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Opening extract from
Come Into This Poem

Written by
Tony Mitton

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For Elizabeth, with love and thanks, T.M.

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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COME iNTO THiS POEM

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TONY MITTON

Illustrations by
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FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Contents

Garden	6	Jazz River	53
Big Red Boots	8	Three Ships	54
Entrance	10	The Ghost Horse	56
Invisible Ink	12	The Tea Song	59
Cold Comfort Pets	16	Ponderous Frog	60
Death and the Knight	18	Mermaid	62
Magic Ride	22	The White Horse of Uffington	64
Dark	24	The Fire Steeds	66
Fantasy Cottage	27	Seed Spell	68
Wonder	28	The Blind Fiddler	70
Hope	29	Shingle Street	72
Kwan Yin	30	Bat	74
Penny Piece	34	Itchy Titchy	75
Dunwich, the Lost City	36	The Salt Boy	76
Teaser	38	Web	78
Spring Sunshine	39	Small Church, Sleeping	79
Tale	40	Will o' the Wisp	80
Txt PoM	42	Worm	81
Thunderbird	44	Glengorm, The Blue Glen	82
The Sandwich	46	Shell Villanelle	86
The Taper	48	Yarn (The Writer's Tale)	88
Pigeon	52	Days	90

Garden

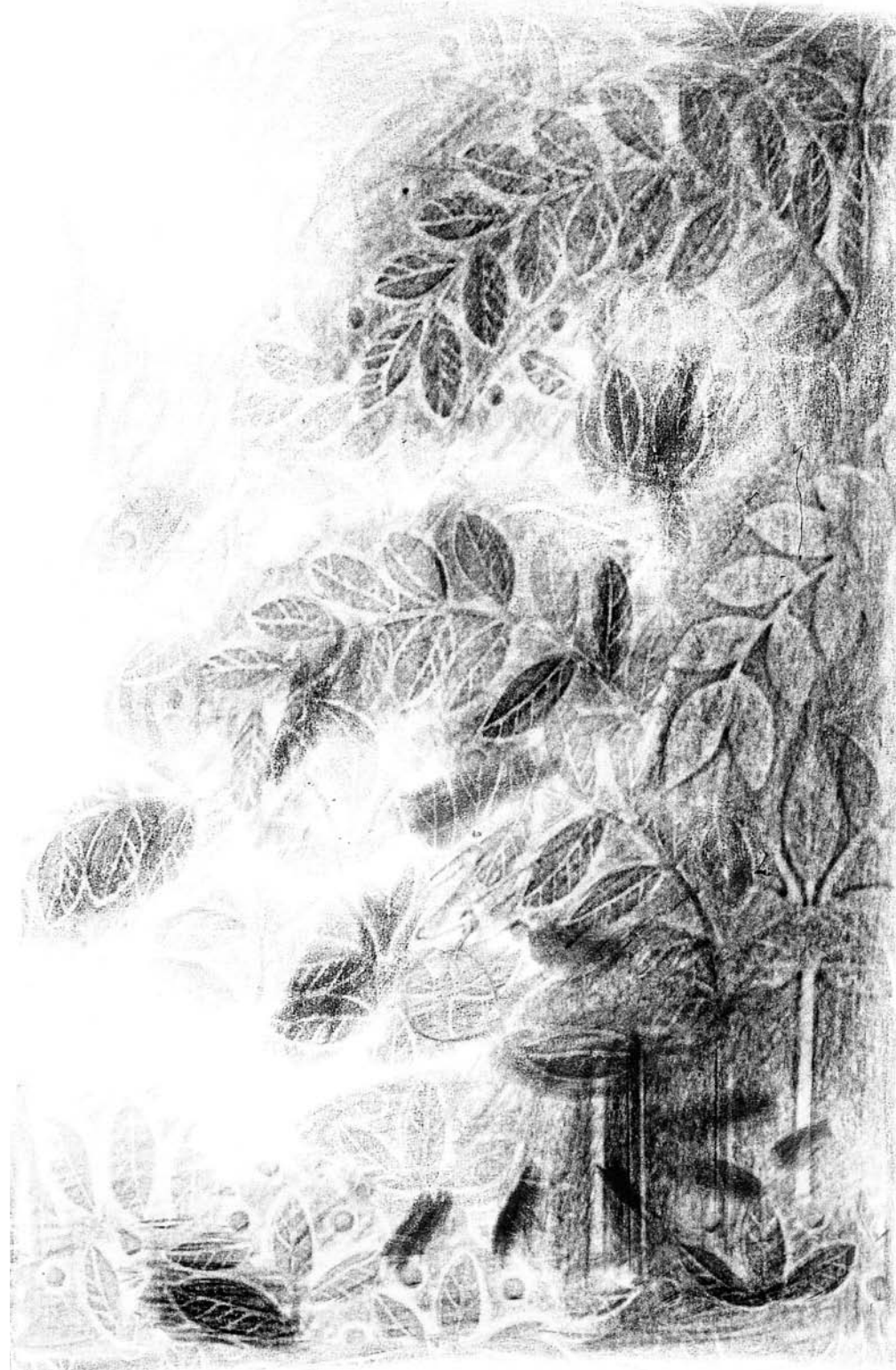
The door is open
to the garden.

It is a box
of life

where sunlight pulls
green magic
from brown earth.

Sit, and you will see
how breezes shake the leaves,
scattering shadows,

as insects spin their chances
on the air.



Big Red Boots

Big red boots, big red boots.

One of them squeaks and the other one toots.

One of them hops and the other one stamps.

Big red boots take long, wet tramps.

Boots, boots, big red boots.

One of them squeaks and the other one toots.

Big red boots on busy little feet
start out shiny, clean and neat.

Big red boots, oh, yes, yes, yes,
end up muddy in a terrible mess.

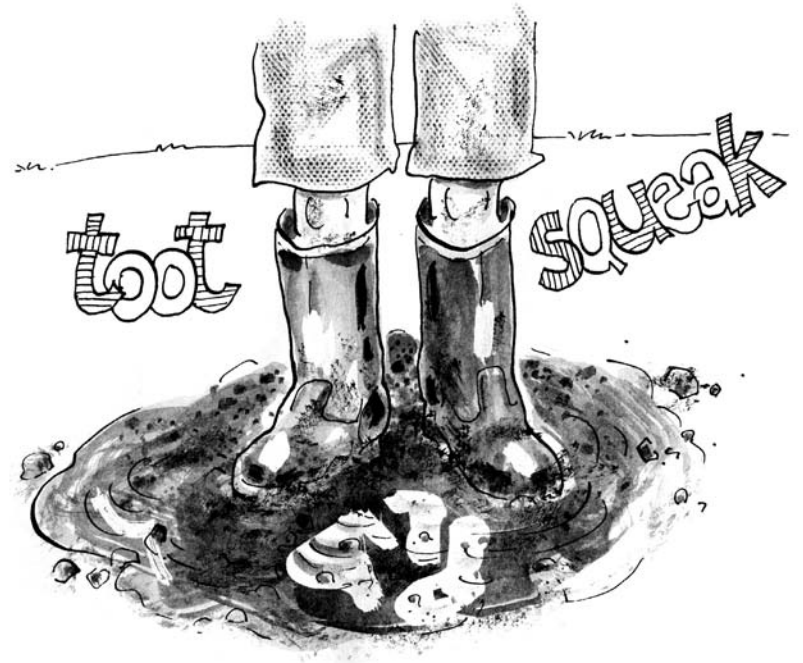
Boots, boots, big red boots.

One of them squeaks and the other one toots.

Boots, boots, big red boots,
squelch through mud and trample roots.

Big red boots say, "Look! Oh gosh!

What a great puddle there. . . Yay! SPLOSH!"

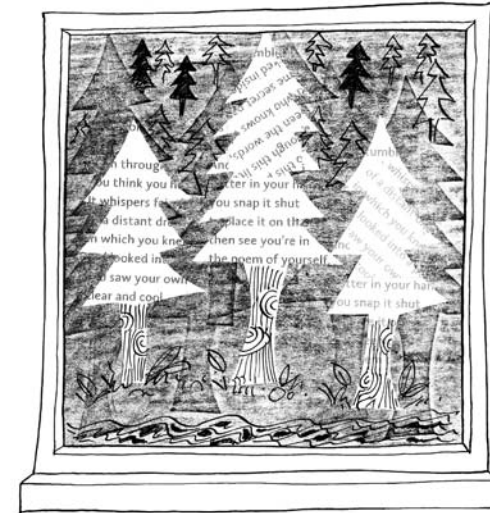


Entrance

Come into this poem.
Step through this little gap
between the words,
and who knows what you'll find?
Some secret passage
tucked inside your mind?
A flight of steps
that wind
 down to a door
that opens on a wood
where once you stopped and stood?

Then through the trees
you think you hear a stream.
It whispers faintly
of a distant dream
in which you knelt
and looked into a pool
and saw your own face gazing,
clear and cool. . .

You stumble on
to find a lispng brook
whose ripples are
the writing in a book.
Its text is strange
and hard to understand.
And as the pages
flutter in your hand,
you snap it shut
to place it on the shelf. . .
then see you're in
the poem of yourself.



Invisible Ink

What do you do
with invisible ink?

Scribble your secrets,
the things that you think.
For the words disappear,
yes, they go with a p-l-i-n-k!

That's what you do
with invisible ink.

But I once heard the case
of a very sad guy –
I suppose that he worked
as some sort of a spy –
He wrote out a message
in curious code,
and he wrote in the blood
of a poisonous toad.
(It was dead when he found it,
right there on the road.)
It was squashed by a car,
and was starting to stink.

But its blood made a perfect
invisible ink!

He wrote down the words
and they all disappeared.
But listen to this,
for the next bit is weird.
Why he should try it
I really can't think...
He decided to drink
the invisible ink!

Ink, ink, invisible ink,
is something you never,
not ever, should drink!

To begin with he took
just the tiniest sip.
It glistened a bit
on his trembling lip.
Then he took a deep breath,
with a gulp and a frown,
lifted the bottle
and drank it all down!

Ink, ink, invisible ink,
it's OK for writing
the things that you think,
especially secrets
that make you turn pink.
But please say you'll never,
no, not as a dare,
not even in moments
so crazy and rare,
no, not under water
or up in the air,
no, not in the country
or here in the town,
not with a smile,
or a leer or a frown. . .
say that you'll never,
you'll not even think
to venture a drink
of invisible ink.

Cos, what of the spy?
He was gone in a blink!

