



Bat Ballet

by Joanne V. Schwandes



Shadows on the windowpane
Invite me to watch the bats again.



Slowly I open the window wide
And eagerly, silently, peer outside.



All is quiet. All is dark.
But bats are flying in the park!



First one bat and then one more...
I've never seen them so close before!



Rustling noises in the trees
Bat wings flutter against green leaves.



Now there are three! Now four! Now five!
The bats eat fruit, then swoop and dive.



Now six and seven! Now nine! Now ten!
They eat! They're gone! Then back again.



Skimming, dipping, soaring high,
Translucent wings against black sky.



Crickets chirping on damp ground
Provide a symphony of gentle sound.



Night unfolds and branches sway
In the flittery, fluttery bat ballet.

