



Sing, Sang, Gone

Song thrush singing
in a tree,
how pretty!

Song thrush
in our inner city,
city!

Chainsaw
chopping down the tree,
oh, pity!

Farewell, song thrush
and your ditty,
ditty!

Nightfall Fantasy

Head of mouse,
teeth of rat,
vampire wings
that whip and slap,
eyes that don't see,
ears that do –
donkey's ears that stare at you,
hamster's body,
piglet's nose,
gymnast's legs
that hang from toes,
voice – a pixie's tiny wail,
hobby – night-flight,
fairytale.

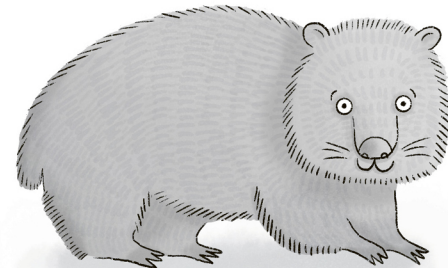
(Bat)

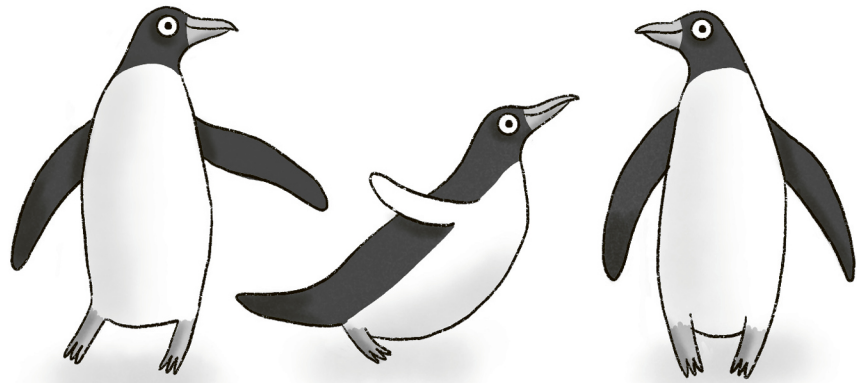
The Wombat is a Non-Bat

The wombat is no kind of bat.
He doesn't whiz or flap.
He's short and squat and rather fat,
and does a waddle-pat.

He isn't one to hang from hooks
or anything like that –
he lives a shuffling, snuffling life,
in ground-floor habitat.

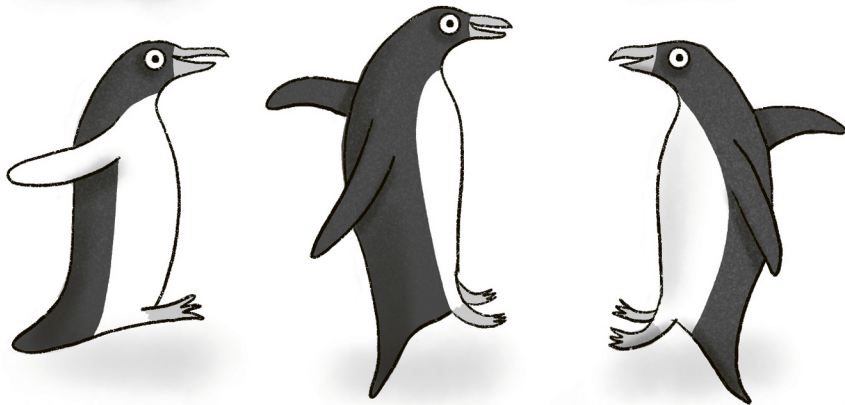
No, the wom-'s no flying fruit-,
no night-sky acrobat.
Don't launch him from your starlit roof –
he would just fall flat.





Dance of the Penguins

Step, hop
waddle, stop
blink, scratch
think



Step, hop
wobble, skid
dash, splash
sink

~~~~

Sweep, swerve  
steep curve  
diving deep  
jive in perfect sync

