

Kiwi Farms
Nursery rhymes



Behind the fragile eggshell wall
A little kiwi's curled
The furry little feathered ball
He looks upon the world



I grump and stumble out of bed
I need my morning cup
My body feels like crud and lead
The coffee wakes me up



I have so many little pets
Hamsters, to be precise
I take them all to different vets
Who wrongly call them “mice”



I put my headphones on my head
My beak moves to the beat
A rockin' rollin' country song
It makes me tap my feet



I picked a bunch of flowers
And I set them in a vase
They brighten up the hours
They stay in bloom for days



I read of magic, lords, and rings
Of Dragons, Queens, and even Kings
I love these books so very much
Their stories have a magic touch
Adventure waits inside a book
Pick one up and take a look



In spring I plant my pepper seeds
And water every day
And pull up all the pesky weeds
To help it on it's way



He skateboards in the summer heat
And kicks to do a flip
He shifts his little birdy feet
To get a better grip



The cheese is steaming melty white
I take a giant kiwi bite
It almost makes me want to cry
To taste a perfect pizza pie



Reclined in my comfy chair
The cushions are so deep
I close my eyes without a care
And quickly fall asleep



My fuzzy cat jumps on my lap
And gives a little purr
He takes a lazy noontime nap
I gently stroke his fur



The candles on my bookcase
are all lined up in a row
Lavender and rose and mace;
the scented wax burns slow



A paint-dipped brush is in my beak
To make a happy scene
A tiny house, a bubbling creek
A landscape quite serene



He wraps a sturdy, heavy box
And tapes it all around
The box is full of ticking clocks
It has an eerie sound



The truth typed out will set you free
But will the people hear?
You've shown them patterns that you see
Can words break through their fear?



He wears a flannel shirt
Among the pine and spruce
He doesn't mind the dirt
Nor the bear or moose



Swiss and cheddar, brie and blue
Paired up with a summer brew
Creamy Gouda on the plate
Oh my Lord I cannot wait
Every day's a day for cheese
Bring another portion please!



The heavy door swings open wide
To show the wealth inside
Within the sturdy treasure hold
Six hundred kiwi gold



Two lovers cuddle on the seat
With hearts that gently beat
There is no place I'd rather be
Than here with you and me



Bold stripes and red and white and blue
Wave in this country free
I want to ride the trails with you
On my green ATV



Kiwi can be a horse girl too
Western is her style
She likes to ride when skies are blue
Horses make her smile



Drop the gate on the pickup truck
Stomp your brown cowboy boots
My girls we have the best of luck
True to our country roots



I like to bike each day to work
It really keeps me fit
I also pack a healthy lunch
When I remember it

The End