

The Caterpillar And The Butterfly

& Other Poems

By Kanika G

Illustrated By Pell G

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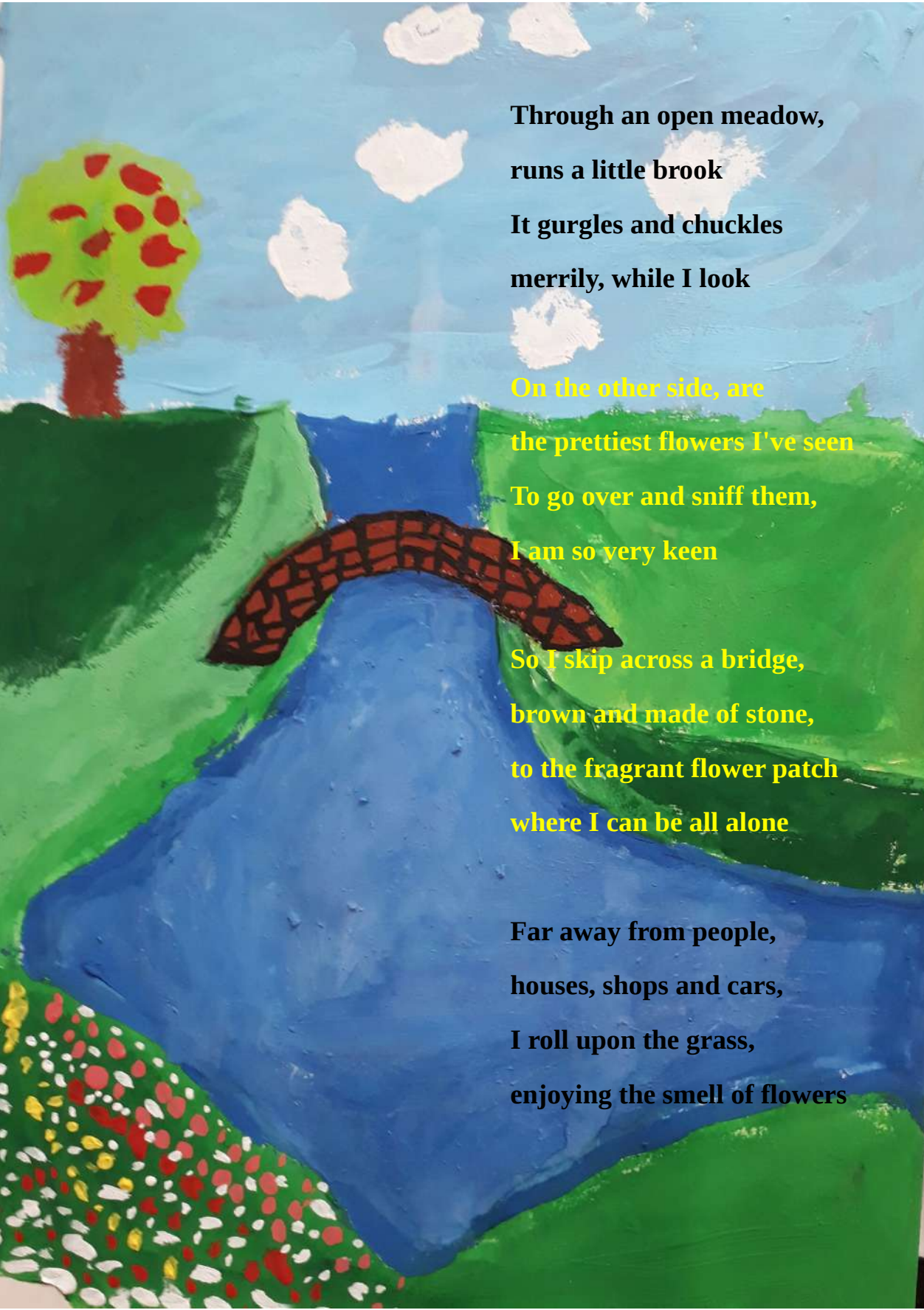
Two snow people
on a fluffy snow bed
One wears blue and
the other wears red

Out in the cold,
they snuggle and they cuddle
But they can't have a fire,
or they'll melt in to a puddle

They look around curiously
They sing a merry song
Shining in the moonlight,
just where they belong.

Late in the night,
when everyone's in bed,
“Let's take tour of the town”,
whispers Blue to Red



A vibrant, painterly illustration of a landscape. A wide, blue river flows from the top center towards the bottom. On the left bank, a green hill rises, topped with a tree that has a brown trunk and a canopy of red leaves. A small bridge with a brown, arched stone structure crosses the river. The right bank is a green hill. The sky is a light blue with several white, fluffy clouds. In the bottom left corner, there is a patch of green grass with red and white flowers.

Through an open meadow,
runs a little brook
It gurgles and chuckles
merrily, while I look

On the other side, are
the prettiest flowers I've seen
To go over and sniff them,
I am so very keen

So I skip across a bridge,
brown and made of stone,
to the fragrant flower patch
where I can be all alone

Far away from people,
houses, shops and cars,
I roll upon the grass,
enjoying the smell of flowers

Eric the caterpillar
wandered around,
on the dark brown
muddy ground

He searched for more food,
but he could see none
He had eaten all the leaves,
every single one

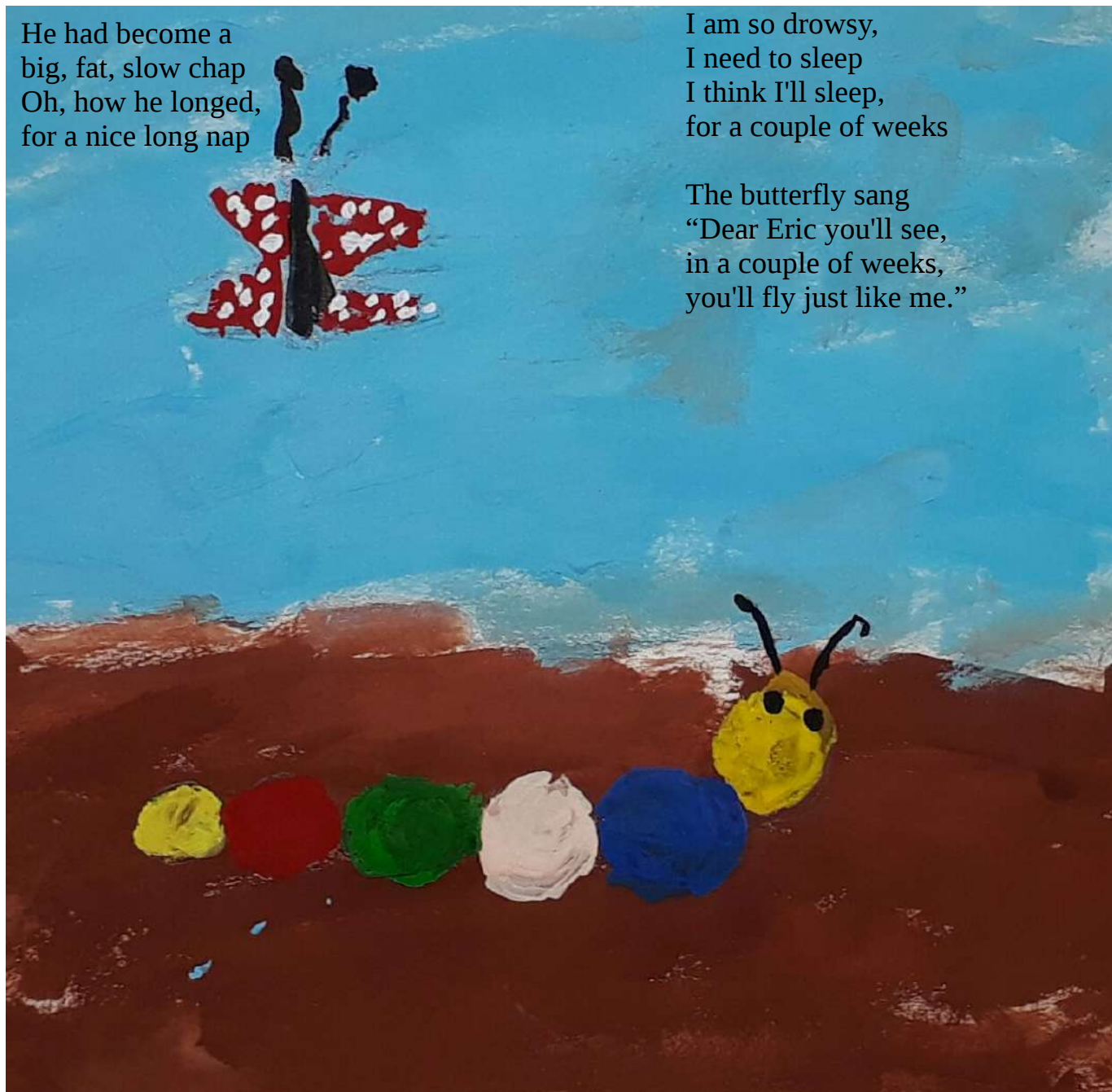
He had become a
big, fat, slow chap
Oh, how he longed,
for a nice long nap

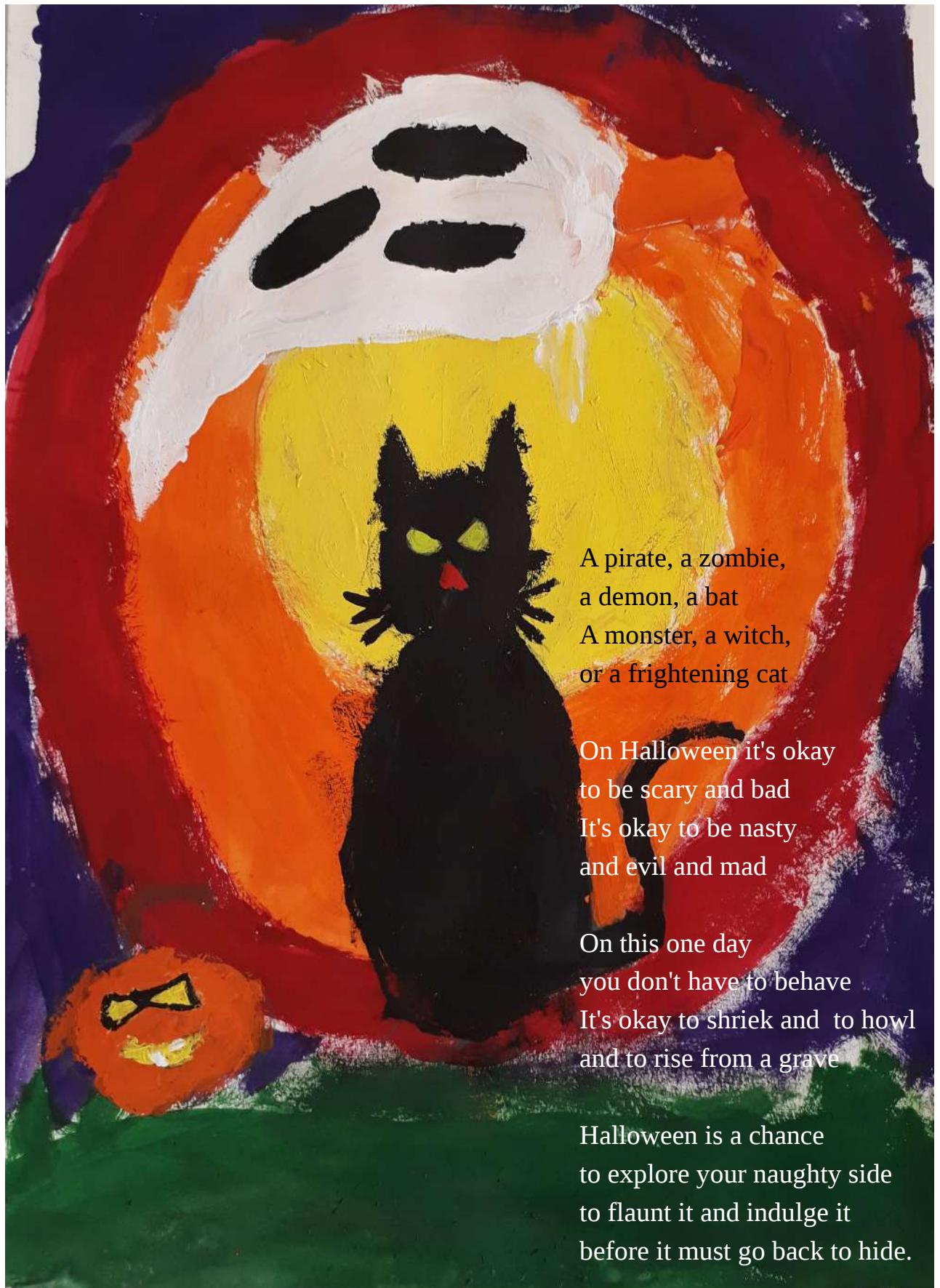
Just then,
a peppy butterfly,
singing a merry song,
whizzed by

Eric called out,
“Hello Butterfly!”
“How do you manage,
to fly so high?”

I am so drowsy,
I need to sleep
I think I'll sleep,
for a couple of weeks

The butterfly sang
“Dear Eric you'll see,
in a couple of weeks,
you'll fly just like me.”





A pirate, a zombie,
a demon, a bat
A monster, a witch,
or a frightening cat

On Halloween it's okay
to be scary and bad
It's okay to be nasty
and evil and mad

On this one day
you don't have to behave
It's okay to shriek and to howl
and to rise from a grave

Halloween is a chance
to explore your naughty side
to flaunt it and indulge it
before it must go back to hide.

Eight Thumbs the octopus
is swimming in the sea
With his friends all around
he's as happy as can be

Mr. Sea Horse looks fat
Did I hear him right?
Cause a pregnant man,
is an amazing sight!

Here's my best friend
She is a star!
I'm telling the truth, in fact,
all star fishes are.

This is Mr. Wobbly
He doesn't have a spine
I am not being rude
For a jelly fish, that's fine

Here comes a dolphin
She's funny and cute
She's friendly and playful,
and also astute

Under the sea
is a nice place to be
It never gets boring
in such diverse company



Said Mr. P to Mrs. P
"Come dear, dance with me"
Said Mrs. P to Mr. P,
"I'm busy, can't you see?"

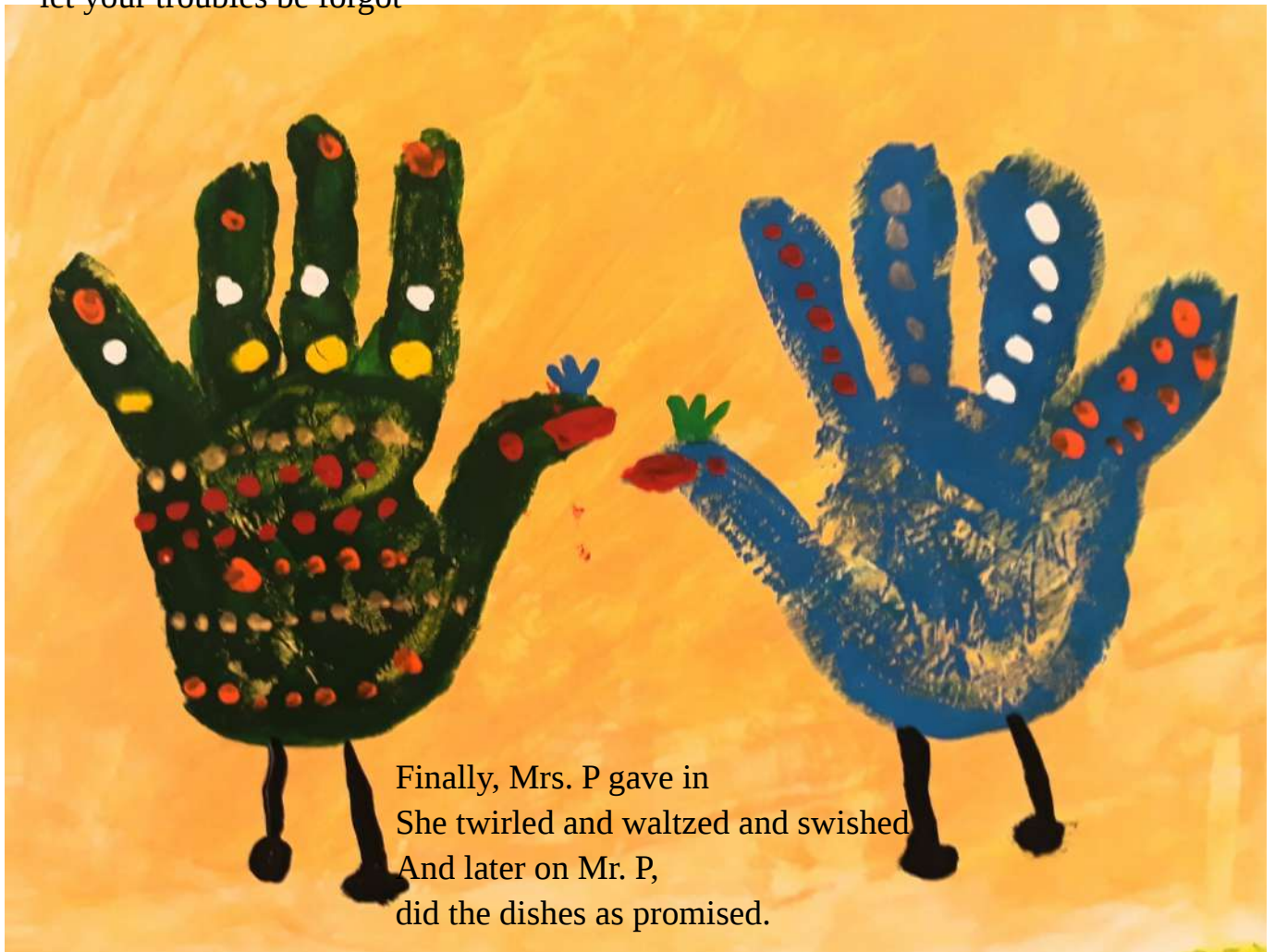
Said Mr. P to Mrs. P,
"But my lovely girl,
let's take this moment for
ourselves
and swirl and whirl and twirl."

"Let's waltz and jive and tango
Let's cha-cha and foxtrot
For just a brief moment
let your troubles be forgot"

Asked Mrs. P, indignantly,
"But what of all my chores?
Who will cook and do the dishes?
Who will mop the floors?"

"Wife my dear, have no fear,
I'll wash every dish,
if you take the time to dance with me,
and let you skirt go swish"

"So when you're back to your chores,
in a little while
You can look back on this moment,
delight in it and smile"



Finally, Mrs. P gave in
She twirled and waltzed and swished
And later on Mr. P,
did the dishes as promised.

By a quaint little hut,
in a far away place
I feel the warmth of a fire
and the wind on my face

Not a thing I hear,
except what I think
And I think many things,
as the stars, at me, wink

Each star, that dazzles
the darkness so vast,
represents a point
of time, in the past

Separated by time
Separated by space
But in the night sky
Stars all find a place

They differ in properties,
complex and simple
But to our eyes,
all of them twinkle





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