

## **The Things You Find in a Poet's Beard (section) by A. F. Harrold**

There are fleas and flies and knots and nits,  
breadcrumbs, marmite stains and bits

of pencils lost in the distant past,  
coffee dribbles from a thermos flask.

Spiders' webs and sparrows' nests,  
string that they use for old men's vests,

bits of dinner from yesterday,  
orange pips and strips of hay.

Chips glued in with tomato ketchup.  
Bits of driftwood sometimes fetch up

and tangle about in the twisty hair  
the poet grows on his chin and there

are knitting needles, lengths of twine...  
Oh no! Hang on! That's a porcupine.

Koala bears peer out and chew,  
there's a cockatiel and a cockatoo.

A sloth blinks slowly under the fur  
And if you listen close there's a happy purr.