

The Elephant's Trunk

Lucy Jensen

He uses it to reach up high
And pull the tender leaves,
To stuff them in his hungry mouth
And grind them up with ease.

He uses it to take a drink
And give himself a shower.
If he chooses, he can use it,
To pick a dainty flower.

He uses it so lovingly
To give a fond caress,
Or he can wave it in the air
And trumpet in distress.

He uses it to smell the air
For food or danger near,
To get the scent of humankind,
A poacher he must fear.

He uses it to work for man
to build man's farming home,
To push down trees . . .
And clear the leaves . . .
Where elephants used to roam.