A Hairy Tank

A wombat is a hairy tank designed to bulldoze country gardens.
I’ll devour your yellow roses, belch, then beg a thousand pardons.
Bulbs are yummy in my tummy:
bluebells, lilies and the rest.
Jonquils make my insides tranquil;
tulip bulbs are far the best.
Human walls can’t hold me back.
Wood is crunchy, bricks fall over.
Wire fencing’s no defence.
Excuse me while I munch your clover!