

‘Play on words’ by Alexander B. (4ths)

I once knew a woman who called herself Rose,
Her real name was Kate, as everyone knows,
Her old watering can had a badly blocked rose,
So she watered her garden with an ancient green hose,
She grew daisies and tulips, and even a rose,
"My water is magic! Just look where it flows!
It revived a dead plant – see how it rose!"
But she's very strict about where it all grows,
Military columns and regimented rows,
There's animals too: such as pigeons and crows,
Fallow Deer, and muntjac and a whole herd of roes!
A lake in the corner is where her brother goes,
To an old wooden ferryboat in which he rows.
Fishing's not much of a sport I suppose,
When you use sticks of dynamite to catch salmon roes!
But Kate's disapproval so easily shows:
It's often the reason for family rows.