

The Rainbow Man and the Brave Butterfly

By Heledd Bianchi

The Family Allotment On Easter Sunday

As the twittering from the mocking gulls
And the melodic treble strings from the violin firsts,
In comes the rhythmic gnawing
From the garden saw
In unison with the persistent buzzing
From the demented drill.

A pause, then a breath is taken by me
As I relinquish my soul to this cacophony,
And am riding on a crest of sweet harmony
As the French horns and basoons lead merrily
From the vibrating old stereo on this Easter Sunday.

Here I sit back and gaze
At the peaceful picture
Of kindred hands tending gently
To the weeding, digging and planting of new beginnings.
Not a moan or a groan is heard from the mouths of my babes
As they labour contently in the scorching sun.

Bogies

I like tasting all kinds of bogies.
I like slimey ones, runny ones, flaky ones and stringy ones,
I like how they tickle as they trickle down my tongue,
I like how they quiver when they slither, down to my tum.
I also like to munch on the salty, crispy ones;
But the ones I like the most of all
Are the picky roly flicky ones

Ants in My Kitchen

I must, I must get rid of these ants
Before they fly right into my pants
They've been crawling in my kitchen for quite some time
Scurrying to heave up the crumbs, oh so divine

They crawl up and down and round and round
The sugar and jam pot, their merry- go- round
I've tried chopping them, splatting them
And sprinkling black pepper on them
But they still keep coming back to explore!

I know it's their duty to feed their queen
But do they have to torment me, I just want to scream
Get out of my kitchen, Stop sucking the cream
From inside my custards that fill me with gleam
Stop marching across my unit tops so clean
Take your pitter pattering feet right back to your queen

My best friend Amy

My best friend Amy is nothing like me
She has long pretty curls
She's as pretty as can be
Whenever I go 'round Amy's for tea
We have chicken nuggets, chips, jelly, ice cream!

My best friend Amy has a beautiful playhouse in her garden
It's much nicer than mine
It's as clean as a whistle and fragranced of pine
No cobwebs or crawlies with their ganglies in sight
To creep up behind us and give us a fright

My best friend Amy is nothing like me
All sticky and mucky with the tangliest hair that you ever did see!
When poor Amy comes to mine for tea
We have brown rice and veggies, I just want to scream
My best friend Amy is nothing like me!

My friend in the wall

“Hello”

“Hello”

“Hello”

“Hello”

“Stop saying hello”

“Stop saying hello”

“Who are you?”

“Who are you?”

I just see walls!

“Hello”

“Hello”

“Listen”

“Listen”

“Stop”

“Stop”

“Listen to me”

“Listen to me”

“To me”

“To me”

“No, I’m talking!”

“No, I’m talking!”

“Me, not you”

“Me, not you”

“Stop following me”

“Stop following me”,

“Hee hee”

“Hee hee”

The Rainbow Man and the Brave Butterfly

Can you see the Rainbow Man
hanging from the sky?
His arms and legs swinging to and fro
He's hanging on to a butterfly!

Can you see her majestic wings
Swooping in the wind?
Scattering a trail of rainbow dust
She protects him from nature's grims

Away they glide across waters wide
Showering the seas from mountains high
With a blast of colour
That no cloud can hide

Watch in awe as the Rainbow Man takes his flight
From towering cliff tops; he leaps with might
Heave-ho, he catapults through the air, a majestic sight
As he hangs on to the brave butterfly, his kite