

The Gardener

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

He keeps his tools in the garden shed, he mows the lawn he trims the hedge.

Those Latin plant names fill his head, he even sleeps in the flower bed.

He's the gardener.

He plants the bulbs he sows the seed, he ruthlessly hunts down the weeds.

He works until his poor hands bleed, to own a tractor is his dream.

As world recession takes a hold, his Lordship makes some cuts at home.

He's told to pack his bags and go, he falls dead in the winter snow.