

Becoming a Butterfly
by Marcie Flinchum Atkins

D
a
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g
l
e

green robe
trimmed with gold
jewels. The chrysalis cocoons
the monarch-in-waiting
under the deck railing—
swoops of orange and
black paint their colors.
Is it painful
to become
something
new?

www.marciatkins.com

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Waiting for a Bite
by Marcie Flinchum Atkins

Not a single tug.
Not a single bite.
Does this lake have any fish?
We might be here all night.

Not a single wiggle.
Not a single word.
I've been very patient.
The water hasn't stirred.

But now I see a ripple.
A bob! A splash! A fin!
I feel a pull—it rocks the boat.
I reel my first fish in.

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How to Play Tetherball in the Hot Sun
by Marcie Flinchum Atkins

Thwack the ball
on a string
whack again—
watch it swing

‘round the pole
smack it hard
wrap-a-snap
be on guard

wind-unwind
sweats-a-flying
slam it back
just keep trying

bob and duck
punch or slap
until it’s twirled
and that’s a wrap.

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Leaf-Fall
by Marcie Flinchum Atkins

brittle-rattle leaves
dancing in the breeze

skitter-scatter leaves
raining from the trees

crunch-tumble leaves
pile up to my knees

scrunch-crumble leaves
glitter over me

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