

## Kelly's Pony

When Kelly was a wee lad, just a year or ten ago,  
All curly hair and barefoot and – well – just a wee bit slow,  
'Was Christmas and old Santa brought a pony for the boy:  
A woolly, long-tooth critter but he loved his brand new toy.  
He set to work with grooming kit and shears and Mum's shampoo;  
A big, long day spent brushing, Kelly's pony looked brand new.  
Well, you couldn't get him off it – clippity clopping up and down –  
Squeals of laughter, fits of giggles and the biggest grin in town.

Kelly's fun was not unnoticed and his little brother Matt  
Decided he just had to have a pony same as that.  
So old Santa (being a nice chap) on his way back up the 'track'  
Left another North Pole pony, wool-blind and swayed in the back;  
Just as feral as the first one with scars and splints to match,  
Pigeon-toed and pigeon-chested and just as hard to catch.  
But it needed heaps of grooming till the saddle could go up;  
Kelly riding, Matthew brushing - thinking he'd been "sold a pup".

Kids are kids – their world is wide – and play time's much too short;  
There's no time for grooming ponies – well – that's what Matthew thought.  
When Kelly had a Milo break and his pony had a kip,  
Matthew swapped the ponies over, jumped aboard and did the skip.  
Free at last – a reckless cowboy – and the wind was in his hair;  
But Kelly's smile fell off his dial when his pony wasn't there!  
Well, he never started crying but you should have heard him swear –  
Cussed like a midget jockey, scuffed his toes and tugged his hair.

Was a waste of time just grizzling, Matt had gone off round the block;  
If Kelly was to have a ride, he would have to groom this croc.  
And brushing cooled his temper, so he made that pony glow,  
This lad was no professor but he really had some go.  
But how the heck was he gonna prove this shiny steed was his?  
Well, his little light bulb came on and he was back in biz:  
He cut off the shiny pony's tail and spat into the loam,  
Fiercely claiming ownership as Matt came riding home.

Covered head to toe in horse hair, Kelly climbed aboard at last;  
Both the ponies had a motor, side by side they trotted fast.  
Peace settled in the valley, but young Matt could see some fun,  
He liked the short-tail pony, how it glistened in the sun.  
Early next morning he snuck out, Mum's good scissors by his side,  
While Kelly was slurping Weetbix and planning a big day's ride,  
Matt cut the other pony's tail but got on the shiny one –  
He was cocky as a gum tree, waiting round to see the fun.

Little Kelly went ballistic; dark and stormy grew the air,  
He swore like a bleeding blacksmith – Matthew high-tailed out of there!  
Kelly's mum came out a-running, for such talk she had the cure,  
She washed his dirty mouth out with a cake of Velvet Pure!  
She scolded him for being spoilt, 'cos he had his pony back,  
But the simple little fella couldn't prove which was his hack.  
Poor Kelly wasn't quite the sharpest chisel in the shed,  
But this time - getting clever - he cuts the mane right off instead.

Kelly's standing very proudly as Matthew sneaks back in  
Two very different ponies but it's Matthew with the grin.  
Cos he quickly got the scissors and cut the other pony's mane;  
Kelly speechless – blowing bubbles – can't tell 'em apart again.  
He spat the dummy big time and went at him like a claw,  
It was worse than backyard cricket, it was more like backyard war.  
They were rolling round and growling just like puppies with a bone,  
Mum squirts them with the garden hose; how bad her boys have grown!

Mum was sick of all this squabbling, she was gonna sort it out,  
Which pony was wee Kelly's so there could be no doubt.  
She got out the trusty measure stick and really saved the day,  
Cos the chestnut pony was two inches taller than the grey!!!