

Minibeats poems

5 little ladybirds climbing on some plants,
eating the aphids but not the ants.

The first one said, "save some aphids for me,"
the second one said, "they're as tasty as can be."

The third one said, "oh they're almost gone,"

the fourth one said, "then we'd better move on."

The fifth one said, "come on, lets fly,"

so they opened up their wings and they flew through the sky.



WASPS



Wasps in brightly coloured vests
Chewing wood to make their nests



Wasps like rockets zooming high
then dropping down to eat some pie.

HURT NO LIVING THING

By Christina Rossetti

Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.



The ants rush around
from lawn to nest,
they never stop
to have a rest.



The spiders cast webs
from flower to bush,
they are never seen working,
or in a rush.

The dragonflies hover
high and low,
they never seem sure
of which way to go.

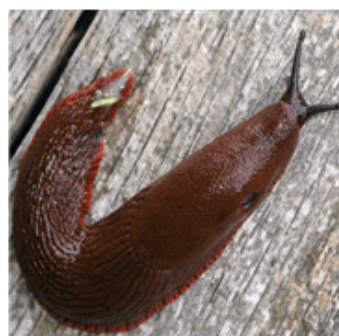


by John Walsh

Slugs

Slugs, slugs
crawl through grass,
Watching all the beetles
As they scurry past.

Slugs, slugs
crawl so slow,
Leaving tracks of silver
Wherever they go.



Slugs, slugs
crawl all along the wall.
Popping little horns out,
Make no sound at all.

by John Kitching