

# October Poems

## The Bat

The bat is batty as can be.  
It sleeps all day in cave or tree,  
And when the sun sets in the sky,  
It rises from its rest to fly.  
All night this mobile mammal mugs  
A myriad of flying bugs.  
And after its night out on the town,  
The batty bat sleeps  
Upside down.

## Skeleton Parade

The skeletons are out tonight,  
They march about the street  
With bony bodies, bony heads  
And bony hands and feet.  
Bony bony bony bones  
with nothing in between,  
Up and down and all around  
They march on Halloween!