

Christmas Gardens

The prickly holly and the spreading ivy
Decide they want to go berserk
I'm rather particular to keep everything tidy
But those two villains give me too much work.

I seem to be eternally sweeping leaves
Why can't they lie on the grass and play dead?
Each little leaf seems to do as it pleases
They go to hide in my pristine flower bed.

And as for the grassy knobs standing up
With a look of insolence and disdain
I'd like to give them a ferocious wallop
But why can't they configure to a smooth and green plain?

I'd much rather be ensconced in the house
With shedloads of biscuits and booze
Sinking my teeth into my third chocolate mouse
Followed by the Queen's speech and a snooze.

Mr Michaels Potboiler Poetry

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