

Life of my Snack

Round, purple, full of taste
hard.

Oval shaped
unbaked goodness with a sweet lick of
candy.

Dirt, Earth, you've been under
Sleeping, growing

Purple with spots of brown
Eyes

Smooth bumpy you've been where I
haven't

Sleeping, growing

You must survive winter, the
storms and

the cold you have faced

Sleeping, growing

you've had your time

more than enough to grow

harvested

written about

scarred.

Rolled like a bowling ball

bounced like a ball

stood like a human being

cold

hard

put in an oven.

Your growth is over.

Time to help

me

grow.