

Be Still

A story about Antony ant



By Hollie Rhodes



**Antony ant, had ants in his pants
and he never could be stand to be still,
He'd whizz all about and laugh and shout,
Life just gave him a thrill.**



**“Sit down dear, you’re making me dizzy”
Said his dear old Aunt Annette,
But Antony Ant was far too excited,
He wasn’t nearly done with the day yet!**



**He'd wolf down his breakfast, have tea on the hoof,
And race through the day in a blur,
Nothing would stop Antony Ant,
Yes, his mind too would be in a whirl**



**Life was brilliant and each day anew
Antony would feel carefree and fizzy,
As excitement pinballed through his body, mind and soul,
The speed of which made everyone dizzy.**



**“Slow down, be still, you’ll make me feel ill”
Cried his neighbour Mr Brown,
But there was so much to see and so much to do,
Antony never managed to slow down.**



**So day after day and week after week,
Antony would zip through the hours,
Hustling here, bustling there,
Being everywhere, his superpower.**



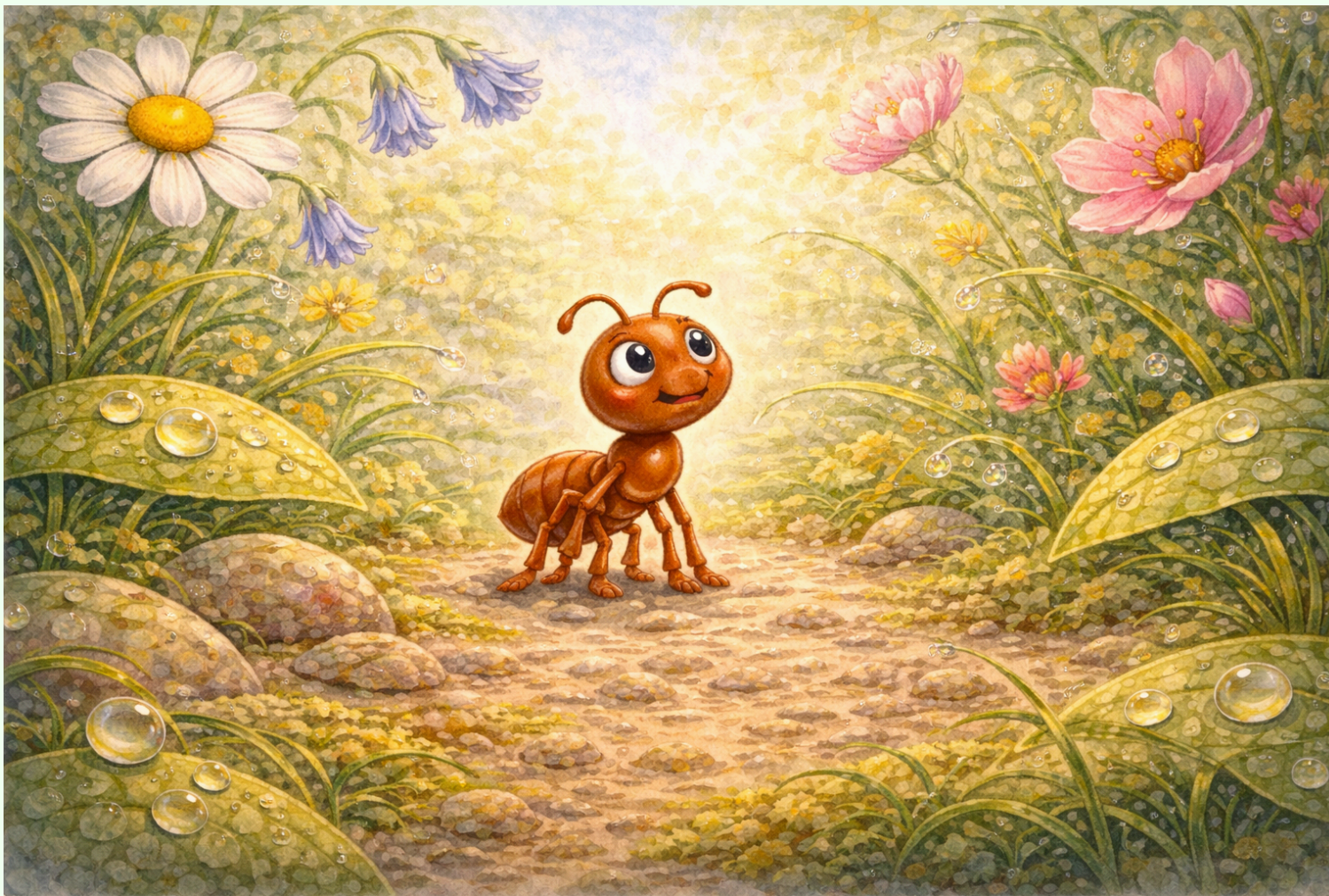
**By chance one day Antony met
the slowest creature around.
Her home was stuck on her back,
And she dragged her slimy body on the ground.**



**Her gait was slow and sloth-like,
Her manner peaceful and lazy,
Antony Ant could not understand,
To be this slow would drive him crazy.**



**Try as he might Antony couldn't get by,
The snail had blocked his path,
Forced to slow down Antony let out a growl,
"At this rate I won't make it back for my bath!"**



**The snail ambled on blocking the way,
And the day began to sneak by,
As Antony crawled behind her,
He marvelled at what he'd spied.**



**A web so pretty and carefully made,
Cast across radiant petals,
Antony gasped as he saw the sparkles,
Of the rain on the web as it settled.**



**Never before had he seen such a sight,
And this filled him with a whole new awe,
The more he slowed down and looked around,
The more he smiled at what he saw.**



**Colour and light danced through the garden,
And a songbird lifted a tune,
He took a breath and smelt the fragrant air,
And marvelled at the taste of the dew.**



**His feet traced the ground beneath him,
And his heart felt oddly at ease,
Free from the rushing and distractions,
Antony found peace in the breeze.**



**It warmed his body and slowed his pace,
And Antony decided to be still.
He stopped for a while and paused where he stood
And he felt a whole new type of thrill.**



**Being still helped him see, how great the world could be,
Hidden details everywhere,
Though whizzing was fun and got him around,
A time to pause was rare.**



**When Antony paused and used his senses,
A whole new world came alive,
He noticed things he never had before,
He felt his body give a contented sigh.**



**Antony learnt something important,
That everyone ought to do,
Whilst racing and whizzing is fun and thrilling,
Being still is magic too.**



**In stillness we find peace to just be,
And we sense the world anew,
Relaxed and calm and happy,
What a wonderful thing to do.**