

Legged Mug

It wasn't so long ago
My cup shouted "GERONIMO!"
And leapt off my kitchen table

As a matter of fact
I was quite taken aback
I didn't know mugs had legs

The four mugs on my tree
Now alas number three
As Legged Mug crashed on the floor

He had sprouted two limbs
One day on a whim
And decided to leap to freedom

The other mugs did panic
For they two are ceramic
Scared of the future ahead

I comforted each mug
With a warm tender hug
And laid their fears to rest

And so far since then
It hasn't happened again
My mugs all remain on my tree

An original poem by Graham Thomas