

# Children's Poetry By Blake Steele



Rollicking Rhymes  
for Rascals  
of all sizes

All poems © 1995 Blake Steele  
For print publication rights please contact author.

All Paintings © 2003 Blake Steele  
Photos © 2004 Blake Steele

Pio's Publications  
[blakes@beingloved.net](mailto:blakes@beingloved.net)

Dedicated to rascals of every size and width of heart, tall ones with small childers inside, and small ones with tall childers inside, and those who are especially fond of ice cream and supurnal wupple berries which only rippen the third sunday after Jeremey Huckster's latest anniversary.

## Contents

You have to hunt through and find them yourself.  
I think it will be better that way in the long run.

Introduction:

I hope you read these poems aloud, either to yourself, another child (or a bundle of 'em), or in a pinch to a wall, bird or tree. These little word songs have been written to rollick around from lung to tongue to ear.

A good poem can be like a wizzle in your brent or a wazzle in your pinks. Either way, it should be licked up by the ears in the same way your tongue loves to dilly-dally around the ice cream tub.

Sometimes I feel I should apologize that I can't seem to write more than a few words without weaving God like raspberry sauce into some creamy mix, but I got spandazzled by the Divine some time ago and have never fully recovered. So that's the way it spelunks. The heart leads, the head mumbles and trumbles along trying to figure everything out and keep up.

Many whipples and dwips to you, and a musical mix that spandangles you in a particular but similar way that God once spandazzeled me.

And may you never fully recover from sporadically recurrent mind sparkles for the sake of Love.





## MY LITTLE CROOKED APPLE TREE

I had a crooked apple tree  
and nothing would it bear  
but ruby cherries, oh so sweet,  
and a little golden pear.  
That crooked tree was my delight,  
I watched it grow both day and night.

And many an evening, I'd sit alone  
with cherry juice upon my chin  
till children came to tease and moan  
until I asked them in;  
then we would dance and laugh and play  
until the golden break of day.

And in the morning, when a bright dewdrop  
would shimmer on that golden pear,  
which sat like a crown at the tree's tip top,  
then we would lie and stare  
up into the mystery  
of my little crooked apple tree.

## THERE WAS AN OLD MAN OF LASATE

There was an old man of Lasate  
who always danced as he ate,  
he went spinning around  
to the musical sound  
of his knife and his fork on his plate.

And when his stew boiled on the heat,  
or his oven was baking a sweet,  
or his spit was roasting some meat,  
he danced on his hands and his feet.

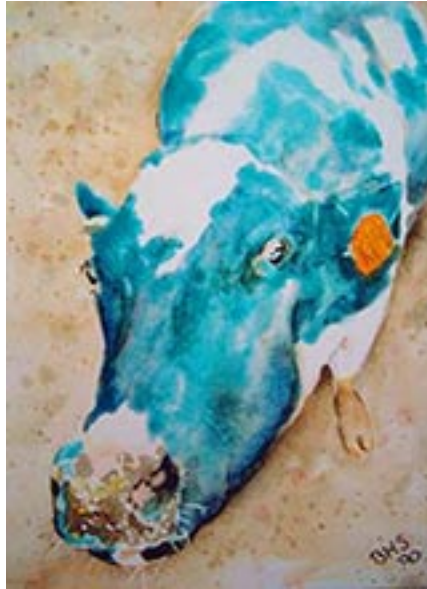
He never sat still at the table,  
he never learned to as a child,  
but being so quick and so able  
with strawberry jam he was wild.

He plastered it over the sofa,  
then spread it out on his bed sheets,  
so after he'd danced up a polka  
he could lie down and rest on the sweets.

He danced from morning 'till noontime,  
he danced until it grew late,  
he danced from midnight to sunrise,  
for those were the times that he ate.

Yes, those were the times that he ate,  
this curious man from Lasate,  
who went spinning around  
to the musical sound  
of his knife and his fork on his plate.





## COWS, COWS, AUDACIOUS AND WILD

Cows, cows, audacious and wild,  
undaunted, intrepid, unafraid of a child.  
Their brains are as clear of all fear as blue skies  
when a child swaggers up to stare straight in their eyes.  
Cows, cows so valiant and game,  
worthy to bear that auspicious cow name:  
Mooooo Cow!

IT'S SUCH FUN TO MAKE UP WORDS  
THAT REALLY OUGHT TO BE

Sitting on his doffle  
a Floggel floxed a flea--  
it's such fun to make up words  
that really ought to be.  
Not like those dry disphosfories  
that flaunt the funless air  
and cause the little worpple worms  
to mindless mop and stare.  
If a wondrous wazzel of a musical man  
should hallupp his wupples and wees  
with a scumphly toonful of balefully biffles  
and fingers whenever he please,  
then who could but tintifully waft in the wiffles  
if a musical man should but dazzle your diffles  
and wipplely wordify windward and wise  
and mup and electrify you to the skies?  
Not I! I'll not sit on my saplupzing rump  
or thonk on my thinkle or drump on the sump  
for that would be worst that a maleful of mush  
and a slight to the windward, a blight and a blush  
to the ringing and singing of swimply delight.  
So down on our diffles let's dwip and recite  
this much mentioned flutz all throughout the long night,  
till when in that morning... we'll lipple with light!



## WHY I HAD TO DISCIPLINE OUR UNRULY COW

I balanced once upon the back  
of our purebred Gurnsey Cow,  
and twenty seven chickens  
the farmyard horse, a sow,  
all gathered round to watch me strut,  
do a cartwheel, show my stuff.

I spun upon her slippery ribs  
and pranced up on her spine  
then swung out on her twisted horns  
did a back flip, (of a kind)  
and landed by her feet with ease,  
to stare into her placid eyes.

She didn't seem to mind, you know,  
her eyes showed not a care,  
she mooed and with her lumpy tongue  
licked my face, my hair,  
until I hollered, "That enough,  
don't you know your tongue is rough?"

And so I kicked her in the rump  
and locked her in a stall  
until she learns some manners —  
I can't stand rude cows at all!



## OH THOSE BLOOD BLASTING RED POPPIES!

Poppies boom blasting  
in a back yard,  
crackling blam like red jam;  
smack dab and dabbed back  
till the rubied snickle snackle  
clicked and clacked,  
rattatat, rattatat...

Then those blooming Bolshevicks  
fisst and fust  
(as they must)  
like lightning rust!

## WHEN A COW GOES SHOPPING IN THE MALL

When a cow goes shopping in the mall  
she must beware of fragile things,  
for though she saunters fashionably  
her milk-filled udder often swings  
and knocks the merchandise askew,  
which makes her blush... as it would you.

## BASEBALL AT OUR DIAMOND DAIRY

Our cows play baseball in a field  
and wear a pitcher for a shield,  
one upon each milk-filled udder  
as around the bags they scutter.  
And if a pitcher often balks  
or throwing balls, 5 cows she walks:  
they pass that pitcher to the team  
to fill it up with milk and cream.  
Yet if she still can't put cows out  
they know we'll stall the game, no doubt,  
and so that pitcher they implore  
to pour it on some more and more  
until she gets in licks or two  
and heckles batters with her moo.  
Our milking hands then clap with glee  
right up until the time of three  
when by those hands the play is stalled  
and both teams have their milk recalled.  
And thus our cows play very merry  
baseball at the diamond dairy.



## SPRING'S SPRUNG HE SUNG

In the spring  
the blue birds sing  
and the rich red robins  
bip and bop,  
and hip and hop  
looking for that wibbly worm.  
The little lambs and goats and calves  
spin in turn  
and bip and bop,  
and hip and hop  
through the green grown field;  
and the spring sprung trees yield  
cotton soft buds and those light lime leaves.  
The winter sky no longer grieves  
the earth with brittle cold  
but the pale sun grows bold  
and gold  
and spans the earth with his high hot hand  
until she brawls and dances,  
shouts and prances  
through bird and beast and bud;  
then from her mud,  
where the sun's gold hands dig deep,  
she shakes her flowers from their sleep  
till they riot in color and upward sweep!

\*

So it is that all the spring  
shows her seasonal ravishing!



## A COW COUNTRY CONSORT

All the dingle brown  
and hay derry derry cows,  
warm in the simple simmer of the sun,  
chew now, hay now, and the blue blue  
of funny little flowers  
winking nod, and blinking blips  
in the fern green lick of grasses.  
While all the boy calvey, girl calvey  
little cow lads and pink cow lassies  
romp merry go round, round,  
merry go..  
And I sit to fee fie and a fiddle on words  
and sigh into this cow breath day  
at the sight of the smell of this high hay feast  
which crowns all the crazy cow folk  
with the fine fragrance  
moo mother's make all the more milk warm  
and little calf delicious  
as the sapphire blue  
of the sea and skies swirls in the eyes  
big brown and long looking.  
I'm a hay jolly jolly to be  
in this hot hazel day with words  
wide to wing-wise  
for a simon-pure, mild munching,  
cow country consort,  
with my little lyric children  
ear-shouting, "Ring now, sing now!"  
romping merry go round, round,  
merry go..

## UPON A ROCKING HORSE I RODE

Upon a rocking horse I rode  
until the big moon fell  
and sang about that silver fish  
which lives within my well.  
The very well my true love knew  
before she sprouted wing,  
the well in which an old man spat  
before the 5th of spring.  
He spat and sprouted tiny horns  
upon his hoary head,  
and ate his food out in the yard  
and made the hay his bed.  
The well turned gray, and after, black,  
and no love in it shone,  
until I caught that silver trout  
which lives but to atone.  
The famous trout of fairy tales  
which swam the Balkan sea,  
I caught upon a golden pin  
and brought it home with me.  
I put it in a milk white dish  
and threw it in the air,  
until it fell upon the well  
and tumbled down in there.  
It was the 7th of the fall  
(the day my true love died),  
the fish went down, her soul went up  
and all my heart beside.  
And now I feed that silver fish  
with German cheese and beer,  
and I can see him swim down there  
because the water's clear.



A SONG FOR ALL THE CHILDREN  
WHO ARE SAILORS

As the garden fish dove  
to the depth of the flowers  
we rowed our brown boat  
for hours and hours.  
Way up on the top  
where the flowers scraped the sky  
we pitched and we sang  
as time sailed by.  
All the worms and the crickets  
were sure that we were mad.  
“Why should they be so merry  
when the garden is sad?”  
So they grumbled to each other  
in the shadows which were cast  
by the many colored flowers  
as the sun slipped past.  
So we sang our secret  
up on the sea so bright  
as our brown boat pitched  
gladly in the light.  
“How can we not be happy?,”  
I said to brother Sam,  
“Because you sail in golden light  
and where you are, I am.”  
“Quite right you are you rascal!”  
my brother said to me -  
then took a tumble on the deck  
and fell into the sea.



## TWO SMALL VERSES

Old Mrs. Turnip was busy all the day  
Washing her cats, none of them could play.  
29 cats in a washing machine,  
And they'll be there till they are clean.

A Puppy and a Platypus  
Once danced upon a table,  
The puppy jumped the centerpiece  
But the Platypus wasn't able;  
So splash went he in a bright bowl of jello  
Where he dove and he swam  
Like a jolly old fellow.



## THE SUN GOES UP

I love the sun  
because the sun goes up.  
The moon goes up too  
like a wild yellow balloon.  
The stars are up  
and that is the way the day goes  
and the night goes,  
always.  
If God did not choose,  
trees could grow parrots  
or tigers by their tails,  
but trees grow yellow fruit  
and green and red and orange:  
round and long and soft and sweet.  
And I am happy...  
If God did not choose,  
rivers could flow up  
but then the fish would get tired  
having to swim hard down  
to get down;  
so I think God loves fishes.

If God did not choose,  
snow might be red or blue  
but the choice was white;  
I think it's right.  
What if the sky were pink like a flamingo  
and the clouds bright green spiny things  
like sea urchins?  
But God chose blue for the sky  
and the clouds he chose to be fluffy and white.  
Again, I think his choice was right!  
Sometimes things hurt.  
Sometimes things seem all wrong,  
and people or puppies or favorite things  
go away from us  
to never be seen again -  
unless God chooses...  
But then, there is a bright heaven  
and those angels with God's wings...

Ah...I love God,  
He is full of surprises,  
and I am happy  
because the sun goes up!



TO THE FAT PAMPERED CAT  
OF OUR MODERN DREAMS

Great golden cat, leaping out of the starry night  
with the mud of the moon upon your feet,  
prancing in the starlight glitters which spill  
as a trail from your twitching tail.

Proud saucy cat. Pampered cat of our dreams.  
How sure of yourself. You sashay into the face  
of the sleepy Sun who yawns himself awake  
when he feels the soft fur of your bewitching,  
twitching tail under his yellow chin.

Amiable Sun, happy lamb-like Sun,  
eats his breakfast with His slippers on  
and feeds you a little saucer  
of butter and cream.

And you, cat, shamelessly prancing about  
with mud on your feet,

soiling his braided rug.



## A SONG FOR POOR GOPHERS AND ME

Once I caught a fishy  
but wouldn't let it go  
for after I had caught it  
it nipped me on the toe.

I took it to my potty  
and there I flushed it down,  
and now that fishy's nipping toes  
of gophers under ground.

## BIP BOPPITY ROBIN CONFRONTS A FINE FLEA

Tiptabita Rabbit  
came hopping from Gore,  
banged on Miss Bobbity Robin's red door;  
down through the chimney  
a swallow went...Bam!  
Tiptabita Rabbit got frightened and ran.  
Bip Boppity Robin came hopping to see  
who'd banged on the door, 'twas only a flea  
who sat on her mat bing banging a drum,  
(he was left in the dust when the rabbit had run).  
He banged on his drum

then he bing banged some more,  
(he'd had a long ride on that rabbit from Gore);  
then Bippity Robbin as swift as can be  
got her flea cracker and cracked him for tea.



## THE COW IS SUCH AN ANIMAL

The cow is such an animal  
as man has never seen,  
giving milk and cottage cheese,  
yogurt, cheese and cream.  
Nothing ever troubles her,  
she wanders like a cloud  
and seems content when she's alone,  
content when in a crowd.  
The wind and rain may lash on her,  
snow pile up on her back,  
but if she has some grass to eat  
she seems to have no lack.  
She has the stars at night for friends,  
the sun and clouds by day —  
and if she's troubled by the gout  
you'll never hear her say.  
If I'd a parlor, I'd ask her in  
to have some tea with me,  
she'd sit and roll her big brown eyes  
and tell me how to be  
content as she. She'd moo and moo  
and moo some more till I  
rolled in laughter on the floor...  
and then we'd say goodbye.



ABOUT THE WOEFUL ATTRACTION  
OF SORDID THINGS

Pretty portly Polly,  
the little pig with wings,  
took a flight across the town  
to rummage through the things  
out in the grocer's garbage  
in the alley way,  
she found some rotting broccoli  
and she's still there today!



## THE BROWN COW'S PARADISICAL PARADIGM SHUFFLE

Brown cow, red cow  
have you any cream?  
I'll give you five brown pennies  
for a nickel full of dreams.  
Dreaming in the meadows,  
dreaming in the grass,  
dreaming as you drink from pools  
that look like looking glass.  
Brown cow, red cow  
have you any cream?  
tinkle now your silver bell  
and wade out in the stream.  
Wade to way out yonder  
and everywhere you go,  
roll your soft and dreamy eyes  
to make the whole world glow.

## ABOUT THE PADDY WAMPUS TREES

In a sea beyond the sky  
lies a land we all believe  
is the place where none can die  
nor any mourn or grieve.  
It is the land where children wander  
when from earth they're called to go,  
it's the land of way out yonder  
where the paddy wampus grow.  
From each wampus branch is swinging  
some child so merrily  
and there are Angels singing  
round each paddy wampus tree.

Stars hang in those branches  
and twinkle clear and white,  
the moon's within those leaves  
with her silken, silver light;  
the sun burns in those roots  
to make the trees shine gold  
and all those trees are young  
though very, very old.

Now you may ask, my children,  
how I know that this is so,  
that there's a land out yonder  
where the paddy wampus grow?  
Well if you listen closely  
to the whispers in your heart  
you'll hear those swings there swinging  
and feel those angels dart.  
For God once said that children  
are like angels over there  
where the paddy wampus growing  
pour their peace out in the air.



## I'LL TIP AND I'LL TOE BEFORE I GO

Tip toe, tip toe,  
here I go, here I go,  
my foot I trace  
in that place  
where shadows lie  
under the sky.

Tip toe, tip toe  
here I go, here I go,  
the shooting grass  
parts as I pass.

Up on one toe  
now I go,  
tip toe, tip toe.  
Won't step on light  
won't touch the bright,  
until I'm ready

I'll stay steady  
in the shadows  
of the leaves  
neath these brilliant  
maple trees.  
Tipping, toeing,  
tipping toeing,  
now I'm ready  
to be going,  
now I'm ready,  
steady, steady,  
running in the light,  
cart wheeling though the bright;  
jumping, twirling,  
dancing, skipping,  
through the shiny fields  
I'm leaping,  
on the way, ,  
till at last I say...  
I'm home!



## A BOY, A BOY OF LIGHTNING FEET

A boy, a boy of lightning feet  
fell down upon a mountain sweet  
all made of chocolate and ices,  
where trees were made of candied spices.  
He fell as all the birds flew up  
to drop their candies in a cup  
for it was nearly half past three  
and time for bears to take their tea.  
Bird candies are the favorite fare  
of bears who roam the forests where  
that boy, that boy of lightning feet  
fell down upon the mountain sweet.

And so the bears and birds and boy  
then nibbled candies in their joy  
and rollicked round a honeyed lake  
on meadows of an ice cream cake;  
for bears and birds and boys all know  
that good does often come to grow  
from accidents and other bad  
that might make many grownups sad:  
like when that boy of lightning feet  
fell down upon the mountain sweet.



## A BIRD SINGS

A bird sings  
assured that it's a bird:  
to fly, to sing, to sit,  
to flit,  
to get down in the grass  
and pick and peck  
and turn its neck  
and flick its wing  
and skip and hop  
and bip and bop,  
then once more be  
up in a tree  
to sit and sing  
and flick its wing,  
so solidly assured  
that it's a bird.





## SUN SONG SUN SONG SON SONG TOO

Great dancing gold glit sun,  
lit of the saucy sky,  
by thinking light illimitable  
you spangle, sparkle by;  
and who should know the other known  
and darkly dancing way  
if not for sun's irascible, yet  
Christly crest of day.  
So when the moon in madness mourns  
and makes me miss the more,  
I savor in the midst of me  
that golden glit of store:  
until sharp shadows prancing bold  
upon the starry dome,  
dissolve in amber ecstasies  
and fiery tides of foam.



## I MET AN OLD AND CRINKLY MAN

One moist and misty morning,  
when clammy was the weather,  
I met an old and crinkly man  
dressed in silk and leather.

His eyes were blue as summer sky,  
they sparkled like a star,  
I said hello and so did he  
and then he said, “Au revoir.”

“Au revoir?” I asked, what could that mean?  
for I was only three,  
and so was not a traveled man  
who’d crossed the distant sea.

“Au revoir my little bumpkin lad,”  
the old man said and smiled,  
he danced about just like a bird,  
he seemed a little child.

He winked and all the stars shone out  
that lived within his eyes,  
the moisty, misty morning cracked  
and sunlight filled the skies.

Then I went running to my house  
and laughing jumped in bed  
and singing like a little bird  
I pondered what he'd said.

“Au revoir, au revoir,” the old man cried  
to moist and clammy weather;  
I felt the sunshine of the sky  
had come through silk and leather.

But I was but a milk-fed lad  
a blank slate boy of three,  
so after it was supper time  
I climbed on Daddy's knee.

“Papa, Papa, sing to me  
about the stars and sun  
and how the world has come to be  
and of what is it spun?”

And so my daddy smiled at me  
and with a happy look  
he opened up my heart and soul  
with a holy, ancient book.

And when he sang of stars and skies  
and how it all began,  
it's then I knew with certainty  
that old and crinkly man.

\*

Even now, when days are moist  
with mist and clammy weather,  
I say, “Au revoir,” and see the sun  
shine through silk and leather.



AND JUST WHAT SHALL THE OYSTER MAKE  
IF SAND SHOULD MAKE IT CRY?

What if God made hairy bears  
lay eggs just like a hen;  
and what if God made honey bees  
to wallow in a pen;  
and what if God made herring fish  
to take to open sky?  
--then I would lie in an oyster bed  
for my bed, says I.

And what if lions munched dry straw  
and snuffled like a mouse;  
and what if zebra's dug their dens  
right beneath your house;  
and what if snakes sat in your lap  
and snuggled in your bed?  
(Perhaps we'd have more kitty lovers  
comfortless and dead),  
for if the kitty lovers  
snuggled snakes, I'd meekly moan and cry  
--and I would lie in an oyster bed  
for my bed, says I.

And what if God made little gnats  
as big as elephants?  
People might have pic a nics  
but they'd do it only once!  
And what if people gobbled down  
green beetles in dead trees?  
(I sure am glad,  
though things are bad,  
they could be worse you seeze);  
and if a buzzard buzzed your house  
like a pesky household fly  
--than I would lie in an oyster bed  
for my bed, says I.

And what if cows lived underground  
in trenches like a mole?  
you might have milk and mud besides  
within your breakfast bowl;  
and what if horses swam the sea  
and surfaced like the whale,  
how would you trot and gallop then  
upon that watery trail?

And if the fluffy bunny  
had the cobra's evil eye  
— then I would lie in an oyster bed  
for my bed, says I.

And what if God made pied-bill grebe  
hunt wolves beneath the moon;  
and what if apes swam in the lakes  
just like the arctic loon;  
and what if polar bears were small  
as mice upon the dock?  
— then you might find a polar bear  
hid down within your sock--  
and what if little puppy's fur  
were quills, who'd question why?  
— but I would lie in an oyster bed  
for my bed, says I!

#### ADDENDUM AUD MAGNATORIOUS

So glad am I that Great Love chose  
to make things as they are,  
yet odd enough that a man might choose  
to sail beyond a star,  
and dip his heart in molten gold  
and swim within the sun,  
and learn at last to laugh and praise  
and love just everyone:  
though over loathsome things that hurt  
he'll shed his tears and sigh  
--and lay him down in an oyster bed  
for his bed, says I.



## UPON CHILDHOOD'S SUMMER SIMMERING MEMORIES

When all properly green graped  
and tuna sandwiched,  
we brown boys  
barefooted it down  
the tip-toe hot  
and foot-flying summer cement  
to the sea.

Ah! the sea:  
with its white rumbling ribbons  
of tumbling tides  
under the wide blue,  
gull-streaked summer skies —  
and those toasty stretched,  
vast and vacant summer sands  
in which to scrunch down and bake  
'til sea chill left the bones.

And then with shorts, sand-soaked  
and hung hip low,  
to scoot, crawl, and dash to the dunk  
of that stomach sucking  
cold dip down beneath  
the big white rush of foam  
which sought to crush  
body and soul  
into sting ray strew,  
lurking invisible bottoms.

But we would brave the delicate  
chance of a sea-step  
and run in time warped motion  
out into the caterwaul  
of cataracts which thudded  
down to thrash us back  
— though we strove,  
swam, leapt and dove —



till we embarked,  
sometimes shivering  
and fast treading into the green-quiet  
footless, deep...  
to where, lurked... the sharks!

Brave wayfaring lads  
we were amidst those invaders  
of the waters and the mind,  
saucer-eyed and sucking sea air  
until the biggest wave of all  
rose up  
and we tumbled through  
jelly fish armadas  
and the man of wars!

What cared we!  
for this was summer  
and we had the sea  
skimming beneath our bellies,  
— our blasting bodies  
wave-shot and water shook from our eyes —  
until somersaulting  
flung the sea salt straight up our noses  
and cast our crumpled bodies  
into the languid shallows where we rested  
like a seal.

Then up with pocket-packed, sand-slung shorts  
waddling cold-boned back to the shore  
to that delicious baking  
summer sand, Little Lu Lu stories  
and we'd do it all over again  
until hunger drove us to the store  
for a frosty, cherry little  
popsicle relief.

Then hot-foot and flying  
we ran right back to where that seashore peace  
kissed the wild sea,  
until fully cooked and skin peeled  
we were ready for home  
— all bristly haired  
with the smell of brine,  
and the hot sun soaked  
inside our skin.





