

When I was in school, hundreds of years ago, one of the authors we studied was George Orwell (1903-1950 – and originally born as Eric Arthur Blair) and in particular his "Animal Farm", where the animals on a farm took over running the country from humans, developed being able to speak to each other in English, then discovered that they were just the same as humans with the same human traits, successes and failures! It was very very modern in its day. I thoroughly enjoyed it, so to-day have written another poem entitled "Animal Comparisons" and share it with you below. It also uses up modern sayings which have the animal kingdom within them, for example "Proud as a Peacock".

### **Animal Comparisons**

As I finished my shower this day, having covered without a delay  
All of me from the south to the north, and in mouth soapy bubbles  
consumed – ugh! and yay! .....

As I sat wet and warm, getting blue, I did think "You are such a twit,  
Mu!

'Cos most people should for their breakfast a food would consume with  
bits old but some new!"

But after I'd made a progression and compiled, yes, in another session  
More verses for you (yet once more "Oh boo hoo!" do I hear?) – well  
tough, you've learned a lesson

And yes, you will learn a few tricks, and I'll show you another few  
bricks...

Not the house-building sort, but the ones I have gort in my mem'ry  
while verses I fix!

Now back to the business in hand, and I ask "Where in all the of the  
land

Would you not give t'a dog who's pig-headed, a log made from bread of  
a v. well known brand?

Such great satisfaction to get from watching your favourite pet  
As you plonk it down, with no grunt and no frown on a table, the  
ground, or the sand

A meal fair and square, and it be the lion's share, twixt you and me  
Though I've gorn and bourn it, for mad as a hornet, my cat heard what  
I said, you see

Though Biggles, my cat, wouldn't hurt the proverbial fly! Nice or curt

For quiet as a moose, loose, in such a big hoose would be sharing it  
with you and me!

But now I have thrown out these words, some of them real and truly  
absurd's

As I found none much better, in sound, or in letter for animals, fish and  
some birds

T'express my frustration to-day, in each and in ev-e-ry way

While I did consume, yes, and making more room for the flakes covered  
in curds and whey..

As I look around dining area – an elephant's there, fair and square – oh  
yeah!

He's planked his great feet in the food I was eatin' – aw, that's just not  
not fair or not square-ee-aah

`Cos when at the table I'm sitting, not reading or doing my knitting,  
I really enjoy watching flakes – they employ the side stoke in the milk  
after quitting

The packet in which they arrived, and at that point still being alive  
Till down my old neck they do travel, by heck! Get digested as I do  
contrive

Some sustenance from them to get, as all of you do too, I bet!

While eyes close in pleasure at this lovely treasure till it's all done with  
some regret.....

Enough of this rant about grub, though I'll now send it on to the sub-  
Editor of the mag – and, no, she ain't no hag, not like me, and I quote  
"There's the rub!"

I'll finish my "Animal Comparisons", just like well-known actor, Rex  
Harrison's

Ability to talk, or to grunt, squeak and squawk – put the lid on this  
ancient old tub.....

Then, bits in my jigsaw I'll put and arms up in air then I'll shoot  
And yell "I could do it! For there's nothing to it!" and "Gotcha! You  
knave and your brute!"

For its an "Impossible" one, and well do I know it, my son!

You might find when you do it there's nothing much to it, and yes get a  
piece, hole in one!