

Hitchcock Robyn, Vegetable Friend

Where do spiders wander,
in and out thunder?
I will sit and wonder,
with my Vegetable Friend.
Where do lions water,
after casual slaughter?
I will kiss the daughter
of my Vegetable Friend.
Where the sky is glistening
nobody is listening,
I'll go to the christening
of my Vegetable Friend.
It's raining in Europe,
but I've got no proof.
I've got the semolina blues.
Where two eggs are boiling
they will not need oiling,
I'm for ever toiling
with my Vegetable Friend.
Under dirty sacking
somebody is cracking,
nobody is lacking
like my Vegetable Friend.