

The Wurm

I cannot write about the wurm
without the need to..*shudder!*
..for *this* slim fellow, smoothe and blind
is like no beastie other!

I *know* I've said the millipede
is somewhat *like* the wurm,
but - for some reason I don't know,
he doesn't make me squirm!

..and - whether it's a *thousand* feet,
or just a hundred and one,
the milli-beast and centipede
are *sometimes* seen in the sun!

Not so, our little wriggly friend,
who digs for all he's worth,
(preferring dark, decaying stuff
what soaks into the earth)...

..and yet! For *all* his loathesome traits
(the wriggling without end)
it *seems* his work improves the soil
- so he's the gardener's friend!

Oh Wurm, Oh Wurm, I read you wrong
(forgive my nervous blood)..
I just feel slightly squeamish as you
wiggle in the mud!

Oh wurm, oh wurm, the time has come
to finish off my tea,
and, so I sit and ponder: Who
is blinder,

..you?
....or me?

Notes:

29/08/10 Garden, cooler, cloudy and cool then bright and hot. Finally, torrential rain