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THE SAUSAGE IN LOVE

Little Joan is asking daddy:

“In the evening I am ready

to eat breakfast. Yummy ! Yummy !

Where's a sausage from my mummy ?”

Joan is checking shoes and pockets,

drawers, trousers and her jackets.

But she can't feel like a hero.

Any sausage ! Nothing ! Zero !

Joan, suddenly, feels the flavor.

"That's my sausage ! What a savor !

It is eaten by somebody !

Came back sausage ! Mummy ! Daddy !"

But the sausage takes it easy.

Any message to the missy,

any reason to be sorry

because there is a love story.

Poppy – doggy hungry fellow

waits for sausage morning hello.