

A House Is a House For Me

A hill is a house for an ant, an ant.
A hive is a house for a bee.
A hole is a house for a mole or a mouse.
And a house is a house for me!

Author: Mary Ann Hoberman



Color

Buttercups are yellow,
Grass is a gorgeous green,
The world is bright with colour,
Everything wants to be seen!

Author: Richard MacWilliam



Little Kitten

Little kitten rolling around,
Chasing a piece of string,
Fluid in its beauty,
Amazed at everything.

Author: Richard MacWilliam



Bubble

A bubble is a miracle,
Fragile in the air,
A skin of stretched-out water
Floating everywhere.

Author: Richard MacWilliam



The Little Seed

Blown on the wind,
Trampled by the rain,
The little seed must find its place
And grow a tree again.

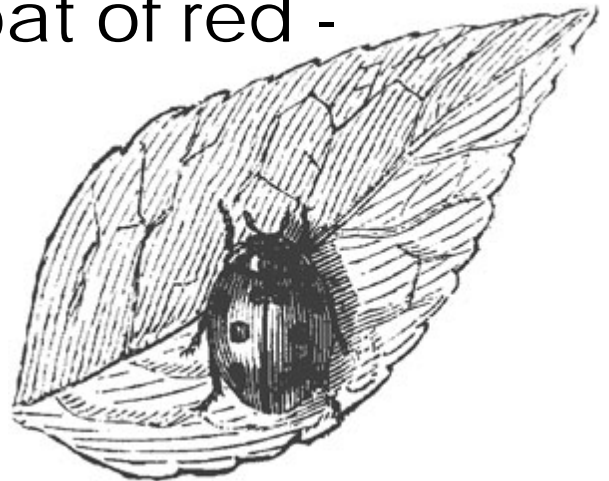


Author: Richard MacWilliam

Ladybird

'The ladybird is quite absurd!'
The ant said to the bee,
'So many legs and a coat of red -
It doesn't look like me!'

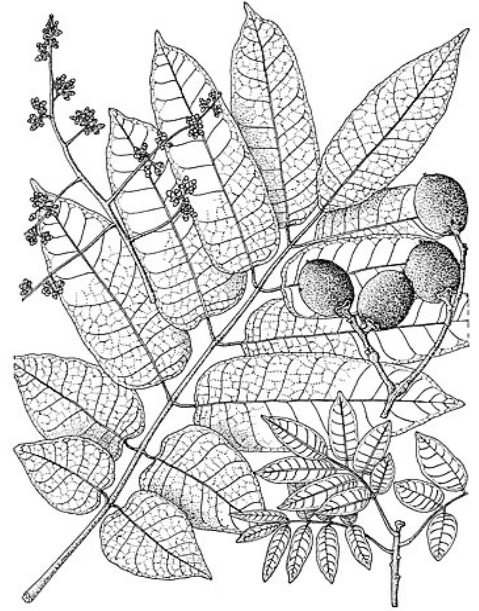
Author: Richard MacWilliam



Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves upon the ground,
Yellow, brown and red,
Winter's getting closer,
The trees are going to bed.

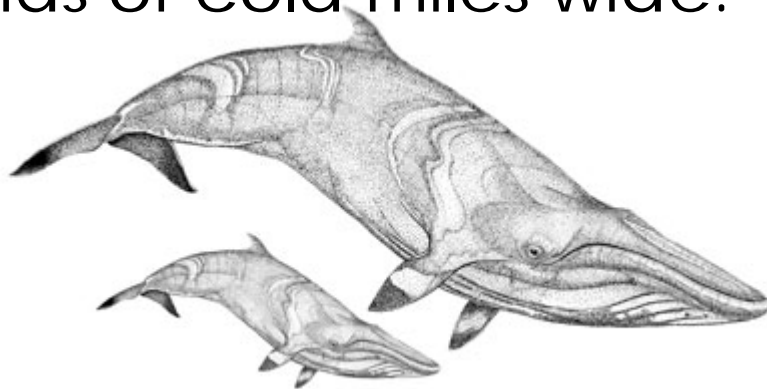
Author: Richard MacWilliam



The Whale

The whale sailed slow beneath the moon,
Its baby by its side,
Crossing oceans three miles deep
And thousands of cold miles wide.

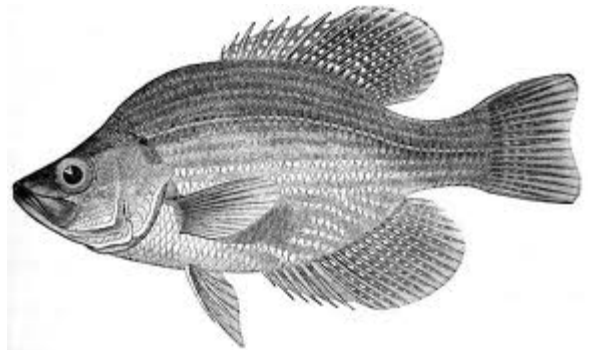
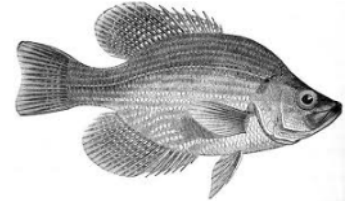
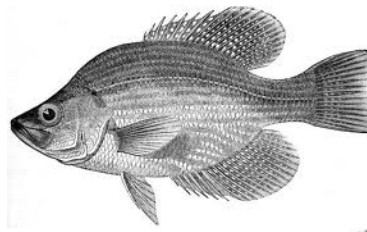
Author: Richard MacWilliam



Grandmother's Fish

Gold fish, red fish
Swimming all around
Gold fish, red fish
Never make a sound.

Author: Grace Andreacchi



The Moon

The moon is washing windows,
Dancing off the glass,
Resting on the praying trees
And painting the sleeping grass.

Author: Richard MacWilliam

