

I Am Ant

In the day I crawl searching for left
over picnics,
But at night I sleep in my muddy ant
hill,
When I sleep I dream.



I dream I am the black cloud gliding into a house on a hot July and
August day,
My annoying sound waking everybody up.

I dream I am the cutter of the tropical rainforest,
Using my powerful pincers to deliver leaves to my ant colony queen to
feast.

I dream I am the fire of the jungle hanging off my prey,
Burning them with my fiery bite.

I dream I am the carver of the woods
My home is in a hole in a tree made with my saw-like pincers

I dream I am a bullet in a gun,
Shooting them with my sting.

I dream I am the yellow acid sprayer
My acid is as deadly as the sun.
I blind my prey so they cannot see before eating them.

I dream I am the driver of a car, five times bigger than my allies
And with long pincers so I can easily grab my prey's skin.

I dream I am an army soldier,
I am a super aggressive cannibal.

I tell you my dreams so you can dream with me.