



**In Morocco where argan
trees still grow,**

**The goats climb up with
steps nimble and slow.**







**Why risk their limbs, their
hooves to see the stars?**

**What lures them high like
kids on monkey bars?**

A blue-toned illustration of a lush landscape. In the foreground, there's a river with a swan. A path leads to a pavilion on a rocky bank. Various trees and plants are scattered throughout the scene. The background shows more trees and a distant mountain peak.

**The argan's crown looks too
thorny and thin,**


**But goats fear not and
follow friends within.**







**Their hooves find purchase
on the scratchy bark,
And up they go without
leaving a mark.**



**With grace and skill they
scale each branch in search,
Of sweet green fruit hiding
amidst their perch.**

