

Tyger Tyger Magazine

New poems for children



In the beginning

by Carole Bromley

it was just a little fib
but it GREW.

Nobody checked the facts,
nobody knew.

I don't like telling lies
but what could I do?

All my friends believed me,
even you,

even mum and dad, my teacher,
the cheetah in the zoo,

the lollipop lady who helped me across
and asked me *Is it true?*

But nobody can fool my gran,
she knows me through and through;

hands on hips, she looked at me
and, without further ado,

said *You're telling whoppers.*
I used to tell those too,

they all start small but tend to grow
then what a hullabaloo.

It seems to me a confession, my love,
is somewhat overdue.

So I came clean and after that
I told no lies. It's true!

(well, except for a little one
to the monkeys in the zoo

oh, yes, and the one I couldn't help
(forgive me) telling you!)

