

# Monkey Magic

I used to think, at the very least  
That my dear friend Simian was a simple beast  
But now I find that it wasn't so  
Things came to light that I didn't know

Most people I've learned haven't a clue  
About what our monkey friends really can do  
They like nothing more than to simply dabble  
In a couple of games of Waddington's Scrabble

I've seen them do things that'd make Einstein fret  
They even go to Ascot...for a sporting bet  
Gathering around at dinner to chat  
Talking about the world and this and that

One monkey would swim and compete in games  
While his friend would commentate from up in a plane  
Sometimes they are pensive and overly quiet  
Worried about weight they'd consider a diet

They do tend to scoff and laugh with glee  
At the dim-witted ones who are confined to the tree  
They boast to NASA that they won the race  
Because they were the first to be shot into space

After their gloating they will quickly settle  
Into a comfy chair and put on the kettle  
So they are not really as clumsy, cute or as slow  
To those like me who are in the know

*An original poem by Graham Thomas*