

GNOME

Here I sit on a rustic stool
Placed beside a tinkling pool.
My demeanour may be stoic, my countenance benign
As I gaze over the spacious lawn with my fishing rod and line.

To my left there is an orchard;
To the right, glasshouse and pottery sheds.
Paths leading outwards
And adjoining flower beds.

Although this is a pleasant place,
There is not much company.
Perhaps a passing bird
Or a curious honey bee.

So I am really lonely;
My life I would like to share.
Somebody to talk to,
Someone who would really care.

So when you go home to you own garden gnome,
Treat him with TLC.
For it is possible, just possible,
He will think just like me.

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