

Bertie Beaky

By Claudine Toutoungi

This poem depicts life with a pterodactyl in the kitchen

The pterodactyl in my kitchen
– Mr Beaky, if you please –
likes to skim around the ceiling,
likes to share a plate of cheese.

Mr Beaky is quite something
(though he very rarely sings),
He can play the concertina
with his creased-up, crooked wings.

And he'll dive-bomb the recycling
to sort the plastic from the glass.
Mr Beaky is a marvel
of the very topmost class.