

Early Morning Poem

The darkness twists its hair in a knot
hangs from the rafters
with an apple in its hand.

The birds shoot the arrows of their song
split the apple
and spill its seed on the ground.

A myriad morning worms take the seeds in their mouths
raise them once to the sun
then bury them under the grass.

-- Michael Bullock

Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex, England

Number two

Daisy Maisy,
Maisy daisy
Hunker, hunker, hunker!

Lazy daisy
Shine on Maisy,
Crazy, hunker-hunker!

The daisy, you know,
Has an elegance
The orchid would never understand.
(Although a Canadian would.)

Bliss

So, lazy daisy
Shine on Maisy
Hunker, hunker, hunker!

Daisy Maisy,
Maisy daisy
Crazy, hunker-hunker!

... then bit by bit
munch, munch, munch,
we got little pieces of
each other,
chewed and chewed,
spit out the pits of us,
and bit by bit
munch, munch, munch,
we got little pieces of
each other,
chewed and chewed,
swallowed some,
spit out the pits of us,
and bit by bit ...

-- J. McLeod

Binatang, Sarawak, Malaysia