

There are Gribbles

There are Gribbles in my attic
Gribbles on the stair
Gribbles in my wardrobe
Gribbles everywhere.

They gibble in the morning
They gibble late at night
They gibble when it's dark
They gibble when it's light.

Sometimes they gibble loudly
Sometimes they gibble quietly
Sometimes they gibble screaming
Sometimes they gibble nightly.

A Gribble's never seen
A Gribble's always heard
A Gribble is a Gribble
Is a Gribble is a word.

A Gribble's what they are
A Gribble's what they do
A Gribble gribbles out
Before it gribbles you!



Paul Cookson

It's Behind You! Monster Poems
by Paul Cookson and David Harmer