

Chablo

In the middle of May
In a field far away
There was a teeny, tiny egg

It wiggled and wobbled
It teetered and tottled
Until “pop!” came out a small head

“Hi, my name is Chablo!”
The little snake hollered
Ready to meet some friends at last

But all other creatures
Wearing their sneakers
Were running around far too fast

“Oh, I wish I had legs”
Little Chablo had said
As a fairy flew by above

So using her magic
(Though a bit out of practice)
She gave him the wings of a dove

“Hey, this here is not right!”
Little Chablo had cried
Weeping big, salty tears, “boohoo!”

But as he looked up high
Seeing birds in the sky
He said, “I’ll just have to make do”!

