

Loe the Dyslexic Lion

by Mike Anderiesz

In a world of great stories and poems,
And books that demand to be read,
Lived Loe the Dyslexic Lion,
Who frequently wished he were dead.

For Loe had trouble with letters,
They all looked exactly the same,
And though he could sing and could say anything,
He could not even spell his own name.

"You're useless" said Disney the Leopard,
"You're useless and stupid and thick"
And most of the others joined in with the jokes,
And Loe felt terribly sick.

Till one day the animals noticed
A large box of fruit on the ground,
And those who could read saw a sign on the box,
Which read 'Apples - please pass us around!'
And so they drew closer to try some
But Loe stood back and said "No!
Just why have these apples been left in a box?
And why is it tied to that rope?"

Too late - for just then in an instant
A net fell upon them from high,
And those who had ventured too close were ensnared
But those who had listened survived.

So Loe the Dyslexic Lion
Became very famous indeed.
"He might be dyslexic" his friends often say
"But you can't believe all that you read."



The Turkey

by Richard Digance

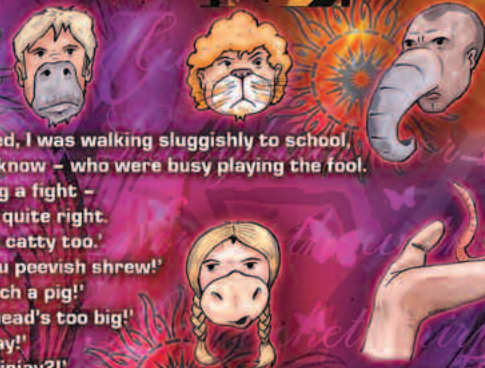
Turkeys don't like Christmas,
which may come as no surprise.
They say why don't human beings
pick on people their own size.
To sit beside potatoes
in an oven can't be fun,
so a turkey is quite justified
to feel he's being done.



Animal Chatter

A piece of doggerel
by Gyles Brandreth

The other morning, feeling dog-tired, I was walking sluggishly to school,
When I happened upon two girls I know - who were busy playing the fool.
They were monkeying about, having a fight -
But all that they said didn't sound quite right.
'You're batty, you are - and you're catty too.'
'That's better than being ratty, you peevish shrew!'
'Don't be so waspish!' 'Don't be such a pig!'
'Look who's getting cocky - your head's too big!'
'You silly goose! Let me have my say!'
'Why should I, the elephantine popinjay?!'
I stopped, I looked, I listened - and I had to laugh
Because I realized then, of course, it's nether the cow or the calf
That behave in this bovine way.
It's mulish humans like those girls I met the other day.
You may think I'm too dogged, but something fishy's going on -
The way we beastly people speak of animals is definitely wrong.
Crabs are rarely crabby and mice are never mousy
(And I believe that all lice deny they are lousy)
You know, if I wasn't so sheepish and if I had my way
I'd report the English language to the RSPCA.



Hurt No Living Thing

by Christina Rossetti

Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.



The Last Bear

by Richard Edwards

The last bear left, the last bear left,
The last bear left, that's me -
No other bears in the world
To keep me company.

I climb the hills of summer,
I wade the empty streams,
I fatten up in autumn,
Winter's cave of dreams.

My dreams are full of playing
And tumbling in a heap
With twenty other happy bears,
But then I wake from sleep,

And yawn and stretch and scratch
And search the woods once more -
No bear-scent on the north wind,
No trace of pad or paw.

The last bear left, the last bear left,
The last bear left, that's me -
No other bears in the world
To keep me company.



Animal Writes

Here is a selection of animal poems. Some are sad; some are happy. Some are serious; some are funny.
To find out more about animal issues, visit our website at Youth4Animals.com.

Goldfish

by Alan Jackson

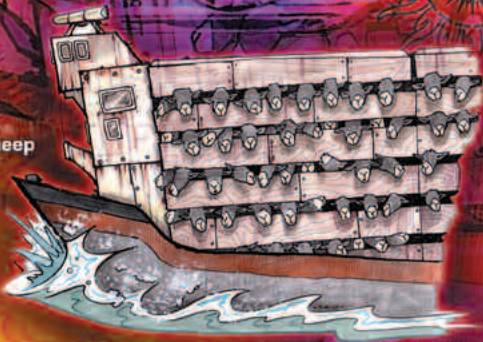
the scene of the crime
was a goldfish bowl
goldfish were kept
in the bowl at the time:
that was the scene
and that was the crime



Pride

by Benjamin Zephaniah

I've got no bodies inside me
All of me is me,
I will not eat no body else
So I am what you see.
I do not plan to eat young sheep
I will not eat a hen,
I'm so proud of what I am
I must say once again.
I've got no bodies inside me
All of me is me,
I will not eat no body else
So I am what you see.



Sheep

by W.H. Davies

When I was once in Baltimore
A man came up to me and cried
'Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep
And we will sail on Tuesday's tide.

If you will sail with me, young man,
I'll pay you fifty shillings down;
These eighteen hundred sheep I take
From Baltimore to Glasgow town.'

He paid me fifty shillings down,
I sailed with eighteen hundred sheep;
We soon had cleared the harbour's mouth,
We soon were in the salt sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea
Those sheep were quiet in their mind;
The second night they cried with fear -
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,
They cried so loud I could not sleep:
For fifty thousand shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.



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