She is Poisonous

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Those little hooligans ate my house.
I never saw it coming.
I sat reading the paper in my chair
And first they attacked the plumbing.
Those little demons gnawed little holes
in all my licorice pipes
Next thing I know through the roof falls
a scrawny little boy in stripes.
When he hit the floor I knew there would be trouble
His face was covered in frosting.
His sister jumped in after him
eating so much apparently was exhausting.
I stood for a second to catch my breath
Then I reached for the phone.
I dialed the only three digit number I knew
And listened to the recording’s drone.
I didn’t know what number to pick
There was no children eating my house choice.
So I slammed down the receiver
and began to raise my voice.
“You hooligans stop this very second.
Leave the gingerbread where it sits.
get back to where you came from
or I will fetch my oven mitts.
I gave them warning,
I gave them time
But they were breaking and entering
they were committing a crime
When they continued to gorge themselves
On my chocolate kitchen table
I ran to preheat the oven
as fast as I was able.