

# Mr. Bully and Other Poems for Children

## MR. BULLY

You use your fists to make us do  
What we really don't want to do—that's you!  
You make fun of the way we walk,  
And copy the way we talk.  
You really have nothing better to do!

Who will miss you when you get the flu?  
Who will give you a gift unless they have to?  
You're not so great, you're just a joke.  
If you laugh too hard you just might choke!  
Be nice, Mr. Bully—one day we'll get to like you, too.

## THE BROOK

There once was a brook that shone in the sun.  
It could flow, it could linger—it knew how to run!  
Its water was crystal-clear to the bottom,  
Fish hid in the shade, but you could easily spot them.

Bees hummed all day through, frogs croaked all night long.  
They lived in a place where they loved to belong,  
Where a bright little brook sang happily through,  
While the birds in the trees would sing along, too!

But someone cut down the trees that guarded the nook  
From where springs poured fresh water into the brook.  
Someone put up a building and dried up the source  
Of the stream that once flowed down the little brook's course.

He wanted the place to look more like a city.  
For the trees, the birds, the fish and frogs, he felt no pity.  
So now, together with that lively bright stream,  
All, all have vanished like a beautiful dream!

## THERE IS NO SECRET WORLD LIKE THE SEA

There is no secret world like the sea!  
It's hidden so well from you and from me.  
You cannot help but wonder  
What it really looks like under,  
But you have to dive in the water to see  
The wonderful world that's the sea!

Who knows where under the waves  
Are quietly slumbering caves?  
Surely there are mountains, valleys, groves of flowers!  
Do families of fish live in tall coral towers?  
It must be amazing to see  
A beautiful place like the sea!

But the sea keeps its secrets beneath the tide.  
Perhaps it has treasures it really needs to hide.  
The sea's deep blue water helps protect from harm  
The things that live in it like a magical charm.  
For sure there's a reason why the sea  
Keeps its world so hidden from you and me!

## WHAT I WANT TO BE

I want to be a dancer like my teacher Anne!  
I've got questions she can answer like no one else can.  
First, how to move-- like a bird, or a bee;  
Next, how to stand—all still, like a tree;  
But best how to walk like her when she's downtown,  
Looking like a queen without wearing a crown.

Folks don't know she is a dancer, most are really not aware,  
But the way she keeps her back straight, her chin floating on air  
Makes you think that she is someone with something wonderful to share,  
Makes you think perhaps it's not too late-- no, it's never late to try  
To move sweetly like a dancer without even asking why—  
To look good when you stand or walk, as time and time goes by!

## MY PAPA'S CHRISTMAS

My Papa travels across the oceans  
In a ship as big as a town.  
He's got a lot to bring to people  
The whole wide world around.

He can't fly around like Santa Claus,  
But he helps as much as he can  
To bring the things that people need.  
Papa is a strong and patient man.

It takes him a very long, long time  
To return from that ship in the sea,  
But when he does it's like Christmas:  
He brings lots of gifts for the family!

I know many people need him,  
But I need him most of all.  
I dream that one day he will be home to stay,  
To watch me every day growing happy and tall!

## A FRIEND'S PRAYER

I look, and look, and look again,  
My heart full of sadness and pain,  
At the empty seat in front of me.  
Again my friend is absent—it's now day three!

All I can do is think of her  
And pretend that she's still there,  
Imagine her laugh and turn her head  
To say she agrees with something I said.

At recess I know I won't hear her voice.  
What's break-time for if you don't have the choice  
Who you're going to talk to and play with—  
Who you're going to share your snack for the day with?

Please, God, help my friend to get well real soon!  
I promise to be good, morning and afternoon.  
At night I'll pray hard so that in the end,  
You'll grant me my wish—and bring back my friend!

## LULLABY

The sun went down with a glow,  
The moon is rising slow.  
Good night, Little One, good night.

The stars all sparkle in heaven,  
The clock on the wall strikes seven,  
Good night, Little One, good night.

## ONE WEEK

Monday, Monday, is the number one day.  
Tuesday, Tuesday, is a lucky goose day.  
Wednesday, Wednesday, is the little hen's day,  
Thursday, Thursday, is a happy verse day.  
Friday, Friday, must not be a cry-day.  
Saturday, Saturday, couldn't be a better day.  
Sunday, Sunday, is a lot-of-fun day!

## AN ANGEL LOOKED DOWN

An angel looked down on a field of flowers  
And thought it was part of the sky!  
She was flying, you see,  
Till she came very close to the earth,  
But she thought she was looking up.  
And the flowers, so close, gleamed so  
In all their great colors that she thought  
They were stars and she was  
In a new, new heaven!  
So amazed was the angel  
She nearly fell to earth—  
She came really close to look!

## AFTER IT RAINS

After it rains all over the city,  
Everything looks so colorful and pretty—  
So newly washed, so clean and bright,  
All cool and clear in a gentle light.  
I wish when it rains there'll be sunshine right after.  
There will be lots smiles, there will be happy laughter.

## THE APARTMENT

We live in an apartment, a tiny little house—  
There's room for just three people, and none for a mouse.  
I'd like to keep a cat, but pets are not allowed.  
Besides, they say three is a family, but four is a crowd.  
We have a little cockroach who thinks we're not aware  
That he's been rooming here for free, somehow, some nook, somewhere.