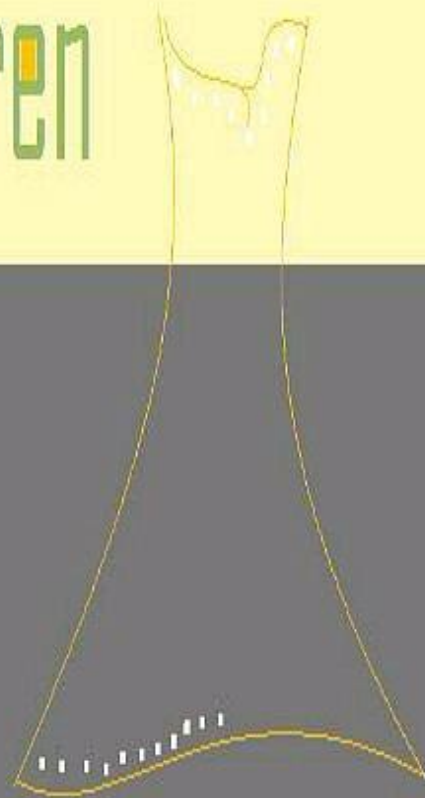


poetry for modern  
children



By: N

# **Poetry for Modern Children**

By **N**

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# Little African

Your hands, your eyes.  
Do not change them for the world.  
Your skin your hair.  
Such a beauty you are.  
Your smile your speech.  
These define who you are.  
Your name, your language.  
Are a part of you.

Little African.  
Your body, so small.  
Your spirit, so tall.  
Let me see it around the moon.  
Let it shine brighter than the sun.

Who will you be, if you change ...  
What will Africa be?  
Dust of memories in history books?

Little African  
I see Africa in you.  
Your image defines its every corner.  
The beautiful life of Africa.  
You are beautiful.

# Lost alphabets

*A b c d e*

I know them pretty well.

*E f g h i*

I could call myself a master.

Though I wonder at times.

Is it loose or lose.

Is it eight or ate.

Sounds all the same.

*A b c d e f g*

Why do these words look the same?

Is it meet or meat.

Wait! I think I know this one.

*H i j k l m n o*

I'm an English professor now.

Hold on, is it professor or profesor?

*P q r s t u*

I need to read more.

I need to spell more.

I need more alphabets.

What's next after;

*P q r s t u.*

It's *v w x y z*.

The library assistant whispered.

She was watching me all this time.

Loose is for set free

Lose is to fail to win

Eight is a number.

You Ate your food today.

You have met me.

We'll meet tomorrow again.

You've seen the meat at the butcher.

And yes you will be an English professor.

# Nay-omi

Nay-omi, the girl next door.  
She dances like a ballerina.  
She knows how to hit the floor.  
Well I'm known as the singer.  
... Back to nay-omi  
I heard she's in hospital.  
If only she had told me.  
How she stretches to become tall.  
How she starves to become thin.  
I would have given her my health book.  
I should have noticed her pale skin.  
I didn't realise her cry for help look.  
Oh dear Nay-omi get well I pray.  
She's the greatest dancer.  
She taught me to dance for a day.  
I fell, I tripped all the way.  
I hope she comes back soon.  
We can play, I'll keep an eye on her.  
We share a birthday in June.  
I hope she comes back soon.

# **The elder**

Respect the elderly young man  
Respect the elderly young lady  
One day your hair will be white as snow  
Your memory unsettled as the clouds  
Everything ages, as trees do grow  
Do not giggle when they ask you to speak louder  
Walk them across the street now and then  
Help them read when they can't  
Exercise their memory count from one to ten  
Never ever say you won't  
For all your days are numbered  
Be friendly to the elderly  
They have taken care of our earth  
Looked after you since birth  
They may sit under the sun  
They may hide behind the book  
Bring tea while they read  
The future looks so far, yet it's too near.  
Love the elderly  
One day we'll be called the elderly too  
Let's love, as we would love to be loved

# Bubbles

Bubbles on my window  
Dancing on my window  
Have you seen their feet?  
I see marks on my sheet

It wasn't a dream  
I could not scream  
The bubbles rolled  
I acted bold

Have you seen them?  
They are dressed all the same  
I placed one in my pocket  
Placed another in my locket

They smile at me  
I love that they love me  
One popped yesterday  
It saddened my day

What if one pops again?  
Can I take the strain?  
It won't be okay  
They cannot go away

Bubble on my pillow  
Come dance on my window  
Tomorrow's a day unknown  
Let's sit and sing until dawn



# Rhino killer

I've seen him  
I've seen them  
The rhino killers  
Poor beautiful rhinos  
I've heard them  
Screaming in the dark  
Poor beautiful rhinos  
Mom says I shouldn't worry  
Daddy say's they'll catch them...  
They'll catch the rhino killer.  
They do bad  
They do bad  
Why don't they see the bad?  
Don't they care about us?  
The future generation  
Oh rhino killer  
I'll work hard one day  
I'll give you all the money;  
All the money I have  
Please don't kill our rhinos  
Rhino killers please

# **My sun**

You are my sun  
My little rainbow.  
Those little cheeks  
Those little hands  
You hold my heart  
I hold yours  
In my hands in delight  
You are my sun  
A brightened day  
By your uncompleted smile  
It means the day  
The light of day  
You are my sun  
My day in colours  
I care for you  
Not only by heart  
I wish to feed you  
Give you baths  
Hold your hand to school.  
You are my sun  
Not only today  
When you're old and scary  
I'll be your light  
I'll be the land you step on.  
The soil, the sand.  
I love you, little unborn sibling.

# **A book**

I wanted to write a book  
A perfect book  
I kept it with me for days.  
No body read the book  
For perfection is all I desired  
Then a little bird asked me  
Have I seen what perfection looks like?  
I looked at my book  
Is my book perfect?  
I have never seen perfect.  
Maybe it already is perfect.  
A wise man once said ;  
Innovation is better than competition.  
When we compare we compete  
We see ourselves as less perfect  
But when we innovative, all is ours.  
The true source of perfection.

# The end

Poetry is like walking on the grass

The end

It's a mixture of words

It can be a concoction of swords

The end

Poetry to me is a feeling

Feelings have no spelling mistakes

They have no grammar

The end

Poetry to me is a painting

A beautiful flower

The end

Poetry is the sky

With pictures of clouds

White as snow

White pictures

The end

This is the end of the book

Yet poetry keeps living in me

I keep paging

The end

I cannot end

The end.