

T is for . . .

The giant lion with iron
claw in paw,
and huge ruthless tooth
in gory jaw;
the pard dark-starred
fleet upon feet
that oft soft from aloft
leaps on his meat
where woods loom in gloom –
far now they be,
fierce and free,
and tamed is he;
but fat cat on the mat
kept as a pet,
he does not forget.

J. R. R. Tolkien

The New Generation

Wizards look like everyday folk
despite what you've been told.
We don't have long white whiskers
nor are we very old.

We don't go round in trailing robes
except on special days;
those pointed hats are stylish
but out of the usual way.

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T is for . . .

We don't wear silver stars and moons
embroidered on our clothes;
we never wear those pointy shoes
they're murder on the toes.

I like to wear my Levi's,
roar up and down the street
on my Ducatti motorbike,
Doc Martens on my feet.

I'm part of a new generation
of wizard girls, we're cool!
No one dares to mess with me
Female wizards rule!

Angela Topping

Fox Shopping

Dustbins done.
Drained the drains.
Chicken house checked –
bother those chains.
Bird scraps snatched.
Not much here.
How I hate
this time of year.

Jill Townsend

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