



TICKETS TO RIDE

by Julie Stevens

There's a place in my garden
where I keep all my tools,
my tickets to ride
where the animals go.

One feather in hand
and I start to rise,
one mud-caked stone
and I'm climbing mountains.

Somewhere for me
to have oodles of fun,
somewhere to romp
amongst the wild things.

One jewel of a leaf
and the jungle calls out,
one serpentine stick
and they're running for cover.

One shell full of water
and I surf angry waves,
one lace from a shoe
and I'm swinging from branches.

Mind where you step,
you could join my next ride;
mind where you sit,
you may end up inside:
 an elephant's trunk,
a shark's mouth, a tiger's jaw!

