

A Tweet

Blue wrens, my favourite by a mile
They wear that cheeky beaky smile.
In family groups, quite oft a dozen
They chatter, peck or chide a cousin
To dress up smartly is their passion
They flit and strut in true spring fashion
In softest grey or brightest blue
Feathers of a brilliant hue
A perky tail, a wing to preen
A dishevelled wren I've never seen.
They love a mirror for to see
How neat they look how vain they be.
They 're really very friendly too
Leave me presents made of poo
On that mirror on my car
Hark! Is that a faint "Ha ha!"



GRM's fair a-tales