

The Lympstone Earthworm Poem

Sliding slippery through the soaking soil he makes his subterranean way,
Never knowingly drunk – but always legless,
The earthworm hooovers its way through the dark earth,
Hermetically heretical.

Have you a soul, child of the soil?

Eyeless anorexix aerator,

Slime maker, soil creator, stretching thinner, robin's dinner,

What is so good about the early bird?

More earth than worm, it makes me squirm.

A worm in salty water – Lympstone's finest Tequila 'Slumer',

Busy being squirmery, locked up in your wormery,

Inhabitor of rainy days, released from gardens to pathways,

A gardener's friend, a child's snack, a poet's livelihood,

My allotment friend. I did not intend

To cut you in half.



A few years ago, the Devon poet Matt Harvey performed for Lympstone Entertainments at the Village Hall. In the course of his reading he persuaded the audience to write a poem. He gave them the subject – The Earthworm – and asked them each to write a line. He collected up their lines, made a selection, and put them together to create the poem you have just read. This is truly a Lympstone village poem.

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