

Grandmother Possum by Beverley Clarke

Someone came a tapping at my wee small door
Someone came a tapping, I'm sure, sure, sure.
I opened, I looked, not a soul was to be seen.
But when I went to close it, something nearly made me scream!
For sitting on my doorstep was a brushy we called Mosey!
She loved to eat the natives and the flowers in a poesy.
She visits in the night time, leaving 'messages' on the stair
She comes and goes where're she please, with naught a worry or care.
Tonight she came a knocking, to let me know she's got a lover –
Thanks to my little Mosey, I'm a Possum Grandmother!!