

Walking along the beach one day
I encountered a lollopy dog,
A great big lollopy dog - a lollopy dog with a bone.
Now - the dog was white, the bone was black,
The thing it was with was cloaked in a sack.
The sack was pink, its legs were blue -
Mottled all purple and puce in hue.
Its arms were a sickly shade of green
The strangest sight I'd ever seen.

I patted the dog, smiled at the thing
It whipped off its hood and gave me a grin.
'Gotcha,' it shouted, 'that's my plague dog.
By this time next month you'll be dead as a log.
You should not have touched him -
You'll come to some harm for the bone in his mouth
Touched your hand and your arm.
Ten days from now you'll exist no more.
You touched your face with your germ-laden paw.
You'll wake up tomorrow, your throat will be sore,
Your eyes will be red, your feet feel like lead
And soon after that you'll just be
Brown bread!'

Susan Robertson