

Helping you choose books for children



opening extract from

My First Oxford Book of Poems

written by

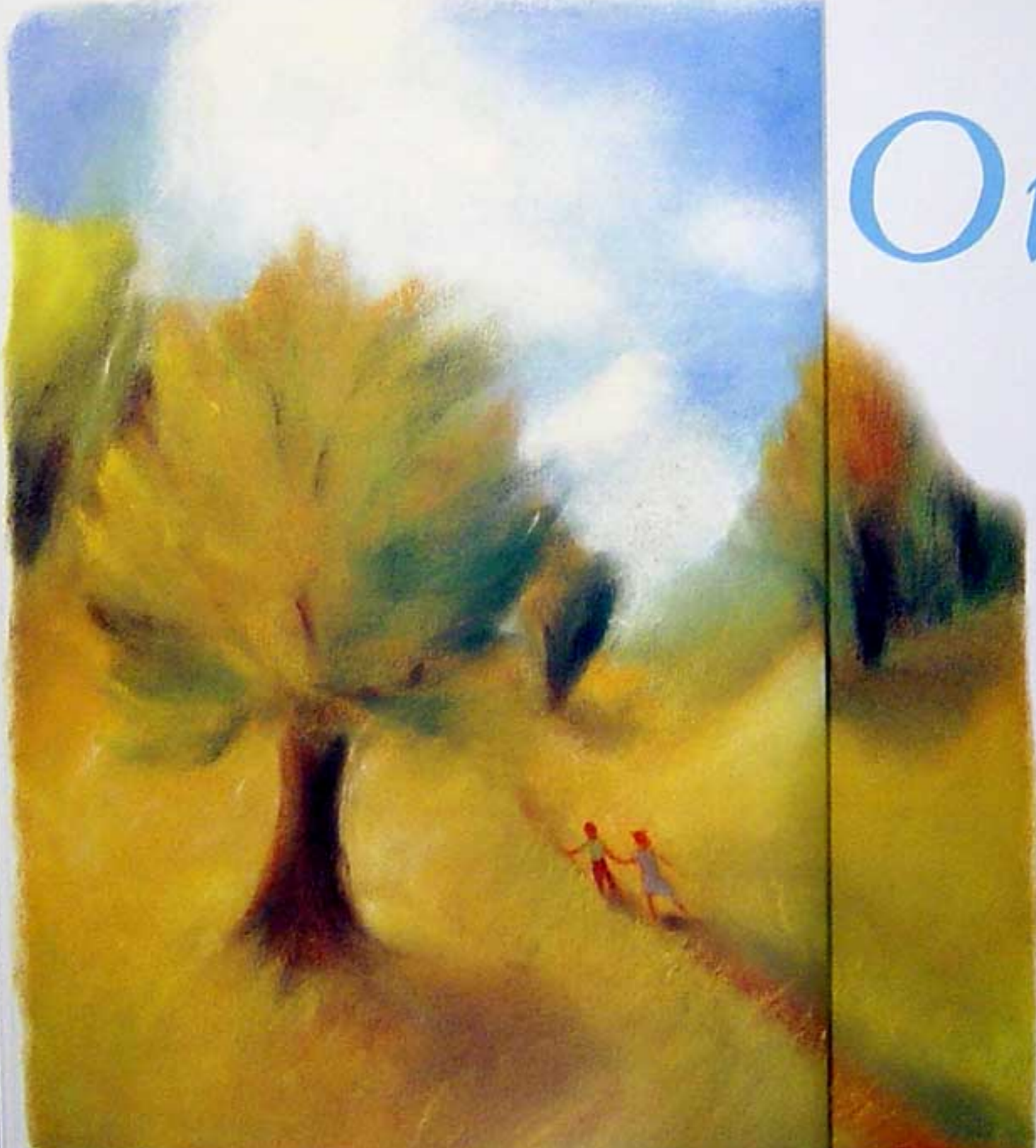
John Foster

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Out and About

Out in the Dark and Daylight


Out in the dark and daylight,
under a cloud or tree,

Out in the park and play light,
out where the wind blows free,

Out in the March or May light
with shadows and stars to see,

Out in the dark and daylight . . .
that's where I like to be.

Aileen Fisher



Here is a Field

Here is a field
where dandelions grow,
where silver sails
when breezes blow.

Here is a field
where butterflies feed,
laying their eggs
on the nettles they need.

Here is a field
where rabbits may run
out of their burrows
and into the sun.

Here is a field
where I may lie
in gangling grass
and gaze at the sky.

Celia Warren

The Door

A white door in a hawthorn hedge –
Who lives through there?
A sorcerer? A wicked witch
With serpents in her hair?

A king enchanted into stone?
A lost princess?
A servant girl who works all night
Spinning a cobweb dress?

A queen with slippers made of ice?
I'd love to see.
A white door in a hawthorn hedge –
I wish I had a key.

Richard Edwards

