



Poem

“Scratch Dance” by Diane Ambur

“Scratch Dance”

Itchy, Itchy in the night,
Scratching my mosquito bites.

Mosquitoes up,
mosquitoes down,
Tickling my nose and all around.

Buzzing softly in the night,
Then zooming in to take a bite.

A yummy snack from part of me,
Ouch! My ankle, my arm and knee.

I spray them,
I smack them,
I try to hide.

Finally, I run inside.

Itchy, itchy in the night,
Scratching my mosquito bites.

by Diane Ambur