Poems I Wrote

Margaret Eppstein
Age 7
Dandelions
There surely is a goldmine somewhere underneath the grass
For dandelions are popping out in every place you pass
But if you want to gather some, you had better not delay
For gold will turn to silver soon and all blow away.
April

The tulips now are pushing up
like small green knuckles through the ground.
The grass is young and doubtful yet.
The robin takes a look around and if you listen you can hear
Spring laughing with a windy sound.
"The Little Plant"

In the heart of a sea,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant.

"Lay fast asleep!
Lay, lay, lay to the light."

"Wake, said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.
The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be!"
"Thunder"

When thunder growls, the frightened raindrops scurry from the sky, tap at windows, slip and slide, push and tumble. I watch and wonder why Thunders just a great big noise that doesn't frighten girls and boys.
HI HI HI goes the person in my heart
HI HI HI HI goes the person in my heart
HI HI HI HI goes the person in my heart
HI HI HI HI goes the person in my heart
And the person in my heart is you.
Pitter Patter Patter
Goes the rain in my heart
Pitter Patter Patter
Goes the rain in my heart
Pitter Patter Patter
Goes the rain in my heart
And the rain in my heart is you.