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A Corn Snake Rebellion

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Abstract

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► **A Corn Snake Rebellion**

Allan Scherlen, a professor and social sciences librarian at Appalachian State University in North Carolina shared a poem about a corn snake and his childhood initiation into a reptile club. Enjoy!

As a wild young boy,
I caught a corn snake
in the woods,
and took him home.

A friend formed a Reptile Club
and every one had to catch
a reptile to be a full member.

So I caught one -
It was long and green;
No help from the club
on how or where to house my snake;

The cage I chose was an old wooden
box with a screen in front;
No one questioned stuffing our snake
in a dark and shallow grass-filled box,

He grew in size and frustration, waiting
until he could make a break for it
when the hatch was slid open.
He extended out, fast and bold,

like an angry waving wand,
ready to take me on;
challenging me with a wide,
red mouth of fury;

Standing straight up,
as if between corn stalks,
as only corn snakes can do
on an inch of tail,
he danced to be free.

The event caught me
off guard - as a pet owner
and as a founding member
of the Reptile Club.

His scary stare and hypnotic dance
left me paralyzed
while he slithered away,
I explain to Club members later.
"Do I have to return my membership card?"