

Red Sky at Night,
Poet's Delight



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Mr Slime

At night I'm the slimy king
of the kitchen. You think you
know it all. You know nothing!

Don't come downstairs
at midnight (if you value your life)
Stay well clear. Out of sight!

I'm unfriendly. Other slugs
shake in their boots when
they see me. So back off, pal!

I'm a mischief, a real problem.
A tough cookie, no nonsense!
I eat salt for breakfast.

Last night, I slept in the dog's
bed.

They can keep it.
I'd rather sleep on glass!

I'm moody. Spiders won't
even look at me. I could never
be squished. Don't even try!

I'll stare you down with my
slug-eyes. I could never

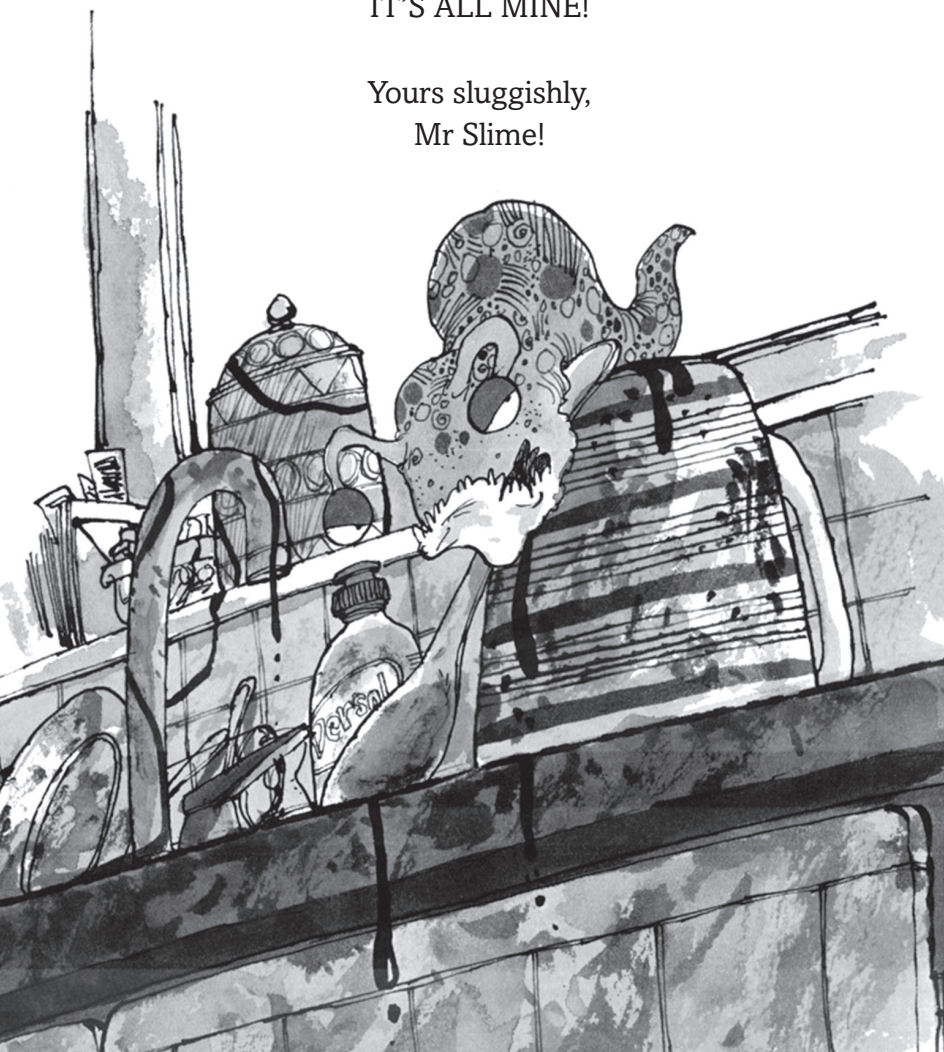


be poisoned. I'm toxic!
I lick the food from fallen
spoons and howl at
the moon (as all slugs do).

So don't cross the line!
From the cooker to the wall,
and the fridge to the door...

IT'S ALL MINE!

Yours sluggishly,
Mr Slime!



Ant

I'm
Busy, busy
all the time.
Carrying things
ten times my size.

A leaf or piece
of mouldy bread.
An injured ant
with a broken leg.

Sometimes I don't
know where I'm going.
Busy, busy is all
I'm knowing.

Up, down, left, right,
zig-zag-zoo.
There's always
something else to do.



Lighthouse

Beaming into midnight black,
landing on things. A bobbing

boat. Or the momentary tip
of a wave. Or the momentary

finger tip of my wave. In and out of light.
I've never been in the lighthouse.

But I can imagine how the stairs rise.
An upward twist. A narrowing climb.

One day, I'll live in that slim thing,
where corners don't exist. I'll listen

to seagulls, and the whispering shore.
And I'll shine a light, then shine some more.



Fruit Buffet

A banana, an orange,
an apple and pear,
a mango and melon
sliced up into squares.

A peach and a plum,
strawberries and grapes,
guava, papaya
chopped neatly on plates.

Passionfruit, apricot,
olives and cherries.
How much of this fruit
can I fit in my belly?

