

*There is a scarecrow in my neighbor's yard.
It gives me the creeps; its face is scarred.
It smiles an eerie smile; it gives me the spooks.
My friend saw it and almost puked.
Its beady eyes stare you down.
I think its soul is lost, never to be found.
When kids walk by it, they let out a startled shout.
My neighbors should just throw it out!*

by Delia Rose