

GOING SHOPPING WITH MY MUM

Whenever Mum goes shopping
It takes up half the day
And all the time she moans about
The prices she has to pay.

She insists on bringing me along
Though why I just don't know
I specialise in acting up
And walking much too slow.

I'm glad I'll never be a Mum
Shopping every day
I'm going to be like Dad instead
And stay out of harm's way.

I AM I AM I AM

I am the artist who mixes up colour
I am the clouds that make the day duller

I am the match that lights forest fires
I am the church that puts up with bad choirs

I am the photo and look, you're in it!
I am the clockmaker who hasn't a minute

I am the bottle that is full of water

I am the son of my grandfather's daughter

I am the window that looks out on the garden

I am the jelly that refuses to harden

I am the wanderer who is destined to roam

I am the last line of this poem.