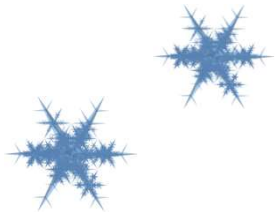


WONDER CHILD

Carolyn Gillespie



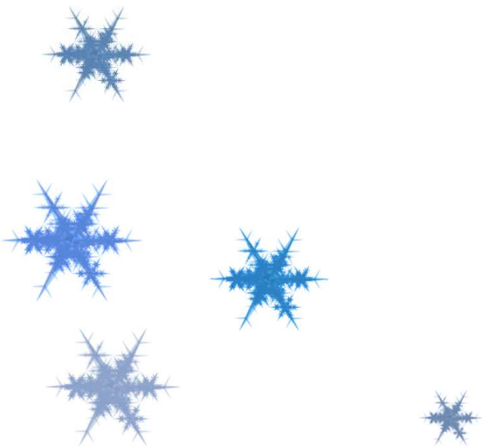





I wonder why I never catch the change from green to white.
Who drew the flowers of silvery frost on the window overnight?
I put my hand on the icy glass, it's cold where my palm is pressed,
An outline spreads a bluish glow, and a clear hand print is left.




Outside, my breath turns foggy white, my nose and ears go numb,
I squeeze the ice, and watch it melt between my fingers and my thumb.
The frost is stuck to every leaf, it's sharp and made of mirror,
And on the car it swirls and furls like fern curls dipped in glitter.












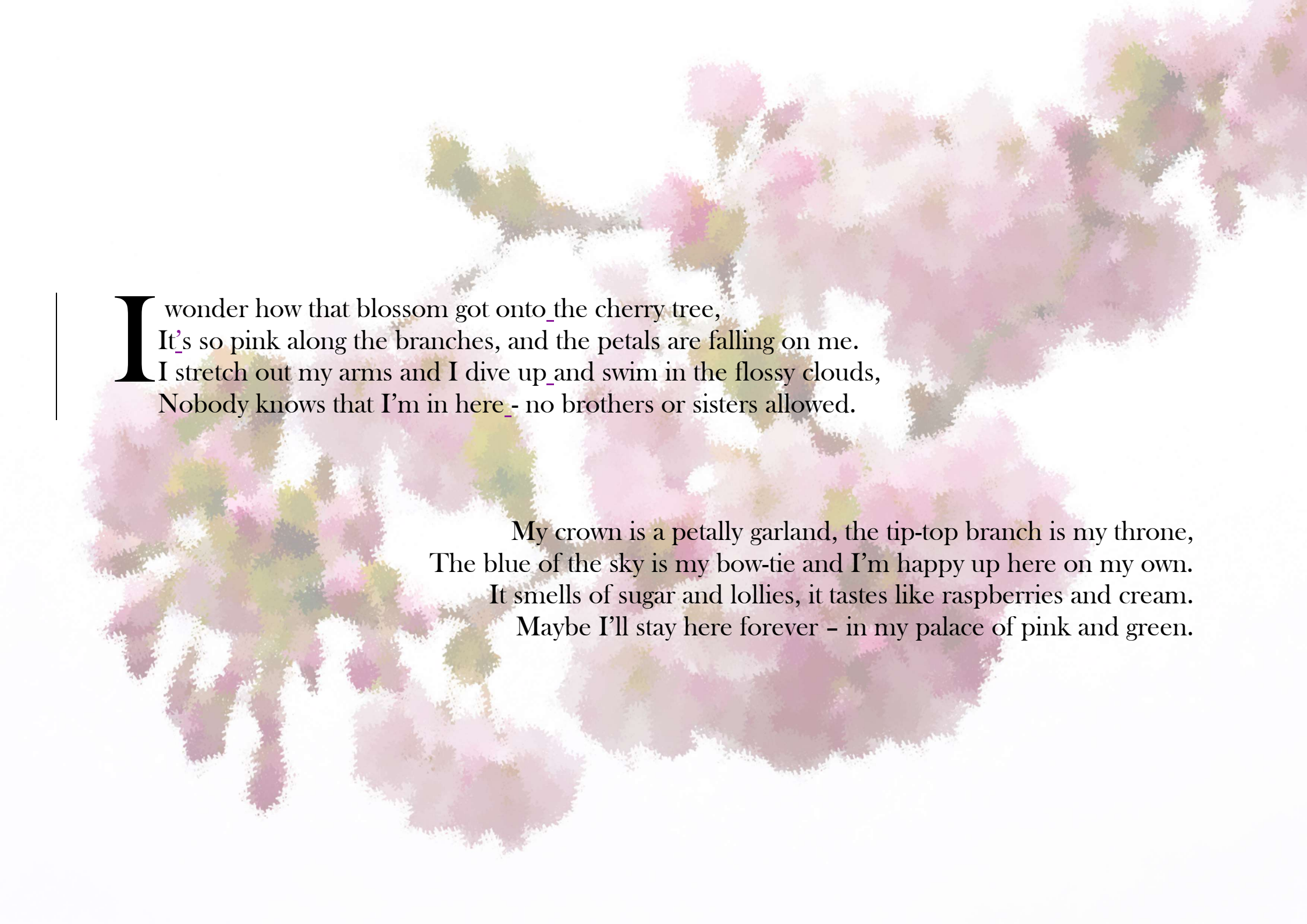
I wonder, when I run through the pigeons, and the air seems to fill up with wings,
If the same beat that makes my hair flutter is making their grey feathers sing.
On land they're like little train guards, with waistcoats, and hands behind backs.
Their yellow eyes have a black dot inside, and their rubber heads peck at my scraps.



But in flight they turn into skaters who glide and swish and twirl,
Their wings spread wide in a wind sail, while their tail feather fans unfurl.
I wish I could fly alongside them, I stretch out my arms and run,
My legs pump fast like pistons, and I turn up my face to the sun.







I wonder how that blossom got onto the cherry tree,
It's so pink along the branches, and the petals are falling on me.
I stretch out my arms and I dive up and swim in the flossy clouds,
Nobody knows that I'm in here - no brothers or sisters allowed.

My crown is a petally garland, the tip-top branch is my throne,
The blue of the sky is my bow-tie and I'm happy up here on my own.
It smells of sugar and lollies, it tastes like raspberries and cream.
Maybe I'll stay here forever - in my palace of pink and green.






#197316127


I wonder, when we're in our wellies, and we're charging about outside,
Why sometimes the mud is all squelchy and sometimes it's all hard and dried.
We mix mud pies in a cake-tin, break up the lumps with a stick,
Pour in some brown from the puddle and stir up the splosh till it's thick.

We slide in the giant puddles, slurp in the custardy dirt,
There's mud on our knees and our noses, and splatters all over our shirts.
Later, after my bath time, when all the dirt has gone,
I snuggle down in my cosy bed, with my clean pyjamas on.






I wonder how ants pick who goes first, when they parade in single file,
And how they fall into that dead straight line that wiggles on mile after mile.



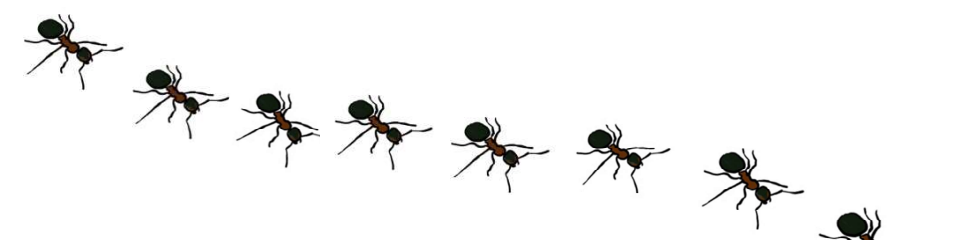
I'm lying on my belly with my chin propped on my hand,
When they stomp right front of me, like a silent marching band.



They have so many skinny legs, but I have just the two,
How many would fit on my pinkie nail - one, two, three, a few?



So busy they don't notice me, as I lie here very still,
They cross the path, climb up the wall, and go in by the window sill.



I wonder, when I'm with Granny, and I'm cuddled on her knee,
If anywhere else feels this comfy and moulded just for me.
I'm happy when my hand's in hers and we're singing nursery rhymes,
Her finger goes round the garden millions and billions of times.



My hands are hot and pudgy and Granny's hands are cold,
I love the bony, knobbly bits - I am young and she is old.
I like it when she looks at me, she's never got too much to do,
She holds my face in her gentle hands, and whispers, I love you.

