

Sticky Sap
by J. Nieminen

I went down the hill.
I saw mom's dill.
To the forest.
My hand was the sorest.

The forest was cool,
But out you could use a pool.
The sun did shine.
The pine is like a tall line.

I snapped off a twig,
But the tree was big.
The pine tree
Can sometimes be prickly.

The sap is like a trap.
A dead fly in the sticky sap.
Swoop fly! I swiped it off my stick.
It would be gross to lick.

I scraped pitch.
It fell in the ditch.
I grabbed more,
But I was still poor.

The outside was hardened and white.
Inside it was like a light.
Inside was golden.
It was there for the olden.

I showed it to Mom,
And Mom made balm.
I had to really rub.
It got onto my nose, and I had to scrub.