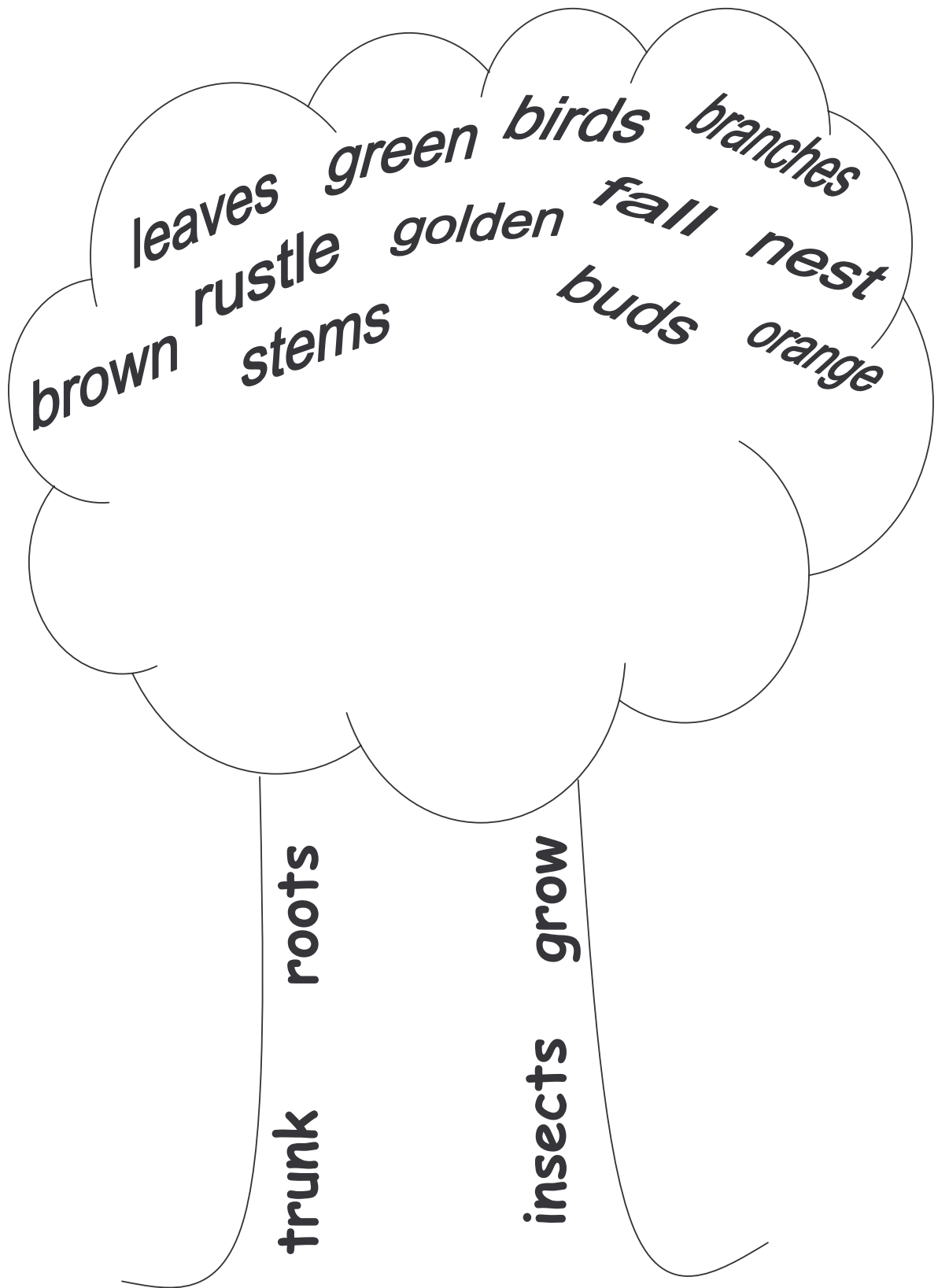
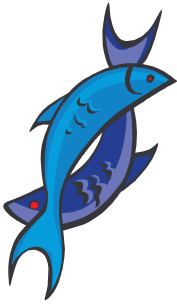


BAUMGEDICHT



Fishes Evening Song



Flip flop,
 Flip flop,
 Slip slap,
 Lip lap;
 Water sounds,
 Soothing sounds.
 We fan our fins

As we lie
 Resting here
 Eye to eye.

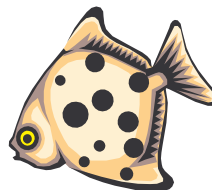


Water falls
 Drop by drop,
 Plip plop
 Drip drop,
 Plink plunk,
 Splash splish;
 Fish fins fan,
 Fish tails swish,
 Swush, swash, swish.



This we wish . . .
 Water cold,
 Water clear,
 Water smooth,
 Just to soothe
 Sleepy fish.

Dahlov Ipcar



Ode to Dull Sluggery!

by Rebecca Brown

Oh, the brightness of the green & yellow ones!
Some are like marble while others like shell.
Oh, the glossy gleam of the black & brown ones!
Some look like twigs while others like hell.

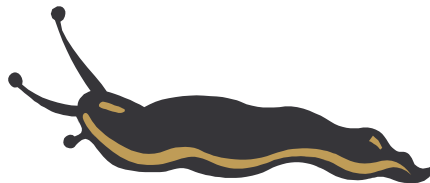
They feast on whatever the land has to offer
On fungus & lichen, on leaf & on worm;
On centipede & insect, on waste & each other.
Anything that's wet, anywhere that's warm.

It has been gleefully suggested
By those who have harvested,
That for each slug collected
Another twenty go undetected.

Gastropod means a footed mouth.
When one is going north, another's gone south.
Malacologists gush about slugs for pets
While gardeners with lettuce know only pests.

A slug & its slime are inextricably one
For without it the slug simply can't run.
Its pedal gland excretes the stuff
So it slithers along... & that is enough!

Slugs rule!



Hannah Byrne
Green Fingers

When doing the garden you're careful of stingers
You play with the lavender so the smell lingers
But picking your nose
I suppose
Is another way to get green fingers

Brian Stiff

Dance like Falling Leaves

The falling leaves of green and brown.

Drifting, tumbling to the ground.

A cold wind blowing.

Sends them spiraling around.

Floating this way and that.

Up above the ground.

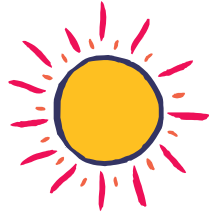
Drifting leaves of green and brown.

Are once again falling towards the ground.

Summer

When it's hot
I take my shoes off
I take my shirt off
I take my pants off
I take my underoff off
I take my whole body off
and throw it in the river

Frank Asch



Summer

I love summer! Summer is hot.

It's sun and shade.

It's water to wade.

It's frog and bugs.

It's grass for rugs.

It's eating outside.

It's a tree-swing ride.

It's tomatoes and corn.

It's dew in the morn.

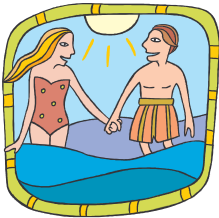
It's dogs and boys

And lots of noise.

It's a hot sunny sky.

It's summer. That's why

I love summer.





In the Summer

In the summer when the days are hot,
I like to find a shady spot,
And hardly move a single bit
And sit, and sit, and sit, and sit.



From www.canteach.ca

When It Clears Up



The lake is like a giant saucer;
Beyond-a gathering of clouds;
Like stern and dazzling mountain-ranges
Their massif the horizon crowds.

And with the light that swiftly changes,
The landscape never stays the same.
One moment clad in sooty shadows,
The next-the woods are all aflame.

When, after days of rainy weather,
The heavy curtain is withdrawn,
How festive is the sky, burst open!
How full of triumph is the lawn!

The wind dies down, the distance lightens,
And sunshine spreads upon the grass;
The steaming foliage is translucent.
Like figures in stained-window glass.



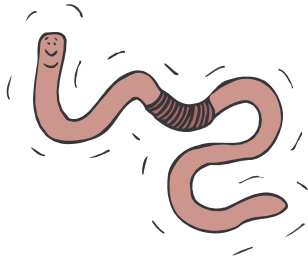
By Boris Pasternak

INSECTS MASQUERADE

Bet you didn't know
A broken twig could grow
Two sudden wings
And take off to the sky?
Unless you're a clever moth
Camouflaged like a spy.



Bet you'd never guess
a thread
dangling
high
could begin
to
squirm.
That's me, Inchworm.



So you thought
I was a stick?
Until you tried to pick
me up. Then too quick
for your hands was I?



What a surprise
when you realised
I was no dry leaf
But a butterfly
making a fool of your eyes.

When will you humans learn
that we insects love disguise.