

Excerpt

“I'm tired,” said the bear.
“It's time for me to hibernate.
I'm going to sleep all winter long.”

“I'm tired, too,” said the hare.
“I stayed up much too late.
I went to bed at dawn.”

The bear gasped in downright surprise:
“No sleep 'til dawn, Mr. Hare?
What were you doing last night?”

“Why were you awake so late?”
The hare intoned, with unmitigated flair,
“Musical talent is my awesome fate!

I was composing a December song.”
Hare's nose rose up with stirring pride.
He jumped and spread his feet wide:

“Hare composers are exceedingly rare
But my holiday tune is first rate!
Now why, Mr. Bear, have you no time to spare?”

For winter's feasts, why will you be gone?
Could not your long nap start late?
Gee, Mr. Bear, maybe hibernation is wrong!”