

Words Can Fly



I dedicate this book to every child who has ever checked in their cupboard for monsters. After many, many years, I can confirm I've never found one.

What a thing! - D.A.

To my parents, whose unwavering love and strength ignite the fire in my belly. I dedicate this book, and all of my achievements, to you.

- E.M.

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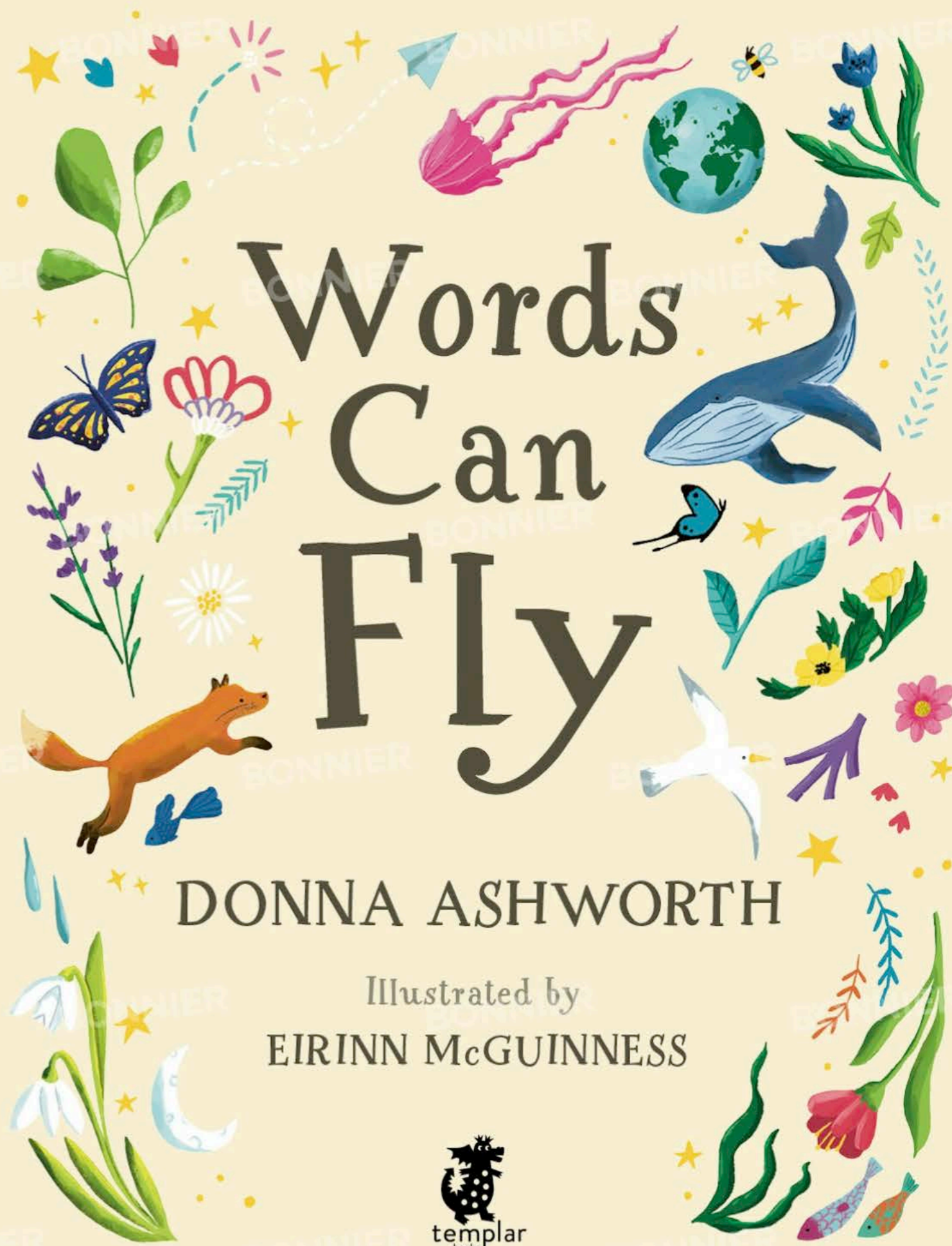
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Welcome into this book...

where everyone is welcome and all feelings
are accepted, just as they are.

Join Dave, Brian (the dogs), Sheldon, Mani (the cats) and I, as we remind
one another life is a pick-and-mix of all things – and kindness and love
make everything just that little better.

I like choosing a random page every day ... somehow, the message always
seems to fit. Perhaps for you or a friend? What is the poem trying to tell you?
How does it make you feel?

No matter what, it's all perfectly imperfectly okay. Poetry is not just for school, it's the
sharing of thoughts you can't quite find words for, or finding new ways to tell people
how you feel. It's a way through the noise of a busy brain into a more peaceful place.

And it can be fun too ...

Come on in, and take your fill
this book requires your part
if you're wondering where to go
then this page is the start

let all your troubles flee your mind
let fresh words fill your head
the only way to be is kind
you'll see, once you have read

so take a seat and cosy in
the time is ticking by
sit down and let the pages show
that words can really fly, fly





Messy threads

A poem is a messy thread
you pull out from your brain
and use to stitch a picture
to make some sense again

you take the thoughts all jumbled up
and sew them into lines
until your stitches make a shape
and you're left feeling fine

and if you read a poem
that someone else has sewn
the pattern might be quite like yours
and you'd feel less alone

so pull those messy threads out
and weave them into art
and you'll be left with tidy brains
with space for thoughts to start.

Talking

It is always good to talk
about the worries in our head
or the fears we feel at night
of monsters hiding under beds

talking is the light that shines
through the foggy night
bringing comfort to our minds
seeing everything's alright

and sometimes words are tricky
when the feelings aren't so clear
but just begin, your words will win
and find somebody's ear

start with saying *I feel*
or do you ever wonder?
and watch them go, the words will flow
like rain that follows thunder

keeping them in inside
I think would be a flop
they'll fizz like bubbles in a drink
one big shake, and they will **POP!**



Fitting

Puzzle pieces have to fit
to make a picture
but you can stand out if you like . . .
because humans are not puzzle pieces

*we make a whole picture by ourselves
we mustn't change to be like someone else*

if everyone did that
we would be left with just one picture
when we could have so many more

*all colours, all sizes
all being free with no disguises*

puzzle pieces have to fit
to make a picture
but the only time you have to fit
is when you're playing hide and seek.



Butter side down

If you drop your toast at breakfast
and that toast falls to the ground
why does it always land
butter side down?

the science will say
it is all kinds of things
like gravity and how
a falling object likes to spin

but I think it's because
some days are just that way
like traffic lights and stop signs
getting in your way

like soggy socks, rainy days
and playtimes spent inside
when all you want to do
is go out and seek and hide

oh, silly me, hide and seek
that's what I meant to say
maybe I'm just having
a butter-side-down day.

