

A TRIO OF PRICKLY POEMS

Red leaves raked, piled deep
Misty autumn fruit, smoke fire
Hedgehog's singed blanket.

Hedgehog
Fears crackling flames
Leaves smoulder - curled up tight
Home asunder – seek another
Abode

There was a young hedgehog from Bude
Who lost all his bristles; now completely nude
Went shopping at Tesco's
Bought all of their best clothes
And now cuts quite a prickly dude.