The hole in the wall

by Ann Pemin
for Joshua

and

Jamie

and

Nicky

and children everywhere.

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There is a garden I know, with an old dry stone wall
I wonder who lives there, perhaps no one at all.
Maybe a spider with spots brown and gold,
a mouse with a family to keep from the cold.
A slithery snake could climb into the gap, a hedgehog curl up for a long winter nap.
The hole is quite dark so I can’t really see but I think there are eyes staring right back at me.
It could be a toad and this is his home
or a safe place for snails until babies have grown.
For bees it is handy because they like flowers,
They could make lots of honey which takes hours and hours.
But why not a dragon who blows fire and smoke
or a home for a gnome or magical folk?
A shifty black beetle runs past my nose,
if I watch him quite carefully
    I’ll see where he goes.
The floor is all earthy but I think I can see,
spotty brown toadstools as far as can be.
In the roof there’s a crack with a wee bit of light.
where a ladybird likes to crawl up and take flight.
Butterflies might want to hide from the rain, rest for a while and take off again.
There is a garden I know
with an old dry stone wall
I wonder who lives there perhaps no one at all.

Poem from "Don't Throw Away the Daisies" by Ann Perrin - available on Amazon.