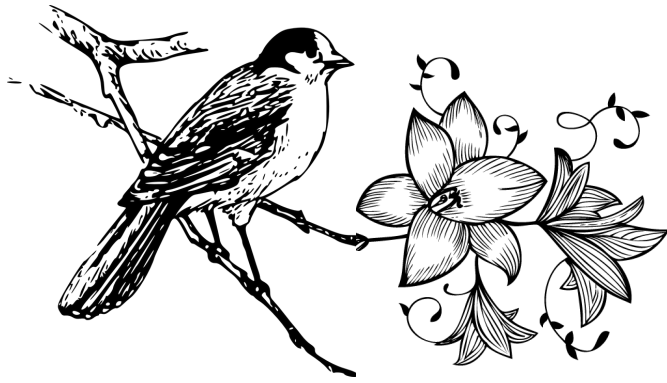


Who Told My Secret?

by Mary Sullivan



The bee told a flower
In the soft summer grass.
The flower told a gentle breeze
Just happening to pass.



I told my secret
To a sparrow in a tree.
The sparrow told a blossom.
The blossom told a bee.

The breeze told a grey cloud
That was floating in the air.
Then, down came the rain
And spread it everywhere!

