

Claire Hamill

"Flowers For Grandma"

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They'd capture live pulsating plants
And put them by her bed
She loved to feel, caress and touch
She claimed they heard each word she said
She'd watch them writhing in their pots
She'd watch, and they'd watch too
Their tentative long writhing stalks
That tried to leave their bedside zoo

If only she could understand
She would not be so keen
That plants and flowers
Looked alive can turn out very mean
And then one silent summers day
They found her lying dead
With a large geranium's pale green stalk
Lying gently round her head

Her relatives soon gathered around
Her uncles and her aunts
To see the only woman that
Was murdered by her plants
They buried her amidst the tune
Of weeping summer showers
And children came to view her tomb
And on it put dead flowers

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