

## GRUBS

Olga Coleman

Grubs! grubs! grubs! grubs!  
What a maddening plague we have of grubs!  
Our beautiful Poinciana tree  
Was ever so lovely – a joy to see!  
But to our surprise, in a matter of hours,  
They'd gobbled the leaves and even the flowers!  
These greedy grubs weren't content with that,  
They arched, flipped and wriggled across the mat,  
Waved themselves up all the bricks,  
So we finally had to get some sticks.  
We used our brooms, plus two dustpans,  
And filled buckets with water too hot for our hands.  
With anger and pleasure we shovelled these grubs,  
And rapidly gave them a bath without suds!  
They didn't think this a good idea,  
So didn't enjoy what we did, I fear.  
I've read of battles and many attacks,  
But these thousands of grubs can attack down our backs!  
This grub has a golden-brown head like a knob,  
And he uses it to sway and bob.  
If he has any eyes they are so small,  
I've looked, but I can't see them at all.  
He has two whiskers which move about,  
His mouth seems white, but his nose I doubt.  
He spits a juice of golden-brown  
When I prod and turn him upside down.  
His body is colourfully striped  
With lines of gold and black and white.  
Down both sides there's a dainty design  
Of scallops which appear very fine.  
His final-rear legs, as he rests on the rail,  
Seem a golden-brown horseshoe, and look like a tail.  
He has two other sets of legs at the rear,  
He grips with these and senses no fear  
As he rapidly swings from left to right –  
He does many contortions, for he's very bright.  
I wonder if you've really looked at a grub?  
Or, as you've passed by just given him a stub?  
I stared through a magnifier to see  
Just how this grub appears to me.

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He's beautiful, I must confess –  
What a pity he likes to make such a mess!