

There was once a grove, with rain pouring all the time.

Wherever you looked, there was grime.

The atmosphere was gloomy.

And because of all this, the grove was bloomy.

Rivers were slowly born and lakes were made.

And that slowly did they also fade.

And there was also a tree, with vines hanging from it.

And under that tree, you couldn't feel the rain even a tiny bit.

That tree was perfect for a frog.

Moist, mossy, ground, in short, a frog bog.

And the frog slept and dreamed all day.

It had no work, no responsibilities, no pay.

And the frog rarely went anywhere that wasn't under the leaves of the tree.

It had little to no reason to, you see.

But one time, the frog ventured out.

It went around the tree, and about the tree,

He felt a spring in his step, I have no doubt.

That was until he saw a bee.

And the frog felt absolute glee.

It went in a bee-hunting spree!

The bee flew and dodged, not to get caught.

But the bee did it without much thought.

And so the frog returned to its tree,

Full and sleepy. Yippee?

