"Flying pigs? Can it be?"
"What do I see?"
My mother says,
Pigs fly over town.
No pigs down.
All pigs up.

What if the pigs poop?
Some glide.
Some swoop.
All the pigs are in the air.
Pigs fly here.
Pigs fly there.

Wednesday

Pigs fly today. The sky is full.
What is next? Flying bulls?
Pigs in the sty.
Pigs start to fly.