

# THE WEED POEM BY NOAH HUGHES.

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Some feed me flowers and some simply won't

I have an enemy it's called a goat

I can't go near it I just don't

Even if it's only ten I'll still lose my place in that lovely little garden

I grow my roots right to the bottom and then I'm pulled out and I'm completely forgotten

Or there is a worse way to die it maybe that it will leave a tear and make you cry

It makes us scream and there's nothing to try but all I can say is why do we have to die!