

## **My House is a Palace of Parrots**

My house is a palace of parrots, of every hue and size  
They hang, they roost, they balance, though none of them is alive.  
I've collected them from wherever I've been  
From Africa, Singapore , and more in between  
Not only parrots, but other birds too  
From Toucans to bluebirds and some from Peru.  
There's 3 in the kitchen, one on the front door,  
Two in the lounge and one on the floor.  
Some in my bedroom, none in the bathroom,  
(Where a ship found in Ireland sails marooned).  
Parrots cover a wall of the spare bedroom too,  
A lucky wallpaper find when new,  
On the cuckoo clock sits a real carved cuckoo,  
From Toulouse in France where the sculptor I knew.  
A large metal parrot sits by the back door  
One wing dislodged, discarded on the floor.  
I bought it in Whitchurch at my favourite shop  
Couldn't resist it, it made my heart stop!  
On the garden room shelf parade  
Four ducks wearing boots and bells, of wood they are made;  
Bought in Bath, one Christmas, they bring me a smile,  
Remind me of friends, not seen for a while.  
Metal birds in my bedroom fly  
'Mongst angels hovering playfully by

A cascade of birds leaves and bells  
Watched over by angels.

Elephants too have a place in my menagerie

They came to me quite magically:

The Singapore elephant, my porcelain pride

Raises his trunk and is ready to ride.

The other, of boot polish black, is smaller;

He's wooden, less showy, made to order,

From the Smoke That thunders in Zambia he came:

A Victoria Falls Jumbo by no other name.

In the hall my largest Tusker awaits:

On his back is a table that doesn't bear plates.

He came for the Copper Belt care of my parents:

Sweet memories flow as I recall their presence.

Two Indonesian shadow puppets glower and glare

Scaring my grandkids who cannot bear

To see them looking so fearful and fiery

As they hang from the wall, all evil and wiry!

A Japanese lady so elegant stands

A gift from my lovely sister, her hands

So lightly hold a parasol next the vase

Of the two of us walking,

Hiking

Forever.