NATURE TABLE

I’ll bring in a yellow flower
with its face turned to the sky

I’ll bring in cool rain
for the thirsty earth

I’ll bring in late sunshine
and stars at midnight in June

I’ll bring in a reed
to sing of wet places

I’ll bring in the sand between my toes
from a long hot summer

I’ll bring in a white cloud
to lower the sky

I’ll bring in a twig
that remembers a storm

I’ll bring in a holly bush
with the sharp breath of winter

I’ll bring in a sleeping bulb
with the promise of spring

From Hopscotch in the Sky, a collection of poems for children by Lucinda Jacob, illustrated by Lauren O’Neill (published by Little Island and Poetry Ireland).
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The plastic bag in the gutter looked up at the moon and said, ‘Yes, I’d rather be a balloon.

‘Perhaps if I could be rounder, puffier, stronger, tighter, airier, just a lovelier vision of me …’

A breath, a gust of air bounced it along the pavement, lifted it, bobbing and tumbling lightly along the wall top and away into the night sky.