

The Sky is Falling

I was fascinated at first
By the pandemonium
As Chicken Little wildly warned,
"The sky is falling!"

But more fascinating
The ragged hole that stood
Where the piece of sky had been,
Edges flapping in the wind.

Fearing a storm might bring heaven down,
With ladder propped against a cloud,
I swiftly sewed my strongest patch
Across the hole.

At times the sky looks ragged still,
But I thought a poor patch
A better remedy than running around
Screaming, "The sky is falling!"