

# Nought to Nine

A ring made of gold, a doughnut and hole,  
something that's nothing that's easy to roll.

A periscope raised, a walking stick.

the cut of a cake and a candle's new wick.

A swan on a lake, a nun knelt in prayer,  
an FA cup handle raised in the air.

The pot of a mouth, a bird flying over,  
a bra on a line, two leaves of clover.

A neatly pressed ribbon, a kite without string,  
the nose of a witch and an arm in a sling.

The hand of a pirate, a flat-headed snake,  
an apple divided, the latch on a gate.

A teardrop to wipe, a cherry and a stalk,  
the speech mark to use when your words start to talk.

Half a triangle, a fox's ear tip,  
an arrow, an arm of a hand on a hip.

Balancing balls and a circular kiss,  
a hoop with a waist and a rope in a twist.

A hook in a curtain, chameleon's tongue,  
the whistle to blow when this poem's done.

