

*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, child-like painting of a landscape. A blue stream flows from the top center towards the bottom. On the left bank, there is a green tree with red spots and a brown trunk. A brown bridge with a grid pattern spans across the stream. The sky is light blue with white, fluffy clouds. The grass is green, and there are patches of red, yellow, and white flowers. The overall style is expressive and colorful.

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

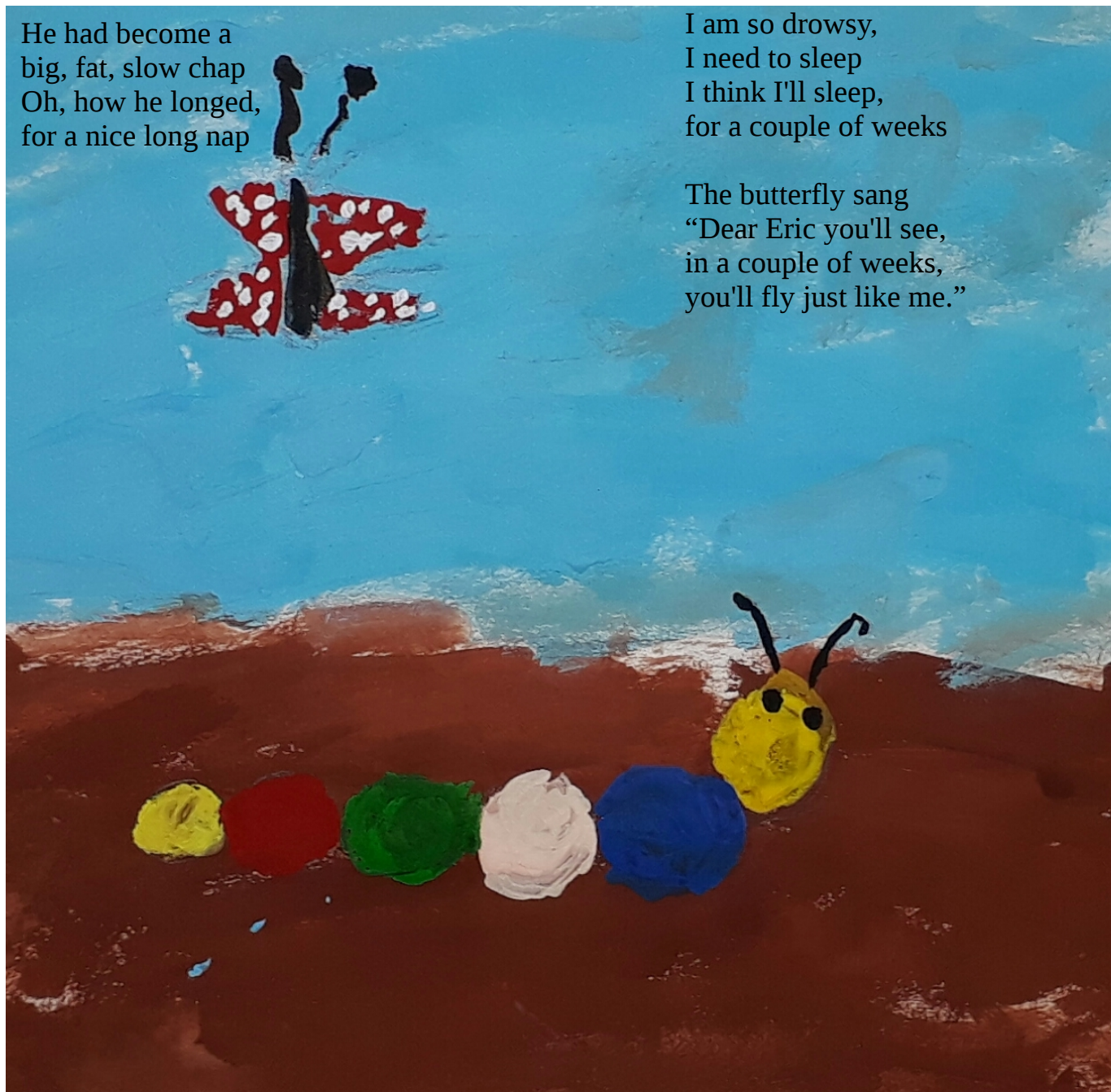
He had become a  
big, fat, slow chap  
Oh, how he longed,  
for a nice long nap

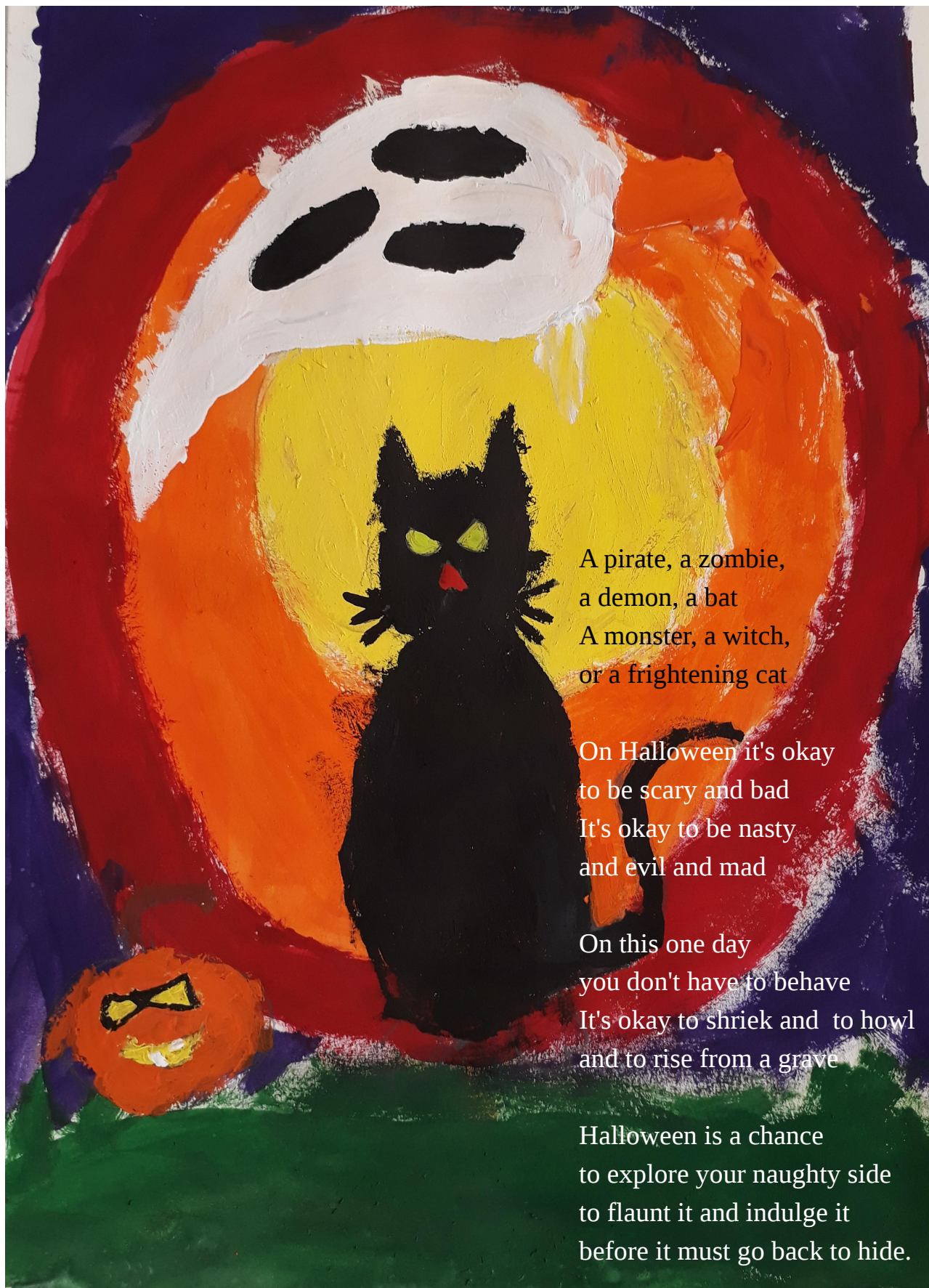
Just then,  
a peppy butterfly,  
singing a merry song,  
whizzed by

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?"

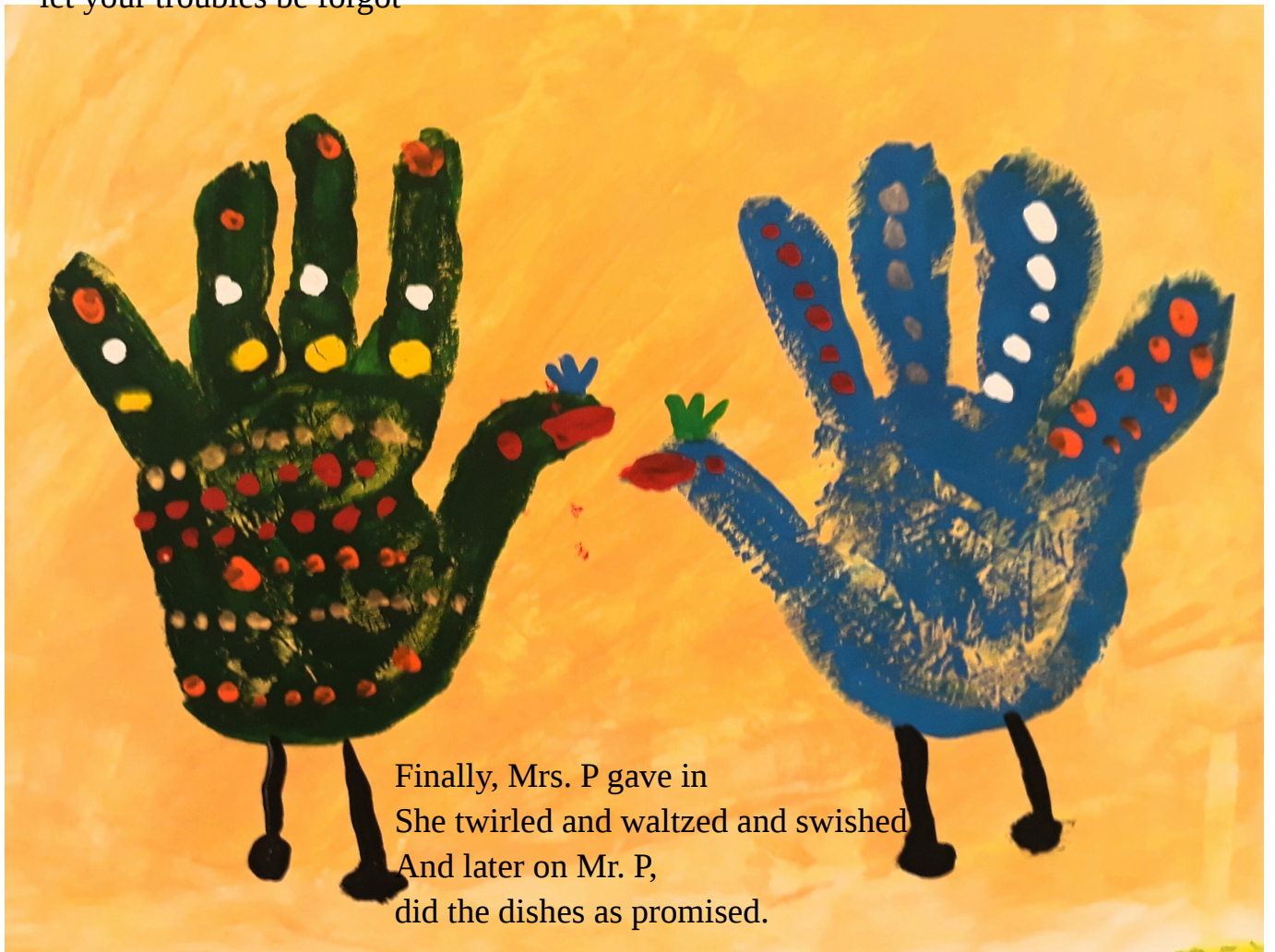
Said Mr. P to Mrs. P,  
"But my lovely girl,  
let's take this moment for  
ourselves  
and swirl and whirl and twirl."

"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 your 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"





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

