

Primus

"Granny's Little Yard Gnome"

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Content to stand alone. Waiting, watching, guarding
Granny's home.
His face reflecting simple joy, but he is not happy,
Plaster Boy.
"Careful sonny, not too close, Unless you want a lethal
dose of
hardening..."
Patiently waiting for some shade, wishing he could run
away.
Surpressing any urge to roam, such devotion from a
little gnome.
I once saw a calico that thought he could fly.
And then the lanky Doberman that tinked in my eye.
A pacifist by nature, with amble common sense.
But if I had my druthers, I'd druther be a fence.
Now Granny, she's a good one, she shines me now and
then.
And come around this springtime, I'm due for some
paint again.
On keeping granny comfy, I try and earn my keep.
I'm just wishing I had some eyelids, so I could get
some sleep

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