

31st

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake

JULY

14th

KINGFISHER

Dropping
Like a splinter from the sky
It knives the water,
Swiftly strikes,
Turns, surges
Up through the splattering surface,
Back to the willow branch,
Where it sits triumphant,
Wet feathers glistening,
Its silver catch
Dangling from its beak.

John Foster



1st

WHO AM I?

As black as ink and isn't ink,
As white as milk and isn't milk,
As soft as silk and isn't silk,
And hops about like a filly-foal.

[A magpie]

Anonymous

2nd

MARCH

A blue day,
a blue jay
and a good beginning.

One crow,
melting snow—
spring's winning!

Elizabeth Coatsworth

3rd

MURDER OF CROWS

We're the best dressed here.
Forget the scruffy starlings
dishevelled thrushes
the gaudy tits and finches—
they're all a waste of space.

We're the real class act:
never a feather out of place
our blacks perfectly matched.
Like gangsters, ministers,
we demand respect.

Our quills drink in the light
like ink.

Dilys Rose



24th

FLYING FISH

Flying fish
flying fish
what is your wish?

In water
you swim
yet like to skim
through wind

Flying fish
flying fish
make up your mind

Are you a bird
inside a fish
or just a fish
dreaming of wings?

John Agard





25th

THE SEAGULL

All day long o'er the ocean I fly,
My white wings beating fast through the sky,
I hunt fishes all down the bay
And ride on rocking billows in play.

All night long in my rock home I rest,
Away up on a cliff is my nest,
The waves murmur, murmur below,
And winds fresh from the sea o'er me blow.

Gaelic folk song



26th

Leaping flying fish!
Dancing for me and my boat
as I sail for home.

Ohara Koson,
translated by Sylvia Cassedy and Kunihiro Suetake