

# Bruntlebee

I love the month of Bruntlebee  
When JimJams roam a violet sea  
When bug bug bears love liberation  
Much to the blig rats consternation  
When puckles come to purple bloom  
And roompah bring forth baby room  
When cat cat come back from the dead  
And southern skies come clear and red  
And as I look to outer space  
I ponder on the human race  
And wonder if they too would see  
The beauty that is Bruntlebee.

Dave Kirby