



poetry for modern children

By: N

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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.