



The Pond

by Hugh Dunkerley

While we were gone today
the pond, fed up
with being left outside,
broke in through the back door.
It trickled round the house,
leaving a snail here,
a tadpole there,
a green stain on the armchair.
It must have been in the bath –
the taps were slimy –
and Dad's wildlife books
were all over the floor,
covered in algae.
What's more, my Xbox
had been tampered with
and someone, or *something*,
had set a record score.

It's back in the garden now,
but what's more disturbing
is the message we found
scrawled on the fridge door:
If you want to see the cat again...
then a list of demands
including TV viewing rights,
holidays abroad,
a CD of Handel's Water Music
and a duvet for cold nights.

