

Tyger Tyger Magazine

New poems for children



FLOWERS AND SPACE

by Laura Theis

great uncle jo's room
in the hospice looks
like a flower meadow

he used to love gardening
so we brought him lots of little pots
of hyacinths and daffodils

we dug them up from
his allotment very carefully
and cycled them over

he says they are good
company not just because of the
cheerful colours
but also because all plants know
about dying

he says they whisper
secrets to him at night
that make him feel less afraid

one room along there is a quiet
old lady
who never gets visitors and stares
at the ceiling a lot

her room is bare and her face
is all wrinkly but her eyes are lily ponds
the same
shape and colour as mine

I want to give her something
so I make her a drawing
of an opening portal

behind it are planets and stars
and a spaceship steered by small red dogs
silver penguins and golden kittens

(I don't know what kinds of
animals she likes best so I
was mostly guessing)

when I blue-tack it to the ceiling
so that she can see it
she smiles a clear little tear

