The Caterpillar And The Butterfly

& Other Poems

By Kanika G

Illustrated By Pell G
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
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"

Askeed 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,  
extcept 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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