

Battle

The battle for
Garden supremacy
Is fought on familiar fronts.

Squirrel digs holes in lawn, pots and seed trays
As magpie chides on.
Fox digs bigger holes,
Under fence and shrub.

In return
Squirrel's rations are reduced,
Hazelnuts harvested humanly instead.
Fox returning under cover of dark
Finds holes filled,
Barricades unburned preventing
Further excavation.

Slug and snail launch a
Ground offensive.
A shelled battalion
Caught under torchlight,
Emerging from shed rafters,
Is evacuated to the
No-man's-land
Between garden fences
To fight on
Another border,
Whilst scores more
Die drunk on the lure
Of cheap ale.

Meanwhile woodlice scavenge vulture-like
On fallen fig, tomato, strawberry.
They are not the immediate enemy,
At least
As far as can be seen,
But still
They finish
The enemy's work.

Cat - cat is supposed to be on my side -
But finds freshly laid compost

Into which she deposits
Her own manure
Then wonders at the
Expression of displeasure.

The battle is fought
On familiar fronts
For garden supremacy.
The winner
Will be determined