

# Dinosaurs

By Barbara Wilton - 2022

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If I lived when dinosaurs ruled the earth  
I'd know to give them a wide berth.  
I used to think I'd like a pet,  
Which dinosaur I now forget.

But as I grow, I realize that  
A pet is something that you pat.  
With tyrannosaurus to accomplish this  
I might become my pet's next dish.

Kept in a cage it would be best  
To pass meat through a wire mesh.  
But this just makes a lot of chores  
For a pet who wants you in his jaws.

Maybe a pterodactyl would be more my style  
I could keep it for a little while.  
But then it's wings would grow and stretch  
And pretty soon it would play fetch.

I'd happily go outside to play  
No pterodactyl in my way.  
But one of this pet's major flaws  
Would be to grab me in its claws.

I know you have an idea in mind,  
A plant eating dinosaur would be fine.  
No fearsome teeth, no beating wings  
No spikes or horns or dangerous things.

But have you thought about the food required  
To keep this vegetarian satisfied?  
The truckloads of greenery coming through  
Would eventually all end up as poo.

A diplodocus would fill the yard  
Making outdoor living very hard.  
The smell would drive a skunk away  
And friends would find it hard to stay.

When I look back on these ideas  
It just confirms all my fears.  
There are major reasons why  
A dinosaur's not a pet to try.

A dog is fine, they know their place,  
As long as you have time and space.  
That's okay, I'm fine with that  
I'll just be happy with my cat.