

SMALL GRANNIES

Poem ©JANEEN BRIAN / Illustration ©PETER SHEEHAN

Small grannies for sale,
said the sign at the shop.
Why small ones? I asked,
asked I, with a hop.

Why not big grannies,
huge grannies, ten metres tall?
Why grannies so little?
What's good about small?

Or is there a discount,
for those that are short?
Or a little toy game
for each granny bought?

And why not grandpas?
What's wrong with that?
A dapper grandpa
can be nice, with a hat.

It seems rather sad,
to sell grannies like that.
To have to choose one
that is round or is flat.

Or one that is noisy,
or one that is frail . . .

Ah, Granny Smith apples!
That's what's for sale!



FOR SALE

