

# ***Critters, Creatures and Creations***



**By David Fox**

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## ***About the Author***

**David Fox, despite being born with Cerebral Palsy and having suffered from mental illness in his 20's, has written poems for children and adults for over 20 years.**

**His children's nature poetry has appeared in *Bell's Letters, Ceremony, Great South Bay Magazine, Humoresque, The Oak, Opossum Holler Tarot, Performance Poet's Association (PPA) Literary Review #14, Poetic Expressions, Poets' Roundtable, Reflections, SMILE, Tale Spinners (Canada), Visions, Wanton Words, Whispers of Poetry and Write On!! Poetry Magazette.***

**This is his second book of poetry. The first, *The Halloween Masquerade* was a narrative children's book. The Illustrator & Creative Director, Jessica Fox has done both for this book and *The Halloween Masquerade.***

**Thank you to Jessica Fox for undertaking every drawing in this book.**



## ***Nature's Song***

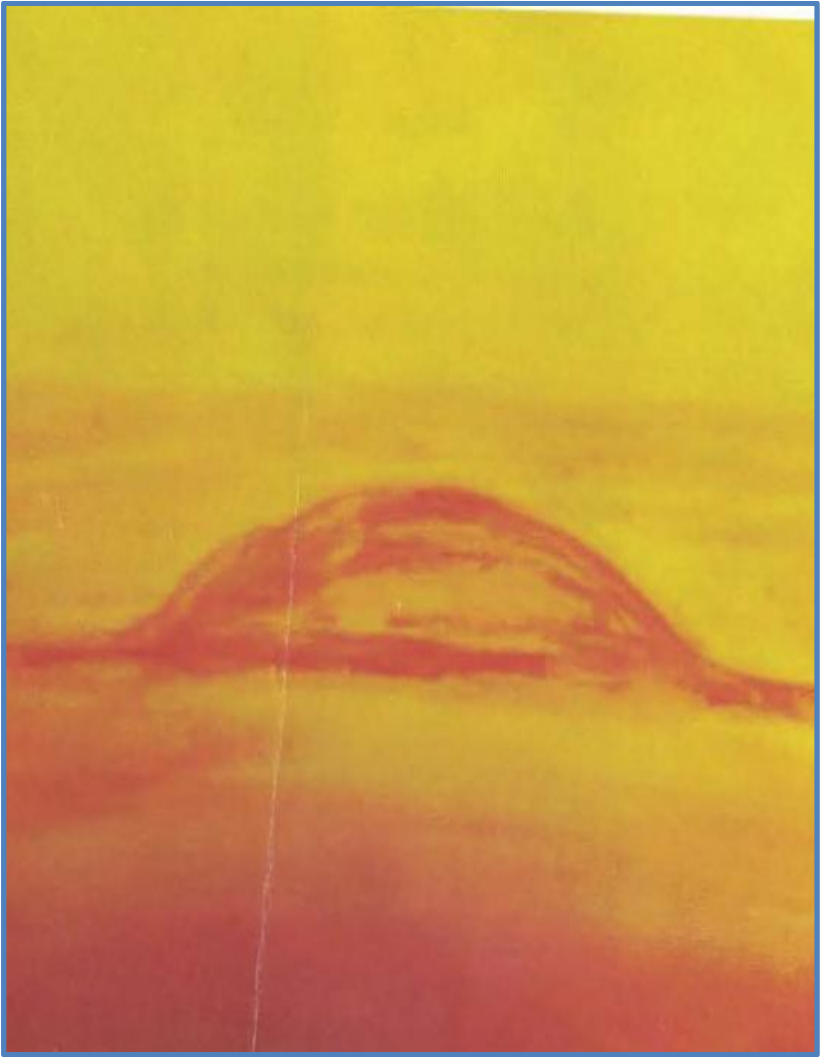
**It all started with the bluebells  
Who rang a special song,  
The canaries and the crickets  
All started to chirp along  
The chipmunks chattered and the squirrels  
skittered  
In perfect harmony  
All of nature worked together  
To create the perfect symphony**

**\*Previously published in *Write On!! Poetry Magazette***

## ***Nature***

**I look at each and every Godly creation  
And sometimes it gives me inspiration  
The sun so bright, the birds that sing,  
I enjoy Nature's everything.**

**\*Previously published in *Poets' Roundtable***



## ***Sunsets***

**Sunsets come and sunsets go  
From red to blue to indigo  
When the sun's not shining, they shine  
bright,  
They're nature's way of saying "Good  
night."**

**\*First published in *SMILE*  
Re-printed in *Poetic Expressions***

## ***My Haiku***

**The rising sun  
On the calm meadow plane  
Casts its own shadow.**

**\*Previously published in *Tales Spinners***



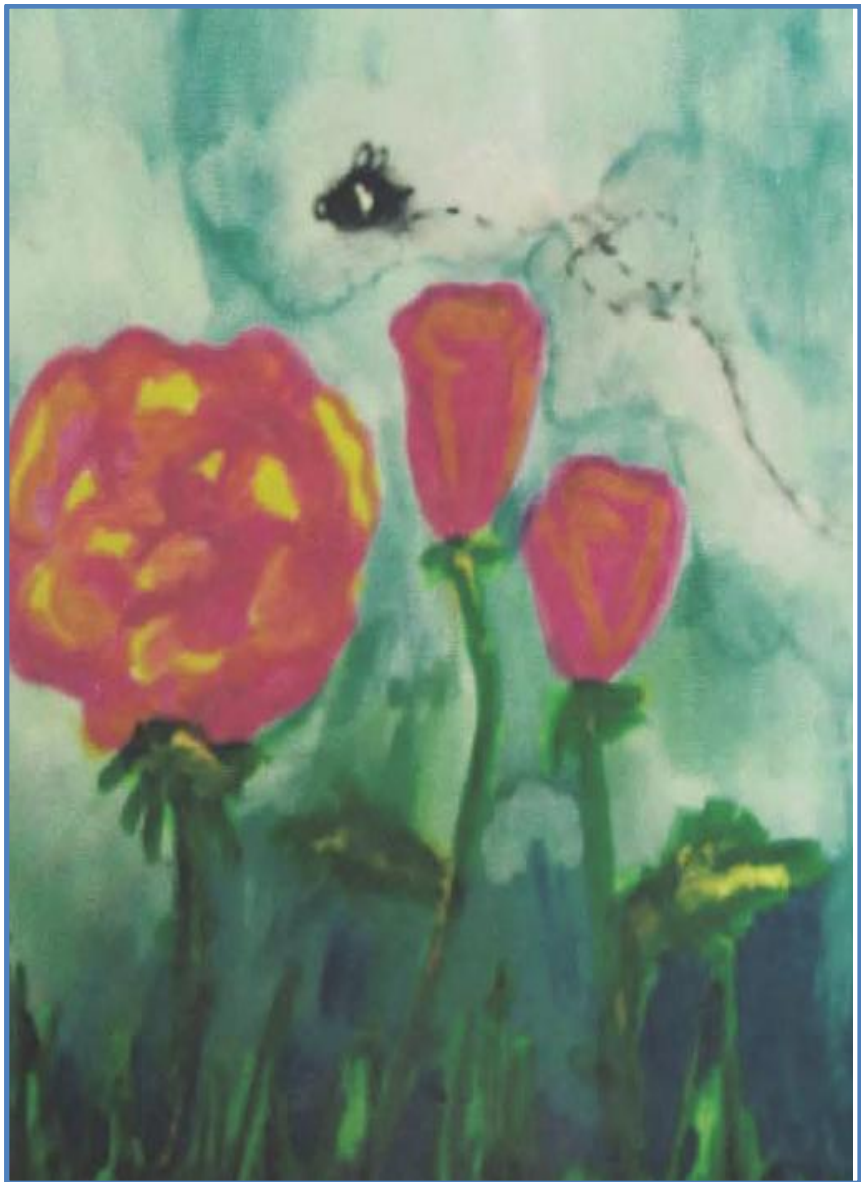


## ***My Sunflower***

**May you grow, my sunflower  
So you can peer over the gate  
And all can see your beauty:  
Your middle a dark brown,  
Your petals an exquisite yellow,  
So grow, my sunflower,  
Grow for me!**

## ***Flowered Farewell***

**So that you  
Will forget-me-not  
I will kiss  
Your tu-lips.**



## ***A Rose Story***

**One day a rose awoke from her bed,  
She yawned a little and she said:  
"Hello there, Miss Queen Anne's Lace,  
What a pretty look you have upon your  
face."**

**She commanded the rest, one and all,  
To stand up straight, stems and all.  
She scolded all the shrinking violets  
To stop their talking, and be silent  
She reminded all the lilies of the valley  
To stop all of their "dilly-dally."  
Along came a gentle breeze  
That came through the willow trees  
A voice, it has been said,  
Remarked, "Dear rose, go back to bed."**

**\*First published in *The Oak*  
Re-printed in *Performance Poetry Association (PPA)*  
*Literary Review #14***



## ***Fish Wish***

**Sometimes I wish I was a fish  
For if I were one of those  
I could swim in the ocean  
Without getting water up my nose.**

**\*Previously published in *Humoresque***

## ***Haiku***

**Tiny goldfish  
Swims quickly in his bowl  
To avoid the cat**

**\*First published in *Wanton Words*  
Re-printed in *Ceremony***



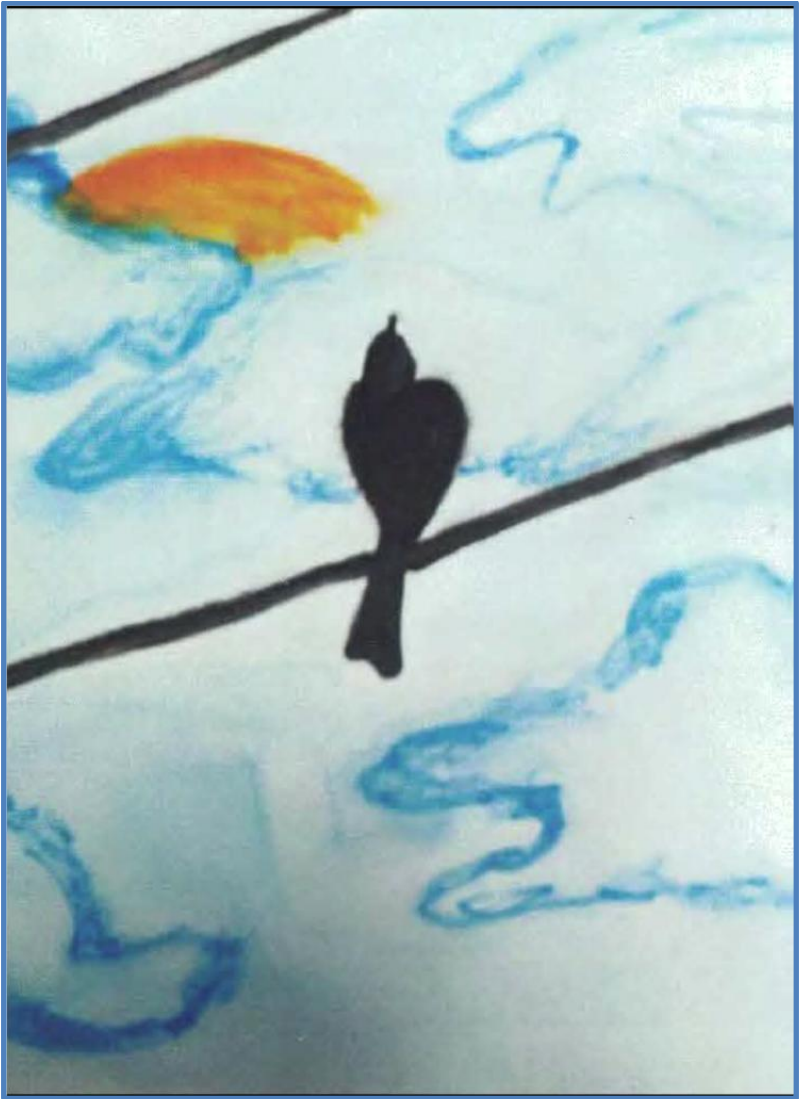
## *Rainbow-Catcher*

Oh, how I want to catch a rainbow in the  
sky  
But first I must learn to fly  
Because rainbows exist way up high  
Maybe I could borrow an angel's wing  
Oh how do I hope, because  
Rainbows are such wondrous things!

## *Rainbows*

After the last raindrops have fallen  
I look up in the sky  
And see beaming colors:  
Red, orange, yellow,  
Green, blue, indigo, violet  
At the end of the rainbow  
I know there is no pot of gold  
But I am happy  
Knowing it will return someday.

\*First published in *Visions*  
Re-printed in *Poets' Roundtable*





## ***If I Could Be a Mockingbird***

**If I could be a mockingbird  
And fly above the world  
I could hear the gossip  
Perched on the telephone line  
I could go to the park  
And dine on popcorn  
I could take a vacation every winter  
Oh, what a simplistic life it would be,  
A mockingbird listening on the world**

**\*Previously published in *Reflections***

## ***The Canary's Song***

**I look up in the sky  
And what do I see?  
A pretty canary singing to me.  
Such a lovely sound from  
Such a beautiful bird  
Even though he never says a word**

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