# The Nacky Nock! Nonsense poem

The Nacky Nock lived in the sky

Dry and high

Zooming by with a bow tie

See him fly

He came to the ground one day

And said, ‘Hey!’

He prayed he could stay and play

All of May

Nacky Nock saw a girl cry

Why oh why?

Her house was on fire ‘oh my!’

She’d burnt pie

He flapped his wings really fast

On the grass

The wind blew through with a dash

Stopped at last

She told people his kindness

With fondness

He became their royal highness

King, no less

By Freya McIntosh!