

## Wilt Hangs...and writes.

By Robbie James

Water water all around  
Especially in the sink  
Water water all around  
Yet no one gives me a drink

3000 litres in the tank  
They fill it every stop  
My leaves are slowly turning rank  
Because I never get a drop

The OYT are an evil bunch  
A selfish, greedy group  
They drink gallons of it every lunch  
Alas, none reaches my roots

So here I swing every day  
Port to starboard and back  
Shriveling up and wasting away  
Because H<sub>2</sub>O I lack.

Every week a different crew  
And each new week I pray  
For someone to spare just a drop or two  
But always thirsty I stay

Just a bit, a dribble, a drip  
Is all I ask in life  
Not the 3<sup>rd</sup> mate, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, or old skip  
Relieve me of my strife

My mind is warped from epic thirst  
I'm so thirsty I could eat a hose  
So dehydrated I now struggle to rhyme  
I really need some water!

For some twisted reason, I just won't die  
I'm like the Barbosa crew of John Laing  
So on I exist, for moisture I cry  
It's a sad life for poor Wilt Hangs

But then one day in Halmstad town  
A miracle did occur  
I no longer had no reason to frown  
For I was drenched with water so pure

Down through the hatch came a man  
And my troubles he did embrace  
“Give this plant some water, damn”  
Boomed his voice with impeccable grace

And he did fill his plastic cup  
And raised it to my soil  
And on this stream he let me sup  
And did liberate me of toil

“Who ARE you?” uttered I, aloud  
And may I fathom your name?  
And with his chin raised high and his chest held proud  
He whispered: “I’m Robbie James”

The jaws upon the sea staff fell  
As they realized this fact  
And as if for some magical spell  
They all ran for the taps

The pied piper of the see it seemed  
Was this heroic beaut  
Such a sight I had never seen  
My thirst was in pursuit

My strength was replenished like ne’er before  
And youth restored in my leaves  
This wondrous man from up’t North  
Had held my thirst appeased

From then on, my life has been sweet  
And I feel as lush as a lawn  
Since then I’ve been watered every day  
Thanks to Robbie and his friend Ellie Bourne

I am now as happy as a plant can be  
However, the story lives on  
There are still plants living out at sea  
Who do not receive such aquatic bonds

So please, my friends, join my cause  
For the plants of the sea sympathize  
We need to make rules, pass off some laws  
To allow them to photosynthesize

It cannot be treated as a mere Joke  
We must stop cruelty to plants  
We must lock up all offending folk  
Namely the ones on John Laing.