



# **WALKING WITH MY IGUANA** by Brian Moses

I'm walking  
with my iguana.

I'm walking  
with my iguana.

When the temperature rises  
to above eighty-five,  
my iguana is looking  
like he's coming alive.

So we make it to the beach,  
my iguana and me,  
then he sits on my shoulder  
as we stroll by the sea . . .

and I'm walking  
with my iguana.  
I'm walking  
with my iguana.

Well if anyone sees us  
we're a big surprise,  
my iguana and me  
on our daily exercise,

till somebody phones  
the local police  
and says I have an alligator  
tied to a leash.

When I'm walking  
with my iguana.

I'm walking  
with my iguana.

It's the spines on his back  
that make him look grim,  
but he just loves to be tickled  
under his chin.

And I know that my iguana  
is ready for bed  
when he puts on his pyjamas  
and lays down his sleepy head.

And I'm walking  
with my iguana.

Still walking  
with my iguana.

With my iguana . . . . .  
with my iguana . . . . .  
and my piranha,  
and my chihuahua,  
and my chinchilla,  
and my gorilla,  
my caterpillar . . . . .  
and I'm walking . . .  
with my iguana . . .  
with my iguana . . .  
with my iguana . . .



# Daffodils

By William Wordsworth  
1770-1850



I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed and gazed but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

# The Caterpillar

By Christina Rossetti

Brown and furry  
Caterpillar in a hurry,  
Take your walk  
To the shady leaf, or stalk,  
Or what not,  
Which may be the chosen spot.  
No toad spy you,  
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;  
Spin and die,  
To live again a butterfly.

**If you want to see an alligator  
you must go down the muddy slushy end  
of the old Carony River.**

**I know an alligator  
who's living down there.  
She's a-big. She's a-mean. She's a-wild.  
She's a-fierce.**

**But if you really want to see an alligator  
you must go down to the muddy slushy end  
of the old Carony River.**

**Go down gently to that river and say  
'Alligator Mama  
Alligator Mama  
Alligator Mamaaaaaaa.'**

**And up she'll rise  
but don't stick around  
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.**

## **Uncle Dave's Car by Helen Ksyepka**

**I pleaded with my Uncle Dave to take us for a ride.**

**My sisters grabbed a window seat.**

**I sat right by his side.**

**He zoomed across a garden and knocked some hedges down, then barrelled over sidewalks in a busy part of town.**

**He zipped along a winding road— a siren made him stop.**

**My uncle got a ticket from a very angry cop.**

**At home our mother asked us, "Did all of you behave?"**

**We answered her, "Of course we did."**

**(Except for Uncle Dave!)**



The Owl and the PussY-cat went to Sea  
In a beautiful pea green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
'O lovely PussY! O PussY my love,  
What a beautiful PussY you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful PussY you are!'

Puss said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly Sweet you Sing!  
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong-tree grows  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one Shilling  
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible Spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the Sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear











