

The Pocketwatch

In a tiny room there laid a tiny pocketwatch.
In that tiny pocket watch were three tiny pictures.
In those tiny pictures there lived a family.
One was short,
One was tall,
One was very, very small.
Mum was fat,
Dad was thin,
Babe was little as a pin;
Yet they all lived with happiness.

Dad carried that fair pocketwatch,
to all his business shows;
And every time he was feeling sad,
A look at the picture helped ease the blow.
Mum and babe would watch for the train,
Every day when Dad came home;
And when he did, a shout from the babe,
always let Mum know.

One eve, however,
the train was oddly, oddly late;
Mum looked at her babe for any sign,
yet she cried no reply, no "Daddy fine!"
Then there was a screech,
and a horrible scratch,
though the tracks were breaking down;
And the train the Dad arrived on,
came speeding through the town.
Here the story halts, for no child deserves to hear,
the ending of the happy family,
and how this pocketwatch represents fear.