

## BACKYARD BLUES

*Bryon D. Howell*

I used to feed two squirrels in the yard—  
in six short months I trained them both too well.  
To earn their trust took love but wasn't hard.  
I called them, they would come—and all was swell.  
I never missed one day in six months' time.  
They ate too well and even gained some weight.  
Some warned me feeding them should be a crime—  
that I should stop before it was too late.  
There's something to be said for let it be.  
I earned their trust in six months time, it's true.  
They must have thought all men were just like me,  
they thought it wise to trust some others, too.  
I meant well, yes—I made a big mistake.  
Some think of them as pests, not friends to make.

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