

Poem 1

Windsong

I am the seed
that grew the tree
that gave the wood
to make the page
to fill the book
with poetry.

By Judith Nicholls



Poem 2

I Am the Rain

I am the rain
it's the only way I get some fame
I like to play games
like sometimes
I pretend I'm going
to fall
Man that's the time
I don't come at all
Like sometimes
I get these laughing stitches
up my sides
rushing people in
and out
with the clothesline
I just love drip



dropping down collars

and spines

Maybe it's a shame

but it's the only way

I get some fame

By Grace Nichols