

Leprechaun?

By Peter Yates

Walking home, late one night,
I took a shortcut, and got a fright
I heard a rustle, in the trees,
Then what I saw, made me freeze,
A cheeky wee elf, standing there,
Pointy hat, and sticky out hair
He laughed out loud, and did a wee dance;
I turned around, and started to prance
Straight back down, the path I'd come,
Speedy Gonzales, I'd become
I'm still not sure, what was there,
I didn't take time, to stop and stare
Though I got home, safe and sound;
From then on, I take the long way round.

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