

Sprouts

I'm small and green and round, I grow above the ground
Clinging to a stalk with others all around
Like a miniature cabbage, I'm made of many layers
And many people hate me, which isn't very fair
I like to appear around Christmas time, boiled on your plate
And often find I'm pushed aside being wasted is my fate
But for those who love me and see me as a treat
Just for fun I'll fill their bum with gasses on repeat

By Lee Haigh