

## Poke That Poop

by Tania Lewis

It was early one spring when my friend said to me  
There's fresh bear scat down by the park boundary.  
I asked her what was in it, and she looked rather duped,  
So I said Abigail Calkin you gotta poke that poop.

**Chorus: Poke that poop, poke that poop,  
Just pick up a stick and poke that poop.  
You might find grasses, berries or roots,  
But you'll never know 'til you poke that poop.**

You might see seeds or horsetail or herbs,  
You could find the bones of a fish or a bird.  
It may be brown or black or tan,  
Or look like a pile of blueberry jam.

Now bears in the spring like the rye and the sedge,  
And the fresh tender buds of the skunk cabbage.  
Catkins are yummy and bear root too,  
And goosetongue and arrowgrass coming up new.

### Chorus

In the summer there's cow parsnip big and tall,  
And *Conioselinum* tasty and small.  
And if it is low tide and a bear has his wish,  
He'll flip over rocks for some fresh eel fish.

In the fall there are seeds and berries galore,  
Soapberry, bearberry, devil's club and more.  
And down on the coast it's a bear's best dream,  
It's all you can eat down at the salmon stream.

### Chorus

Now seeing what bears eat can be awful fun,  
For young folks and old folks and everyone.  
But children be careful and parents be firm,  
Don't touch the scat 'cuz you might get worms.

### Chorus