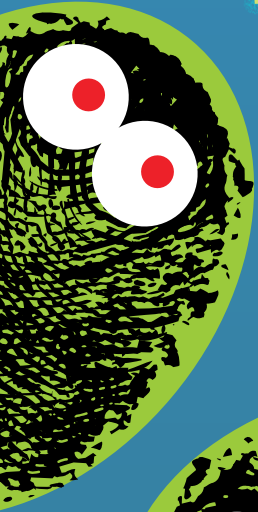


Tadpoles in the Torrens

Poems for young readers



EDITED BY JUDE AQUILINA



Tadpoles in the Torrens

Tadpoles in the Torrens

Poems for young readers

EDITED BY JUDE AQUILINA

Contributors include:

Sean Williams, Peter Combe, Max Fatchen,
Juan Garrido Salgado, Christobel Mattingley
and Janeen Brian ... along with 20 other
South Australian poets and children's authors.



Wakefield
Press

Wakefield Press
1 The Parade West
Kent Town
South Australia 5067
www.wakefieldpress.com.au

First published 2013

Copyright © in this collection Jude Aquilina, 2013
Copyright in individual poems resides with their author

All rights reserved. This book is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing for the purposes of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act, no part may be reproduced without written permission. Enquiries should be addressed to the publisher.

Designed by Liz Nicholson, designBITE

Typeset by Wakefield Press

All illustrations used under licence from Shutterstock.com

Illustrations on pages v, vi, 5, 6, 11, 12, 16, 18–19, 23, 27, 28–29, 31, 34, 36, 41, 42, 43, 49, 52, 57, 61, 64, 70, 76–77, 79, 91 & 92 copyright 'Complot', 2013.

Illustration of bats on pages 72–73 copyright 'Verock', 2013.

Illustration of spider on page 83 copyright 'neff', 2013.

Illustration of fish on pages ii, xii, 8–9, 11, 15, 21, 24–25, 39, 41, 50–51, 66, 86–87 & 96 copyright 'abeadev', 2013.

Illustrations adapted by Liz Nicholson, designBITE

Printed in Australia by Griffin Digital, Adelaide

National Library of Australia Cataloguing-in-Publication entry

Title: Tadpoles in the Torrens: poems for young readers /
Jude Aquilina (editor).

ISBN: 978 1 74305 246 4 (paperback).

Subjects: Australian poetry – South Australia – 21st century.

Other Authors/Contributors: Aquilina, Jude, 1963–, editor.

Dewey Number: A821.008



Government
of South Australia

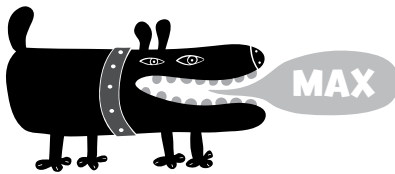
Arts SA



Publication of this book was assisted by the
Commonwealth Government through the
Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body.



Dedicated to Max Fatchen,
an inspirational writer, poet and columnist
who made generations of readers smile.



Contents



Foreword	xi
----------	----

Jude Aquilina

Stingray	1
Reynard's raid	2
Report from the land where humans have tails	3
Echidnas	4
Old cat	5

Janeen Brian

A yawn	6
Belly-line	7
Fish	9

Jo Cheshier

I can untangle lines	10
Country sneakers	11

Peter Combe

My toothbrush won't clean	13
Very strange cat	14
Mister Pim	15
The front of me	16
Things to do on the weekend	17

Phil Cummings

Brothers	18
----------	----

Max Fatchen

Seagulls on the oval	20
Oh, brother!	21
Old horses	22
Hullo, solar system	24

Juan Garrido Salgado

The wood floor tells old stories	26
----------------------------------	----

Katrina Germein

Amos and his noses	27
Hugo climbs trees	30

Christine Harris

Jelly	32
What am I?	33
If eggs were round	34
I hate vegetables	35

Rory Harris

The possum clings to the wall of the building	36
He sits in the sun	37

Jules Leigh Koch

Middleton	38
Rain is falling elsewhere	39
A beach drawing	40
Cat nap	41
Mice	42
Turtle	43

Mike Lucas

I lost my dog	44
Poemski	47

Jill McDougall

The bike ride	50
Ozzie the star	52
Going home	53
No school today	54
Wrecked!	55

Peter McFarlane

Slow bike race	56
Ash Wednesday	57

John Malone

Round riddle	58
In which the dog loses his cool	59
Brainwaves	60
Big blue mouth	61

Kristin Martin

Her Royal Highness	62
Wishes at the zoo	63
My grandparents' zoo	65

Christobel Mattingley

Black Cockatoos	67
The Sandcastle	68
Hospital	69

Robert Moore

Cow Olympics _____ 70

Marianne Musgrove

Whale bones _____ 71

Bats _____ 72

Backyard stargazing _____ 73

Louise Nicholas

Not the Cinderella story _____ 74

Me at three _____ 78

I'll have your guts for garters _____ 80

Angelee & Harry Theodoros

Grandma _____ 82

Ken Vincent

Leopold, the hang-gliding spider _____ 83

Debra Vinecombe

Molly _____ 85

Sean Williams

Reflections on water _____ 86

Linda Wyrill

Snakes are like rainbows _____ 88

Is the world one world? _____ 89

Sea is a dragon _____ 90

Acknowledgements _____ 92

Foreword

You know those days when spring has sprung and you can feel the sun on your skin?

Let's say you are down at the creek, there's a buzz in the air, the smell of moss and damp mushrooms . . . So you take off your shoes and wade through the soft, fleshy soursobs to the water's edge.

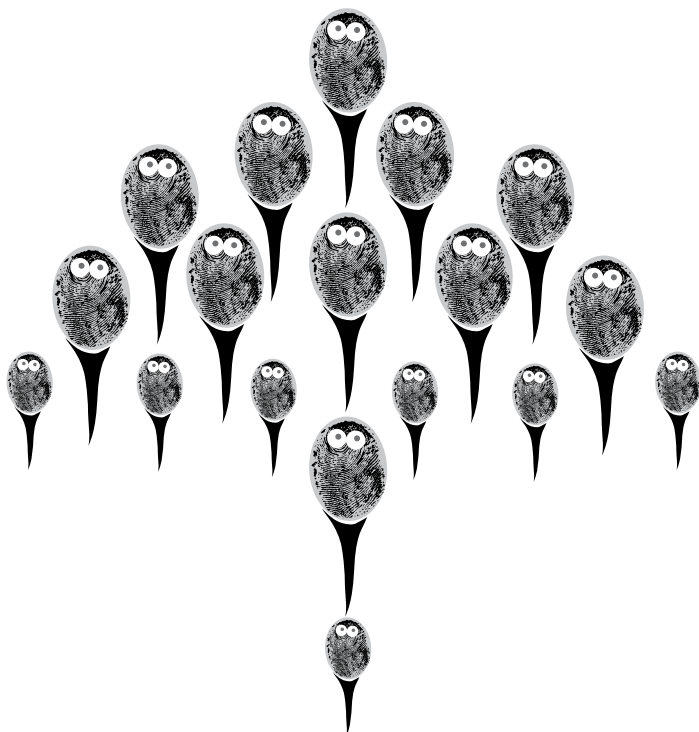
The frogs are beep-booping – until you tread on a stick! So you drop a plastic bag into the stream to catch little black commas, some with legs. Well, you might think you're just at the park or down by the river, but you're actually living inside a poem.

The poets in *Tadpoles in the Torrens* have dipped their imaginations into the everyday stream of life. Their poems are alive and kicking. Some will make you squirm like a worm, others will have you biting fingernails or laughing out loud. These are poems to read at night, after bedtime, with a torch – poems to read aloud and to share with friends – poems about your place, my place, our Aussie backyard.

Some rhyme, others don't, but all of these poems sparkle. I hope *Tadpoles in the Torrens* will inspire you to write a poem of your own. It really is easy. Poems can be about anything. Go on, have a dip and see what words you catch!

Jude Aquilina

Tadray



Stingray

Black
vacuum
of the sea floor,
dark butterfly skating on
the rippled rink of wet sand.

Your velvet cape spreads out then folds in
like the wings of a giant bat, as you follow the light
of our slow net boat. Tangled and thrashing you crash
onto deck fighting for your life. You lose the duel but tattoo
my uncle's wrist with your poison sword;

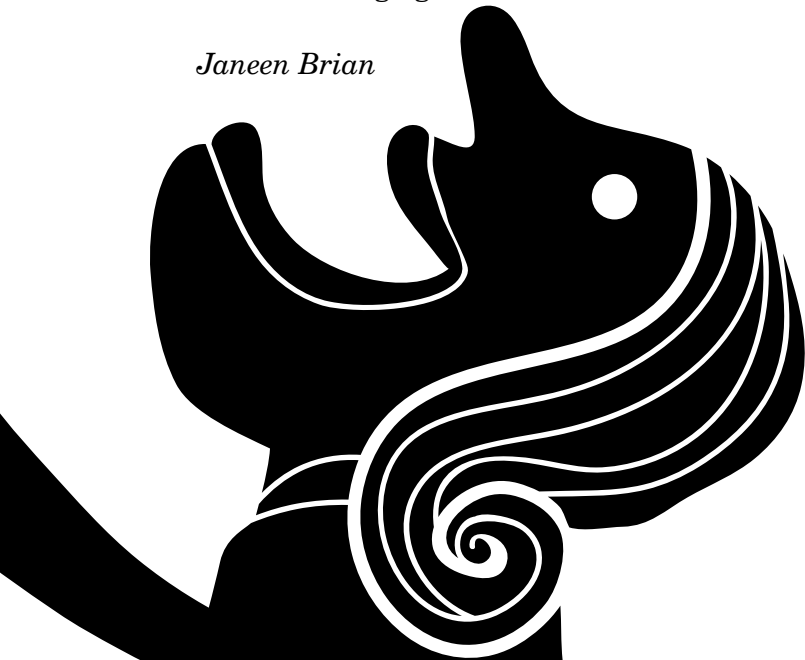
And how he wished
he'd
let
you
be.

Jude Aquilina

A yawn

A yawn is born
from somewhere inside.
A yawn grips your jaws
and forces them wide.
A yawn peels your lips
away from your teeth
and flattens your tongue
to a space underneath.
A yawn wets your eyes
and sets up a groan.
A yawn, once it starts,
won't leave you alone.
A yawn is a bother,
a yawn is a pain.
It never strikes once –
oh! It's coming again!

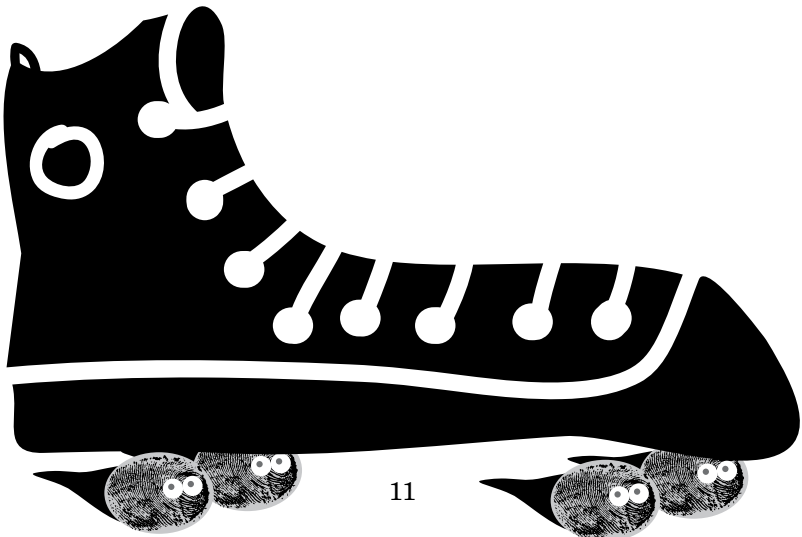
Janeen Brian



Country sneakers

My red and white sneakers ride on
skateboards
scooters
BMX bikes
dinghies
my dad's fishing boat
pedal cars when we stay at caravan parks
and my sister's pony
when she pays me \$5 to exercise him before a show.

My red and white sneakers run on
rocks
cliff tops
jetties
winter beaches
dirt tracks
and car park concrete
when mum goes in to town to do the shopping.



My red and white sneakers can be seen at
 footy matches
 country cricket
 the tadpole pond
 the airport when granny flies in and then out
 agricultural shows – mostly when I’m holding the lead
 on my sister’s pony
 while she tries to make herself look good (never works)
 before she enters the (bo)ring.

My red and white sneakers have black texta on them
 tamara – crossed out
 annabella – she’s forever!

Jo Chesher



My toothbrush won't clean

'My toothbrush won't clean' said Mrs McBean.
'Throw it away' said Mr Gray.

'My stove won't cook' said Mrs Brook.
'Turn it on' said Mr John.

'My cheese won't grill' said Mrs Pill.
'Turn up the heat' said Mr Street.

'My peach won't squash' said Mrs Gosh.
'Throw it down' said Mr Brown.

'My tummy won't tickle' said Mrs Pickle.
'Give it a poke' said Mr Oak.

'My hair won't grow' said Mrs Snow.
'Buy a wig' said Mr Big.

'My eggs won't scramble' said Mrs Campbell.
'Try them fried' said Mr Hyde.

'My telephone won't ring' said Mrs Ding.
'Then get it mended, that would be splendid.'

'My head won't spin' said Mrs Pin.
'Take it off' said Mr Goff.

'I have' said Mrs Pin,
'but now I can't find it.'

Peter Combe

Seagulls on the oval

They occupy the deep field,
A great flock of them.
Silver gulls.
No waiting in queues
For seats in the stand.
They fly overland
And settle on the smooth green grass.

When a batsman's out
The spectators roar
Like waves on a seashore
And the gulls rise,
Swirl in a white cloud
Tossed on the tumult of the crowd
And then settle again
As fades the din.
Silver gulls on smooth green grass ...
And the next man's in.

Max Fatchen

Hugo climbs trees

Hugo climbs trees ...

As soon as he sees
A tree that is right
He's up out of sight

He just loves to climb
All of the time.

He seeks out a trunk
With the right sort of bump
To pull himself high,
Nearer the sky.
He's happy in leaves
Just him and the breeze.

He loves hiding in the trees
(Though he's mindful of bees)
Hugo likes what he sees.
For when he looks down
He sees those on the ground
All talk and run round

While he's by himself
On the top most shelf
Up in the leaves
Where Hugo believes
Is the best place to be
Quite lost in a tree.

Above all the chatter
The 'Oh what's the matter?'
The 'Come on, just try it'
When he wants to be quiet.
While others all squawk
He would rather not talk.

So he finds a tree home
To be on his own
Away from the din
A place that's for him.

Hugo just loves to be
Alone in a tree.

Katrina Germein



Jelly

Jelly is good for your belly
it's squidgee and splidgee and icky
it wobbles and goggles and shakes in the bowl
and picking it up can be tricky

it falls off the spoon
and lands with a splat
it will splodge on your T-shirt
and splash on your hat

it oozes and tickles
when you give it a squeeze
and shoots through your fingers
with slippery ease

you can gobble the green
and guzzle the purple
drabble and scrabble
and woof till you burple

and I'll tell you a secret
in case you don't know it
when you're not feeling hungry
it's great fun to throw it.

Christine Harris