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14 YEARS SPECIAL RESTRICTED

A STRANGE OLD MAN MARGARET MAHY

A STRANGE OLD MAN

By Margaret Mahy

I shan't forget if I live to be
Even as old as a hundred and three,
The strange old man that I happened to pass
Curled like a snail in the sweet green grass.

By his pointed knee was an old grey cat,
And magpies three on his shoulder sat,
And COBWEBS covered his mouth and eyes –
Oh, what a horrible, horrid surprise!

And I somehow knew that that strange old man
Had been sitting there while winds and rains
Beat mountain tops into the grassy plains,

Had been there while dancing seas and lands
Changed their places and clapped their hands.
And that old man will be sitting about
When the world runs down and the stars go out.