

## **An Afternoon Parade**

Shonna Andrews

They dare to enter my kitchen again  
even after I massacred the last batch.  
Marching their tiny little armies  
Single file across the linoleum  
Exuding confidence larger than me.

Attempting to destroy what I have built  
And the semblance of a not so normal atmosphere.  
Ignorant in their mission  
I can end their fragile lives  
With the bottom of my boot.  
One so bold as to climb up my leg  
Only to be assailed by a flick of my finger.  
I hear them whispering now,  
Their crowded masses a turbulent sea of laughter.  
Disregarding size they say, we can take over the world.