

Tyger Tyger Magazine

New poems for children



CATCHING A YAWN

by Hilary Elder

At first you don't notice it.
Because a yawn starts tiny,
Tweaking in the top of your belly.
Then your ribs begin to tickle
And to rise and roll
Over your chest, drawing your breath

Until now you notice;
There's a ball in your chest spinning,
ping pong ball,
Cricket ball, football, spinning, spinning.

The yawn arrives at the back of your throat
And it catches your in-breath
And now you can only breathe in, in, in.

At last the in-breath crests and lets you go,
And you yawn wide, wider, widest.
Sound rushes out of you.

The sigh settles. You breathe in again.
The yawn is done.
And it was brilliant.

CATCHING A WAVE

by Hilary Elder

At first there's nothing to see or hear.
A wave begins silent and small
Far, far out in the sea.
Then the surface begins
To swell and ebb, push and pull,
Slowly, slowly, growing.

And now it's a wave,
Dragging and drawing, sucking
and clawing,
Rising into a purple-green hill.

The wave caps,
Catching the bottom of the sky
And it holds on, on tippy-toes.

The wave breaks.
It roars into the air, crackling, bubbling,
Huge, free, full of itself.

The wave lets go, trickles onto the shore,
Murmuring to itself, smiling gently about
Where it has been, what it has done, who it was.

