



Transition

Rachel Burrows

It's the small things I'll miss.
Like book quiz on Mondays
and chips on Friday.
Cricket with Wiji – everyone cheering!
And ukuleles.

The guinea pig weeing on Alfie.

It's the small things I'll miss.

Like the chickens coming into class,
scooping them up
and snuggling into
their warm featheriness,
returning them to their coop
... and laughing as they fly out again.

I will miss pond-dipping in the sun, on our tummies.
Catching dragonfly larvae – fearless and hungry.
Looking for newts hiding in weeds.
Watching the whirligig beetles
 spinning
 in
 frantic
 circles.

Tyger Tyger Magazine

New poems for children



Small things.

I will miss all that.

And I will miss being big.

Taking messages,
doing tours,
assembly music,
reading buddies.

We won't do that in September.
We won't be big in autumn.

We'll be the whirligigs –
the newts –
small things in a big pond.

We will be dragonfly larvae.

