

A Poem for Your Pocket

CUTE? TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE TEETH

Bunnies in winter, oh what do they eat?
Their salad-bar summer has gone;
You'll see their wee footprints all hippy-hop neat,
You'll see them out there on the lawn.

They're wandering hungry, all night in the cold;
They're sleepless while you're in your bed;
Yes, bunnies in autumn, if truth must be told,
They're thinking of winter with dread.

And what are we up to, we gardeners of veg?
We growers of carrots and beets?
We're hauling them in, on barrows and sledge,
We're carting off tons of their eats.

We're spludging the tops into transparent sacks,
We're schlepping them out to the lane;
Cute bunnies are watching us, eyeing our backs,
And wishing us lifetimes of pain.

For we are the ones who have stripped gardens bare;
They've SEEN us with their bunny eyes!
They're plotting revenge, each rabbit and hare;
They won't rest...
till each of us dies.

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