

What do I know about bats?

bats	prisoners of light	sleepers	Fluttering fruit
------	--------------------	----------	------------------

The Tree Bats

The tree bats hang like strange dark fruit,
From the branches of a tall old tree,
Prisoners of light throughout the day,
Till nightfall comes to set them free.
The sun goes down, the sleepers stir,
To the gentle voice of mother night.
Then the tree lets go its fluttering fruit—
A dark whirlwind of sudden flight!



“throughout”:
everywhere or all
the time place or
time

“stir” to move,
wake up

“flutter”:
flap,
move quickly in the
air