

A birthday poem for Oliver

I wonder, I wonder  
Now Oliver's eight,  
I think of his birthday  
And just what he ate.



Perhaps, perhaps  
A dinosaur's foot.  
Perhaps – I think  
His mother will cook.

Perhaps, I think  
He'd like a skink.  
To dance a jig  
Then eat a fig.

Perhaps, no doubt  
A lion will shout.  
Then an elephant roar  
To open your door.

We wish you dreams  
A hippo, a crane.  
Eight ice creams and aeroplanes.  
A massive drink, some laughing, a cake  
We are so jealous of what you ate

GrandPat