

The Green Man

A space ship in my garden.
It landed there last night.
It's very round and shiny,
It did give me a fright.
But when I called this morning,
The door was opened wide,
And to my great amazement,
A green man stepped outside.
He really was unusual,
So very, very small,
in fact, he was so tiny, he
Was hardly there at all.

He greeted me politely.
And kindly was his plea
To 'Come right in and welcome
to a cup of martian tea.'
I had green bread and butter
With green jam on the bread.
I could have had green pancakes
But chose green buns instead.

I said, 'I'd better leave now.'
For time was speeding by.
He said, 'Of course, by all means,
For I, too, now must fly.'
While I watched rather sadly,
The space ship flew away.
Our garden seemed so empty,
And suddenly, the day.

I've just looked in the mirror,
It's plain where I have been,
For when I put my tongue out,
I notice it was green.

Paddy Phillips