can share these
treats
that God has placed before us.”

“Alas, day’s end, we’ve done our work
and homeward we must journey.
Let’s make a pact to meet again
and dance the fields together.”



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