A Poem to Teach About a Poem

for Frankie, Molly, Edie, and Temple

<https://youtu.be/jryNfQKLQPI>

Composed Wednesday, May 13, 2020

I heard you have a wren

nesting in a cup

on a shelf in the kitchen

of your outdoor playhouse

that your uncle, the nurse, from Australia,

Built

And your mom, or was it your dad,

or coulda been you

named Idlewild.

The playhouse, not the wren.

The interest, the care of living things,

the respect for life

Interrupts your play

Sorry/not sorry.

Reminds me of a poem

I used to use with children

Thinking I was teaching

when in fact instead

I was merely using poet’s words

to describe and understand

to appreciate and enumerate

all the ways I stand in awe of you

as you wait to play in Idlewild

while the wren tends eggs

in a tin cup on the kitchen shelf

of the house your uncle built

For childhood.

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.

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My mission is to promote and protect childlike wonder and love of learning in everyone I meet.