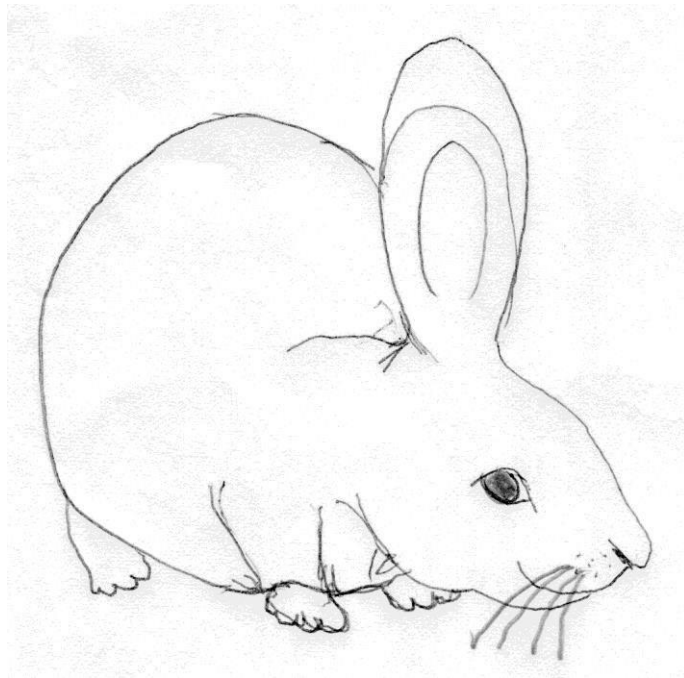


**A little Book of
Poems for Children.**

Please take me home with you.



by

Linda Knight

I've written these poems for children to enjoy, with some illustrations to colour in. I hope that children will take a booklet home and enjoy reading them or listening to them.

I started writing children's stories some years ago and really enjoy creating different characters in the world of make believe. I also write poetry in many different forms. I live in Belper, Derbyshire and get my inspiration from roaming the countryside and seeing the wildlife that lives in the trees, hedgerows, and stone walls.

Poems

Written & Illustrated by

Linda Knight

© Linda Knight 2016

CONTENTS

Smokey the Dragon	2
When it Snows	4
Jack Frost	6
Jennie	8
Wanda	9
Peter Rabbit	12
On Holiday	14
Maggie	16
The Hare	17
Adam's Pony	18
My Blue Umbrella	20
Teddy	22
Fireworks	23
Santa's Flight	24

SMOKY THE DRAGON.

I'm Smoky the dragon and I have ten thousand scales.

I have large feet with claws kept neat, and they are as hard as nails.

I'm hot-headed when I fly, and spit fire when delighted.

I loop the loop quite easily, and get highly excited.

I am the brightest greenest green and have large orange eyes,

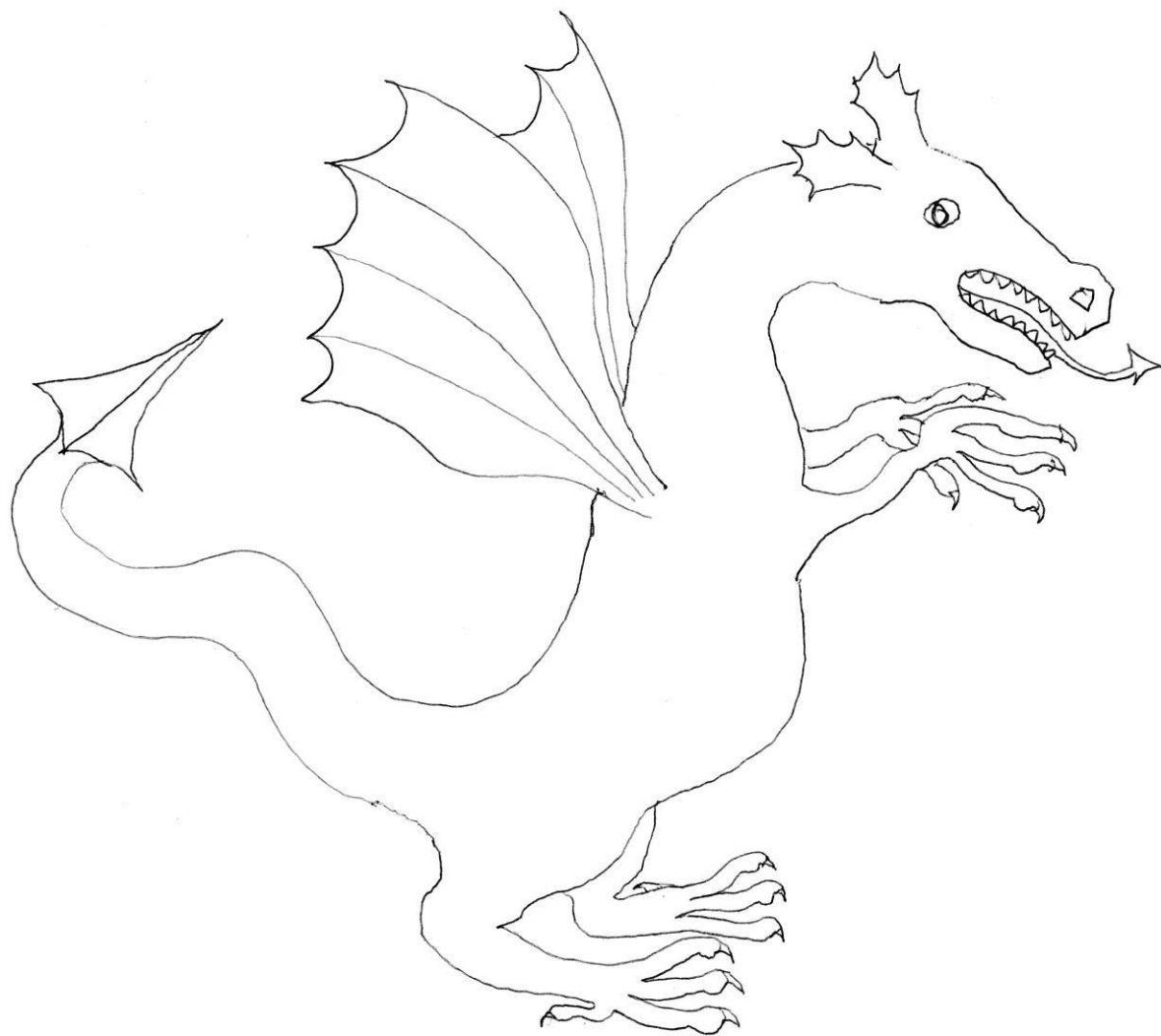
My nostrils flare when in the air with flames of quite some size.

My teeth are quite disgusting, and smell like bonfire night,
They're brown and yellow, full of slime, instead of purest white.

My tail is long and swishy with a sharpish pointed end,
It helps me change direction when I'm flying round the bend.

For a dragon I am hopeless, landing anywhere,

And end up on my bottom with my legs up in the air.



When it snows.

From grey clouds up above

Snowflakes gently fall,

Covering everything in a white blanket.

Wrap up warm, with a hat, scarf, gloves and coat.

Put on Wellington boots, as the snow is getting deep.

Feel snowflakes touch your face, then melt.

Time to build a snowman, and use a carrot for his nose.

He's probably cold too, so find him a scarf and hat.

Have fun being pulled along on a sledge,

Make patterns in the snow.

Look behind at the footprints you have made,

Search for animal tracks left in the snow.

What will tomorrow bring?

Will the snow keep falling or will it melt,

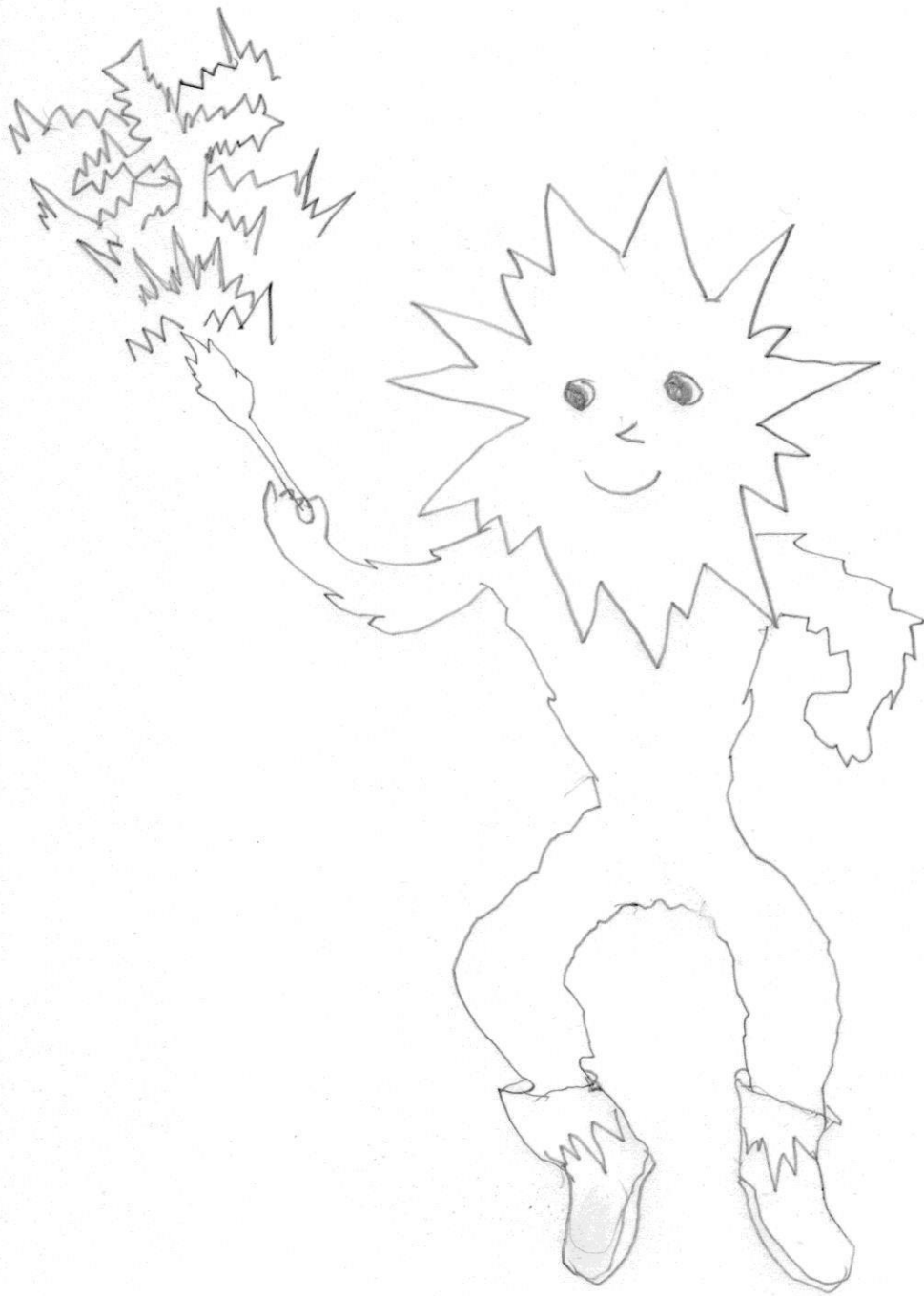
And will your snowman gradually grow smaller and smaller,

Or will he still be around for a little while longer?



Jack Frost.

Jack Frost comes out to play
At the start of a new day.
If it's icy and it's cold,
He paints pictures
And showers ice crystals,
On car windscreens,
On windows,
On the grass,
On ponds,
On plants.
In fact, he covers everything in ice
That sparkles, and looks very nice
Until the sun warms up the day.
Then Jack Frost will go away.



Jennie.

April showers come and go,
Puddles lay on the ground.
Jennie liked to jump in them...

SPLISH.

SPLASH.

SPLOSH.

The rainwater went everywhere,
Down in her welly boots,
Making her feet wet, soaking her socks...

SPLISH.

SPLASH.

SPLOSH.

Jennie went and sat on her swing.
She swung high into the air,
And then the rain came down again...

SPLISH.

SPLASH.

SPLOSH.

When Jennie went indoors
She was soaking wet.
And so were her boots and her soggy socks....

With a SPLISH....SPLASH....SPLOSH!

Wanda.

Wanda was a little worm
Who wriggled quite a lot,
She wriggled through the soil,
And she wriggled on the spot.

She loved to play pop music,
And wriggle round the floor.
She'd sway from side to side,
Then she'd wriggle round once more.

One day Wanda wriggled
Away from home in May,
She wriggled round some cabbages,
And nearly lost her way.

A bird flew past and saw her,
She quickly hid away,
Then wriggled back down to her home,
To wriggle, dance and sway.

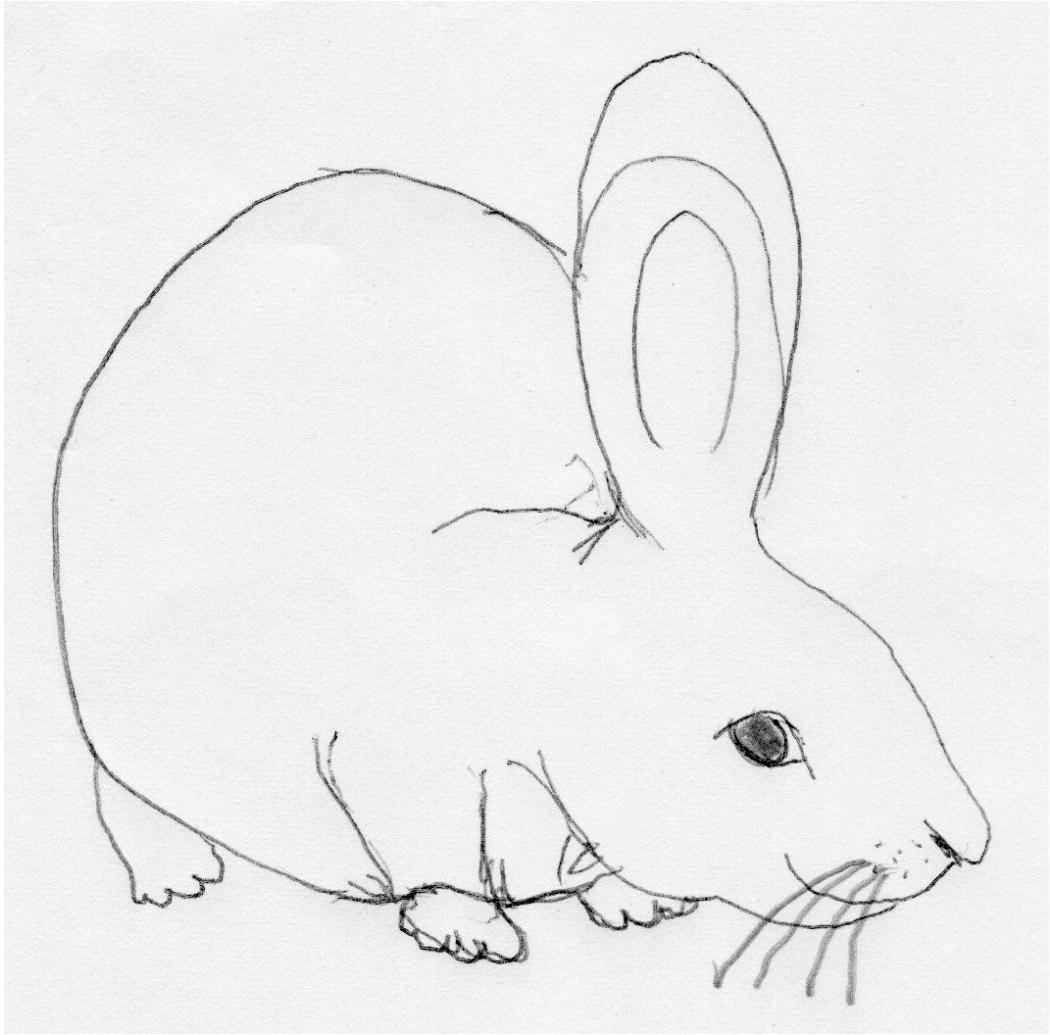
Peter Rabbit

Curly whiskers
Twitchy nose
White bob tail
And small white toes.
Long brown ears
Soft brown eyes
Velvet fur
And small in size.

Peter Rabbit.

He runs around
And leaps about
Upon the grass
When he's let out.
Apples, carrots
Rabbit brunch
Sweet soft hay
He loves to munch.

Peter Rabbit.



On Holiday.

Building a sandcastle down on the beach,
And watching the waves knock it down.
Paddling along kicking water around,
Finding pebbles of light grey and brown.

Having an ice cream that drips everywhere,
Buying a pink stick of rock.
Walking along the pier right to the end,
And emptying sand from your sock.

Seeing the donkeys so cute in a row,
And having a ride on the beach,
Then watching the seagulls land on the ground,
And chasing them right out of reach.

Having a picnic with good things to eat,
Make sand patterns with your hand
Leaving your footprints behind as you go,
Whilst running along in damp sand.



Maggie.

Maggie was a magpie,
A very naughty bird,
She was renowned for stealing things,
Like golden chains and diamond rings
To decorate her pretty wings.

Maggie was a Magpie,
A very naughty bird.

Maggie was a raider,
Who flew in open windows
And searched around for shiny things,
Like golden chains and diamond rings
To decorate her pretty wings.

Maggie was a raider
Who flew in open windows.

Maggie had a golden nest,
And others came to look
At golden chains and diamond rings
And lots of other shiny things,
She loved to decorate her wings.

Maggie had a golden nest
And others came to look.

Maggie had a burglary,
Her golden nest was bare,
A local bird called Fred the Rook
Had come to have a peek and took
All Maggie's jewellery, 'What a crook!'
Maggie had a burglary
Her golden nest was bare.

Pete the Carrion Crow flew down
To find poor Maggie's jewels,
He chatted to each local bird,
And Sparrows said they had observed
Fred Rook had just been seen and heard.
Pete the Carrion Crow flew down
To find poor Maggie's jewels.

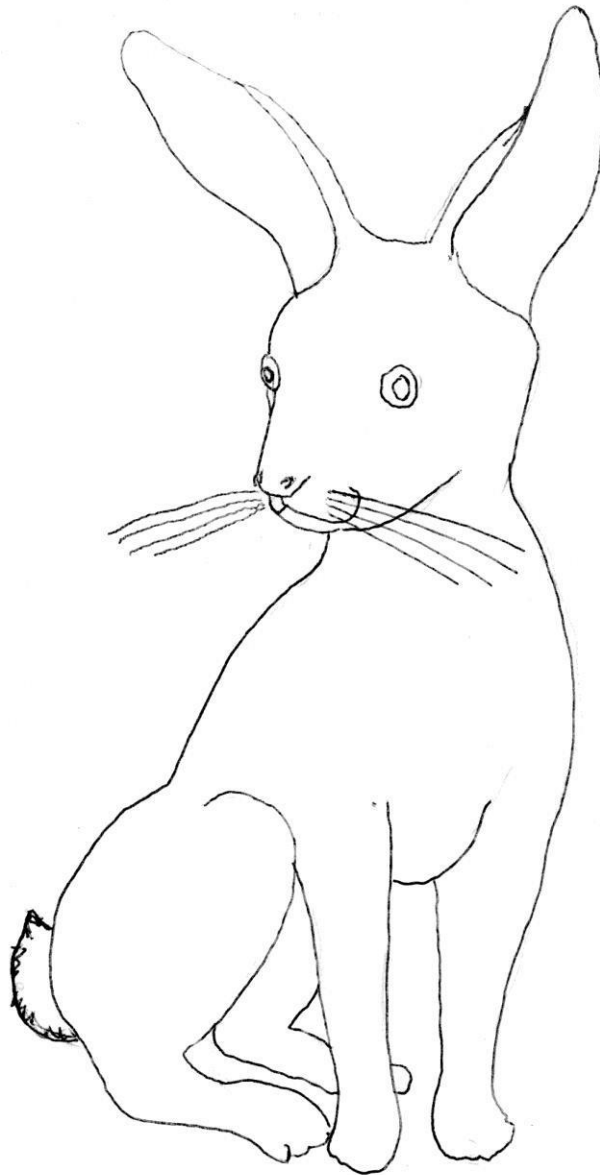
Pete gathered all his local crew
And off they flew to Fred.
They surrounded the great Oak tree
And took all Maggie's jewellery
Arresting Fred for robbery.
Pete gathered all his local crew
And off they flew with Fred.

The birds flew back to Maggie's nest
And Fred said, 'Sorry Maggie.'
She lined her nest with shiny things, Like
golden bangles diamond rings
To decorate her pretty wings.
As birds flew from Maggie's nest
Fred said, 'Maggie you're the best!'



The Hare.

Two brown eyes,
Long slender ears,
Soft brown coat,
Long legs,
The Hare runs fast,
Across fields.



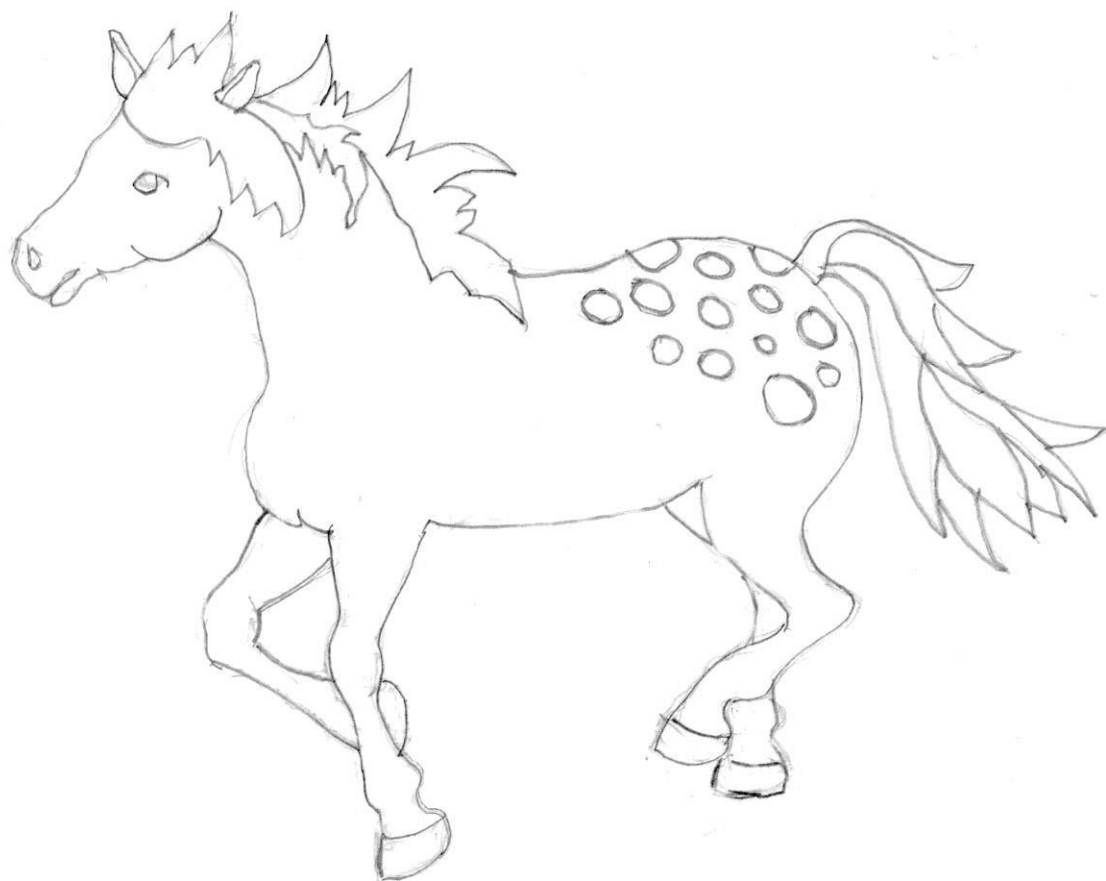
Adam's Pony.

Adam had a sweet pony,
Whose name was Mr. Grey.
His pony was so special,
In every single way.

He was a little pony,
White with spots of grey.
His mane and tail shone in the sun,
He ate grass and sweet hay.

When he was in his great big field,
He'd roll in the green grass,
Then gallop madly round and round,
And neigh as he went past.

Adam would brush his pony,
Then ride him every day,
And when they got back to the field,
He'd hug his Mr. Grey.



My Blue Umbrella.

When it rains, and rains and rains
From a darkened sky,
My lovely blue umbrella
Keeps me nice and dry.
When it's dry and sunny
My umbrella goes away,
Until the dark clouds come again,
And rain is on the way.



Teddy.

I love my little Teddy
He's got such soft brown eyes,
His nose and mouth are stitched with wool,
His feet are quite a size.

His arms reach out to hug me
He's such a soft sweet bear,
I love my little Teddy
And I take him everywhere.

Some of his fur is missing,
And he makes a growling noise,
He likes to sit and eat with me,
He's one of my best toys

My Teddy gets a lot of love,
I take him everywhere,
My friends really adore him
My lovely cuddly bear.

Fireworks.

Whizzing, bangs, crackles, pops,
As fireworks soar up high.
Reds, blues, greens, golds,
Bursting in the sky.

Rockets leaving golden trails,
Blazing from the ground,
Sparklers sparkling from a stick,
Catherine wheels spin round.

Bonfire flames rise up high,
Warming up cold air,
Sizzling sausages to eat,
Fun time everywhere.

Santa's flight.

“Are you ready?” Santa said to his trusted friends.

They all strained in their harnesses bells jingling.

As Santa sprinkled magic dust upon their backs he said,
“Then let's go my beauties!”

And off they flew, up into the cold clear night sky.

The stars twinkled as they journeyed around the world.

Rudolf's nose shone brightly as he led the team. Dancer
and Prancer leapt high into the air in sheer excitement.

Donner and Blitzen grumbled, as they felt cold air rush
over their backs.

Dasher and Vixen worked hard as little shiny bells jingled
from their harnesses.

Comet and Cupid felt strange as they pranced along
above the clouds.

The sleigh glided through the cold night air effortlessly.

Santa enjoyed himself delivering the presents to
everyone.

He loved his reindeer team,

And when he arrived back home,

He rewarded each one of them with a carrot.



Linda left it until she was in her fifties to start serious writing. She had always enjoyed painting, but now, having had several stories published and many poems, she found she could illustrate them as well. Her love of animals and gardening is reflected in her work.

www.knight-gkla.co.uk/lindas-page.htm

© Linda Knight 2016