

My Fluffy Friends

By

My Fluffy Friends, like to sing and chirp all day,
They run around, thinking anything is prey.
They sit under the trees, the ones ^full o^f bees,
With their little blue cheeks, and ^feathers in the breeze.

My fluffy ^friends, like to scratch around, as well as always wanting
a cuddle,
And oh boy, the things they would do ^for a snuggle.
Their fluffy ^feathers, coated in black and white,
Seem to become ruffled within the night.

I sneak into their pen, care^fully and quietly,
Grab them by the legs, very sneaky and silently.
I go inside and introduce them to the pot.
They seem to like it in there, all steamy and hot.