

The background of the entire page is a dense, vibrant green grass texture, suggesting a natural outdoor setting.

# *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 tour the town”,  
whispers Blue to Red**



**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.”**



**The sky is flaming orange**

**The sun sinks in to the sea**

**I see a cheerful little boat**

**It's sailing away from me**

**The boat is bright yellow,**

**with sails of purple, red and white**

**It approaches the horizon,**

**as the day turns in to night**

**Now the boat is shrinking**

**Soon it will be gone**

**Behind the orange curtain**

**Leaving me forlorn**



**Spring was full of hope  
Summer kept me on my toes  
But now I can sail away  
to explore distant shores**

**Crimson and gold  
orange and yellow,  
leaves sparkle in the morning  
sunlight so mellow**

**Under the blue sky,  
a strong autumn breeze,  
dislodges foliage  
from big sturdy trees**

**A riotous display of colours  
The trees put on their last show,  
before the sky turns grey  
and covers them with snow.**

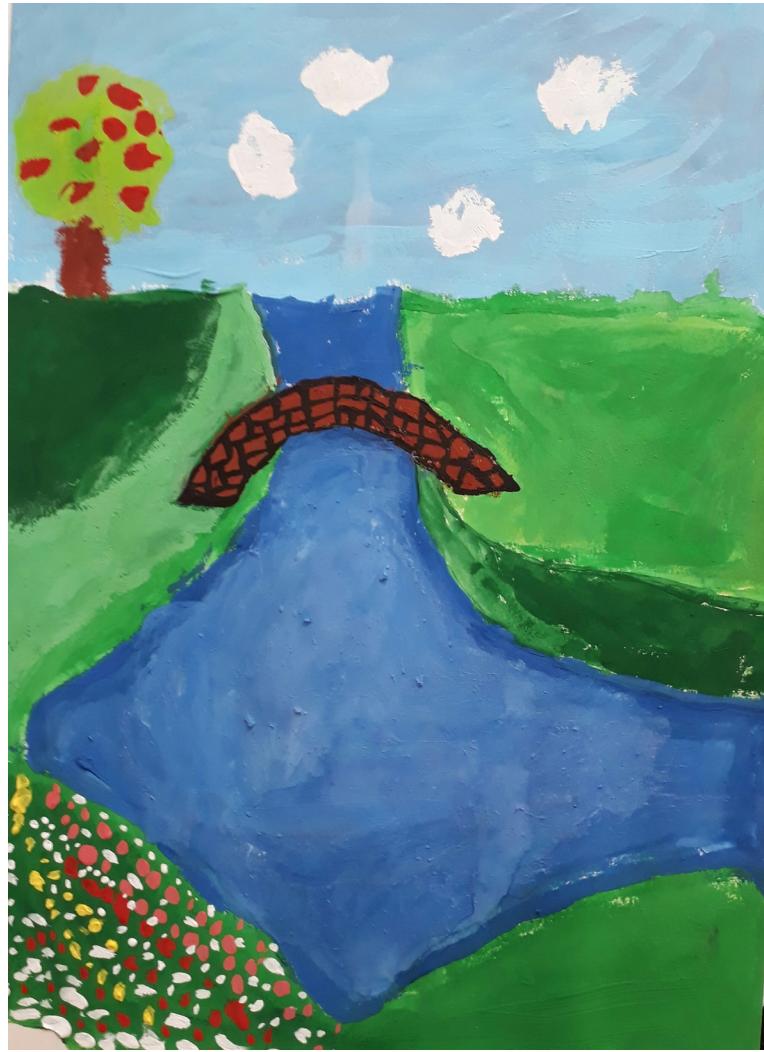


**A pirate, a zombie,  
a demon, a bat  
A monster, a witch,  
or a frightening cat**

**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.**



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



**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 you 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"**

**Finally, Mrs. P gave in**  
**She twirled and waltzed and swished**  
**And later on Mr. P,**  
**did the dishes as promised.**



**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.**

My 5 year old daughter Pell wanted to illustrate one of my books. As enthusiastic as she is, it would be too difficult a task for her. But, I did not want to disappoint her, so I gave the matter some thought.

Finally, I came up with an idea. Instead of having her come up with illustrations for my stories, I came up with poems to match her paintings. Then we put it together as a book. Pell has fulfilled her dream, and I am thrilled that I was able to facilitate it.