

little, black spiders' ankles  
 on white, take flight  
 I see  
 goats and pigs  
 and bears by three  
 tigers coming round for tea  
 houses made of gingerbread  
 grannies all tucked up in bed  
*what big eyes you have grandma*  
 pussies in booties; cats in hats  
 moles and toads and river rats  
 planets, kingdoms; near and far  
 woods where all the wild things are

I see me  
 floating on the wings of bees  
 stories buzzing in the trees  
 taster of porridge, maker of maps  
 climber of beanstalks, setter of traps  
 traveller in time, wisher of wells  
 puller of turnips, caster of spells  
 finder of treasure, captain of boats  
 kisser of frogs, defender of moats  
 driver of rockets and stagecoach wagons  
 tamer of wolves, slayer of dragons  
 I am: built of books;  
 word breather  
 heart hearer  
 soul feeder

I. Am. Reader.

