

Bees Wings and Spiders Ankles

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
pusses in bootses; 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.

