

A Beastie In Love

By John Agard, inspired by a picture by Miki

Three buttons will do to trendy up my tummy.
You heard me, three buttons, no more, no less

for when you go a-wooing a crocodile,
it's wise to be appropriately dressed.

Be sure to show you're not lacking in style,
and hope Miss Croco will be impressed.

Needless to say, my lovesick head will I adorn
with a party hat conical as an ice-cream cone

or to be more precise, a unicorn's singular horn.
A pair of peer-through glasses to give my profile

that extra touch of professorial shine.
Miss Croco goes for the intellectual type.

So I've been advised by a couple of giraffes
who, as we speak, must be having a laugh

looking down from the tower of their gaze.
Bet anything those two are gobsmacked-amazed

to see me now bearing a bag of fish goodies
for one who's won the heart of this smitten beastie.

Ah, Miss Croco, I'll marry her. At least that's the plan.
Even if I risk my bride-to-be biting off my hand.