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THE SPY

The hare's hopping. Hop. Hop. Hop.
Despite the heat. Still. Non-stop.
On the meadow. Among daisies.
The sun's asking: „Are you crazy?”

The hare's saying: „I can't stay!
I am hopping all the day
because some guy's chasing me.
So, I'm hopping as you see.
I'm non-stop getting out
but he's trailing me. No doubt!
I fear. He is on my track.
I feel him behind my back.
Therefore I think that: This guy
-definitely - is the spy!
I beg you my sun - on knees! -
Help me! Help me! Help me! Please!”

Then the sun is saying loud:
„My dear neighbour. My dear cloud.
We have to help tired hare.
Dress me up in cludy wear.
This way, the hare from the meadow
will rest without his own ... shadow. ”