

Bars

"Last Of The Big Game Hunters"

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I have heard dandelions
Roaring out in my backyard.
A direct approach is dangerous
Until you're sure they've dropped their guard.
You'd be better off to wait
Until the brutes go for the bait
And when they can't anticipate
Is when you pounce and break their necks.
Sure, some call me insane...
But danger is my middle name.
I have spied tiger-spiders
On the prowl along my fence.
But the speed at which they travel
Makes a chase much too intense.
So you set your traps with care,
Scattering them here and there,
Hoping for a leg to snare
(And with eight, the odds are in your favour.)
Watch out they can maim
Even with a leg left lame.
Sure, some call me insane...
But danger is my middle name.
There is one great adversary
That consumes my thoughts foremost.
You see, a dragonfly breathes fire,
So it's not safe to get too close.
But it's hard to be aware
Of them appearing from nowhere
As they swoop down through the air.
I might just need a rocket-launcher.
Not even scalding flame
Could make me shake my aim.
Sure, some call me insane...
But danger is my middle name.

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