Green Candle

By Archie Verney

“A lady’s opening the gate” said Grandfather clock,

“Don’t let her knock, don’t let her knock.”

“She’s walking up the drive.”

“Don’t let her in,” said the blunt knife.

“Someone’s peering through the window,” gasped clogged up gutters.

“Open the shutters, open the shutters,”

“She’s gradually poking her wrinkled head in.”

“she’s right there at the window,” whispered rusty tin.

“Hide away, hide away” cried torn up book!

“Incase you find a bad luck crook.”

“She’s climbing through the window right now!”

Shes fully in,” whispered tared up towel

SHUT THE STUBBINGTON DOOR

By Archie Verney

“Oh great another person sitting on me.” Moaned bean bag chair.

“They don’t care, they don’t care.”

“Their walking up the crooked path.”

“Don’t let them in,” whispered left over scarf.

“I love the kids, I love the kids.”

“Here they come now.” Cheered, cheered toothpaste lids

“I adore the kids soft warm clothes” sang green wardrobes

“They’ll like trying to crack the codes.

“Now they have come, I don’t want them to leave” Whispered bean bag chair.

“They showed me care, they showed me care.”