

Beetle

Little beetle scurrying though the underbrush;
Look for a place to hide for safety and comfort,
Ever watchful of danger and things of prey;
Searching for food along the daily journey.

A shadow overhead causes it to stop and wait;
It could be a bird or maybe just a falling leaf,
Staying motionless for only a moment or two;
Spying a small branch for temporary shelter.

It is time to proceed with the pursuit of a home;
Careful planning with each step is always taken,
Exploring all the landscape's sights and smells;
Hoping for any hint of the final destination.

A glimmer of expectation is suddenly upon it;
The soft grass and moss feel gentle to tired feet,
The vision of plentiful food and hiding places;
The quest for a permanent haven has been found.