

Carrie and Harry

There once was a plant
Who grew in a pot
From a little seed tended by Carrie.
She loved his green leaves
And fuzzy blue flowers
And gave him her favorite name: Harry.

Harry was happy there
In his red pot
Near a window, so round and so sunny.
And every night,
Carrie would tell him good jokes
That he usually thought were quite funny.

Then one Sunday morning,
Carrie found out
That one of her buddies was ill.
She thought and she thought
About what she could do.
Write a verse, make a card, send a pill?

She talked with her mom
Who just happened to be
A wise and wonderful botanist.
They thought about presents
That would be the best
To help friends feel better, not rottenest.

“Now this might be hard,”
Her mom said out loud.
“But your friend would get better with Harry.”
And Carrie remembered
That plants could be helpful
In sickness. “Well, maybe,” said Carrie.

You see, Carrie knew
What some people don't.
To keep sickness from getting much worsen,
Plants can breathe out
What people breathe in,
And this miracle works vice versa.

She shed several tears
And paced up and down
Before giving dear Harry away.
To whom could she read
And who would smile back
At her jokes at the end of the day?

Yes, Carrie took Harry
In his red pot
To live on a new window sill
Where Harry exhaled
Some sweet oxygen
And he helped her friend stop being ill.

This friend was so grateful
He took a small seed
And grew a new plant of his own.
Then he gave Harry back
To his smart, funny friend
Who would no longer tell jokes alone.

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