

Feather or Fur

When you watch for
feather or fur
Feather or fur
Do not stir
Do not stir

Feather or fur
Come crawling
Creeping
Some come peeping
Some by night
And some by day.
Most come gently
All come softly
Do not scare
A friend away.

When you watch for
Feather or fur
Feather or fur
Do not stir
Do not stir

John Becker

Ladybird

Tiniest of turtles!
Your shining back
Is a shell of orange
With spots of black.

How trustingly you walk
Across this land
Of hairgrass and hollows
That is my hand.

Your small wire legs,
So frail, so thin,
Their touch is swansdown
Upon my skin.

There! break out
Your wings and fly:
No tenderer creature
Beneath the sky.

By
Clive Sansom

Woodlouse

Armoured dinosaur,
blundering through jungle grass by
dandelion-light.

Knight's headpiece, steel hinged
orange-segment, ball bearing,
armadillo-drop.

Pale peppercorn, pearled
eyeball; sentence without end,
my rolling full-stop.

By
Judith Nicholls

The Spider

I'm told that the spider
Has curled up inside her
Enough silky material
To spin an aerial
One-way track
To the moon and back
Whilst I
Cannot even catch a fly.

Anon.

Dragonfly

When the heat of summer
Make drowsy the land,
A dragonfly came
And sat on my hand.

With its blue jointed body,
And wings like spun glass
It lit on my fingers
As though they were grass.

The Fly

How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear! -
A rosebud like a feather bed
It's prickly like a spear;

A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard-seed
As fierce as coals of fire;

A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;
A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.

By
Walter de la Mare

The Caterpillar

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry
Take your walk
To the shady leaf or stalk

May no toad spy you,
May the little birds pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

By
Christina Rossetti

The Dragon Fly

Today I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil
of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail

He dried his wings: like gauze they grew
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.

By
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Wings

If I had wings
I would touch the fingertips of clouds
and glide on the wind's breath.

If I had wings
I would taste a chunk of the sun,
as hot as peppered curry

If I had wings
I would listen to the clouds of sheep bleat
that graze on the blue

If I had wings
I would breath deep and sniff
the scent of raindrops

If I had wings
I would gaze at the people
who cling to the earth

If I had wings
I would dream of
swimming in the deserts
and walking in the seas

Pie Corbett

Centipedes

The Centipedes in my garden
Are such noisy little brutes,
I wish that they'd wear slippers
Instead of hobnail boots.

Martin Honeysett

The Butterfly

The sun is on fire
In the sky
And in its warmth
Flowers open
In the garden
And the butterfly
Flutters by.

Wings widespread,
It stops to feed
At the flowerbed
And on its favourite flower
The butterfly settles
Like two extra petals.

Stanley Cook

The Tadpole

Underneath the water-weeds
Small and black, I wriggle,
And life is most surprising!
Wiggle! Wiggle! Wiggle!
There's every now and then a most
Exciting change in me,
I wonder, wiggle! waggle!
What I *shall* turn out to be!

E. E. Gould

The Hedgehog

The hedgehog is a little beast
Who likes a quiet wood,
Where he can feed his family
On proper hedgehog food.

He has a funny little snout
That's rather like a pig's
With which he smells, like us, of course,
But he also ruts and digs.

He wears the queerest prickle coat,
Instead of hair or fur,
And only has to curl himself
To bristle like a burr.

He does not need to battle with
Or run away from foes,
His coat does all the work for him,
It pricks them on the nose.

Edith King

The Wasp

When the ripe pears droop heavily,
The yellow wasp hums loud and long
His hot and drowsy autumn song.
A yellow flame he seems to be,
When darting suddenly from high
He lights where fallen peaches lie.

Yellow and black - this tiny thing's
A tiger-soul on elfin wings.

William Sharp

Dragonflies

They used to fly
over all the ponds
in summer, Granny says

like sparkling sapphire helicopters,
purple aeroplanes,
with eyes of bright topaz,
wings flashing emerald light,
brightening the countryside
in their jewelled flight.

Sun-glow brilliance winging
over every pond,
someday I hope to see one
- smallest last dragon.

Joan Poulson

Kindness to Animals

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live:
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home,
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song;
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair,
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day;
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing,
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.