

I Want to Fly (For Alec, Who Loves Pigs!)

Gazing upward and so amazed,
By the birds soaring through the sky,
Little Piggy wondered to himself,
“Why can’t piglets fly?”

Eager to defy the sort he was,
Little Piggy stood up and ran.
He jumped up high, but then he fell.
That wasn’t part of his plan.

“Birds have wings, so I will too!”
He said, before he thought.
Then Mr. Chicken squawked at him,
“You’ll need feathers, and quite a lot!”

While gathering feathers in the barn,
Little Piggy wondered again.
“How will I put them on my back?”
Discouraged, he flopped in his pen.

Mrs. Cow was snickering at him,
“What nonsense! A pig that flies!
I might as well make chocolate milk,
While Mr. Chicken bakes apple pies!”

Deep down, Little Piggy knew that he,
Would probably never fly,
But it made him sad inside to think,
He would never have a chance to try.

Grandpa Horse had been watching it all,
“Little Piggy, listen to me!”
The little pink pig looked up at the horse,
“You’re just as you ought to be!”

“At times we wish to be somebody else,
And wonder how fun it would be!
But God didn’t make you so you could fly,
Or to build your nest in a tree!”

“You are a pig, and for that be proud!
But it’s okay to dream, of course!”
Little Piggy was glad he could be himself,
And happy he listened to Horse.

Little Piggy still loved to watch the birds,
And found delight in every new sound.
Sometimes he still wished he could fly overhead,
But was content to stay on the ground.