

The Tiniest Man in the Washing Machine

The tiniest man
I've ever seen
Sleeps deep in a heap
In a washing machine.

At eight each night
He goes downstairs
And he yawns and puts on
The pyjamas he wears;

Then taking a bottle
From out of the sink,
He fixes a mixture
That's fizzy and pink,

And checking to see
That there's no one around,
He hops in the top
With a chugalug sound.

The buttons click,
The washer thuds,
And he wiggles and jiggles
In strawberry suds!

And around and around
He topples and flops,
A prince in a rinse
Till the cycle stops.

The foam is a pillow.
The pillow is deep.
He dreams of ice-cream
In a strawberry sleep

Till the morning comes up
And the sun comes up higher –
And he pops through the top,
Straight into the dryer,



And after he's shaken
The very last sud,
He roars out the door
And he rolls in the mud.