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The Praying Mantis (The Encounter)

Andrea Nichols

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Wait! Look over there!

No over there.

At the green-clad strange
Creature with the big eyes.

Eyes shaped like the
Drawings of aliens.

She moves with grace
With the stealth of a plane in the sky.

Long and stick-like

She prays

And as she prays, she waits.

Waits for the perfect time
To descend on her next meal.

As I sit and wait

She walks by.

I watch her move in a 180-degree
view.

She is big like a giant out of a story book.

The Encounter



She sees me and stoops down
to pick me up.

As I touch her outer layer,
it's warm and squishy,
But very nice under my feelers.

She lifts me high in the air,
Holding me gently
in her giant hand.

At first I was scared,
just like she was.

But then I feel her at ease with me.

She examines me
with wonderment,

For she thinks I am BEAUTY,
One of God's great creative creatures.

I am the PRAYING MANTIS!

Photo and poem

by Andrea Nichols