

# Possum Circus

poem by Marian McGuinness | illustrated by Gabriel Evans

In the hours after midnight when I'm tucked up in my bed  
While my head is full of dreaming, I hear thumping overhead.  
There's a circus in my suburb, but it's happening at night  
And it wakes me from my slumber and I get an awful fright.

My mum and dad are fast asleep, but I am wide awake;  
My eyes are staring at the roof and then I start to shake.  
I hear a sound that scares me, it's a clatter-clumping bang,  
I know who's making all the noise ... the local circus gang!

They're swinging on trapezes from the mango tree next door  
They somersault across my roof and then return for more.  
They tap dance on the corrugations, scoot across the tin;  
Those furry possum cannonballs are causing quite a din.



They hula hoop and stilt walk as they juggle and they clown;  
They teeter on the tightrope and they never quieten down!  
I duck beneath my doona; I'm as tired as can be—  
Those creatures just don't care about what's happening to me!

I hear them *hiss*, I hear them *screech* and then I hear them *squeal*;  
They're doing acrobatics on the circus Ferris wheel.  
Then suddenly there's silence and my eyes begin to close;  
The dawn is peeping through my blinds as I begin to doze.

The circus troupe skedaddles as they must be off to bed;  
They bungy jump the neighbour's fence then clomp across their shed.  
At last the house is silent and there's time for one last nap ...  
Till the kookaburras wake me with their early morning rap.

Oo-oo-oo-oo-aa-aa-aa-aa-oo-oo-oo-oo-hah-hah-hah-hah!

