

The Wisdom of Wendy Wombat: Helen Lyne

My name is Wendy Wombat.
Come and see me at the zoo.
I'm quite extraordinary.
I can poop a cube of poo.
I block my burrow with my bum
when predators attack
and because it's made of cartilage
it gives their heads a whack.

I might have short and stubby legs
but I can run as fast
as almost any human
though Usain goes bolting past.
I like to gnaw on crunchy bark
cos I've got growing teeth
and at the zoo I like my grass
with yummy roots beneath,

Here I have no predators
and I'm a hefty weight.
My thumb-size Joey's keen to grow:
for him my weight is great.
I pity cousin Hairy Nose
who's roaming wild and free.
He'll likely end as road kill,
not fed and safe like me.

My cousins live in burrows
that flood with heavy rain
and lots get killed by fire
or with mange they die in pain.
I grunt to humans at the zoo,
'May your joeys get to see

a green and healthy habitat,
filled with wombats just like me.'