



A Hairy Tank

poem by Jenny Blackford , illustrated by Heidi Cooper Smith

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!