

THE ELEPHANT
by JK Annand

The elephant's a funny beast,
A tail at either end,
Twa teeth as lang as barbers' poles,
Nae waist - he canna bend!

When nae wind blows to cool the beasts
Upon the birselt plain,
The elephant juist flaffs his lugs
And starts a hurricane.

The elephant's a cannie beast,
He wadna hurt a flea.
I think I'll write a letter and
Invite him til his tea.

birselt – *scorched, completely dry*