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Opening extract from

Come Into This Poem

Written by

Tony Mitton

Published by

Frances Lincoln Children's Books

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For Elizabeth, with love and thanks, T.M.

JANETTA OTTER-BARRY BOOKS

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First published in Great Britain in 2011 by
Frances Lincoln Children's Books, 4 Torriano Mews,
Torriano Avenue, London NW5 2RZ
www.franceslincoln.com

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN: 978-1-84780-169-2

Illustrated with frottage and line drawings

Set in AromaLT and StantonICG

Printed in xxxxxxxx

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

COME INTO THIS POEM

Poems by
TONY MITTON

Illustrations by
CAROLINE HOLDEN

FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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Garden

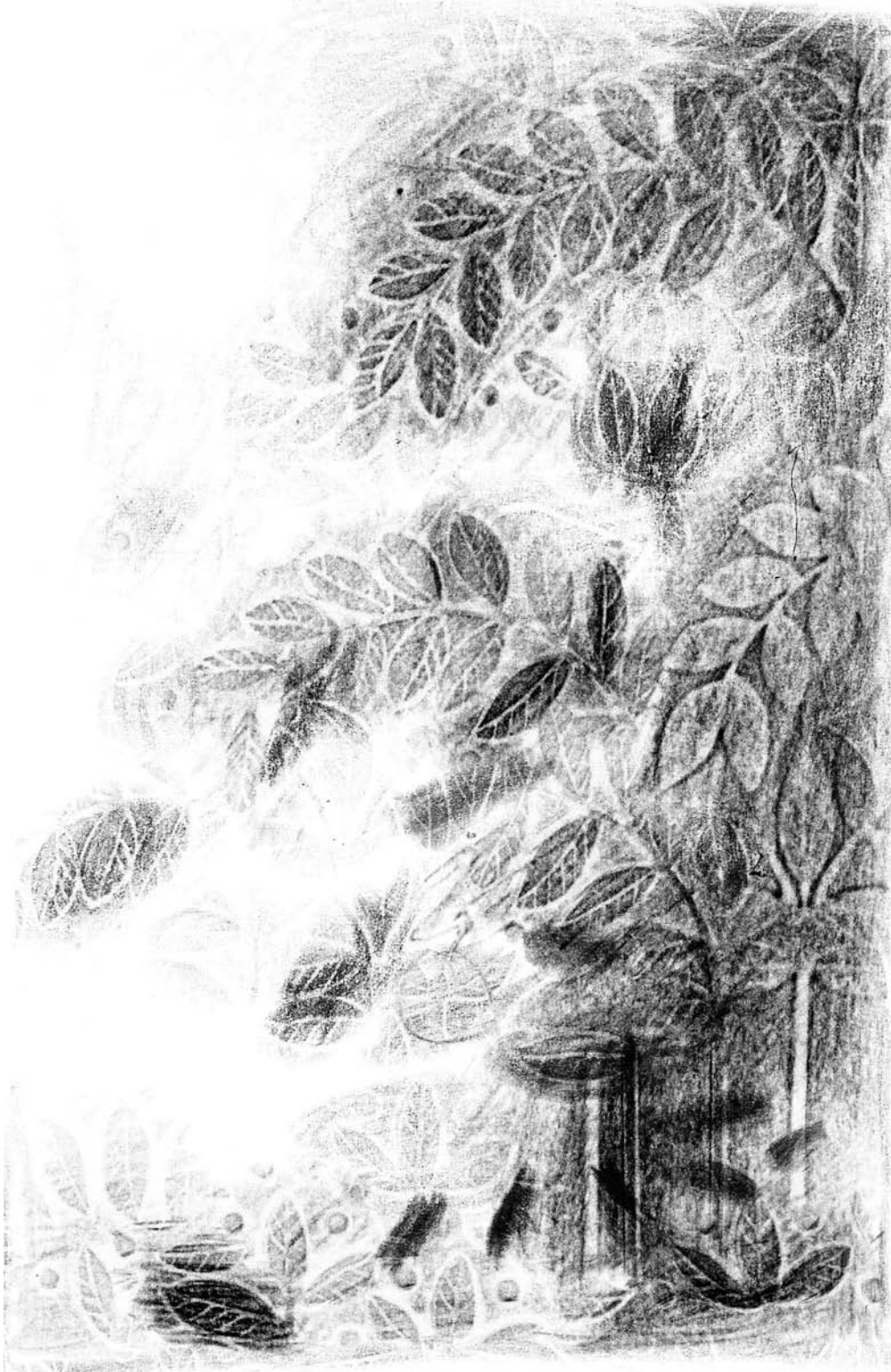
The door is open
to the garden.

It is a box
of life

where sunlight pulls
green magic
from brown earth.

Sit, and you will see
how breezes shake the leaves,
scattering shadows,

as insects spin their chances
on the air.



Big Red Boots

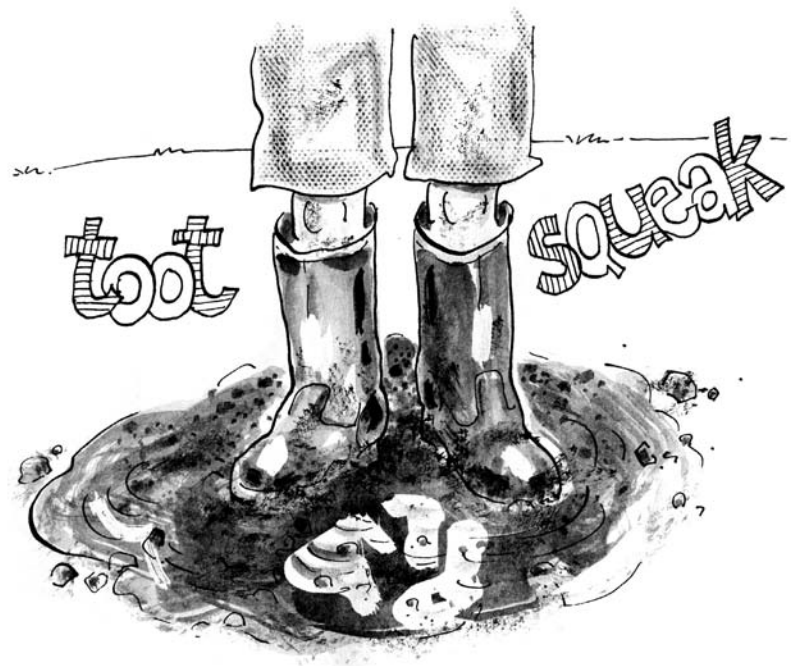
Big red boots, big red boots.
One of them squeaks and the other one toots.
One of them hops and the other one stamps.
Big red boots take long, wet tramps.

Boots, boots, big red boots.
One of them squeaks and the other one toots.

Big red boots on busy little feet
start out shiny, clean and neat.
Big red boots, oh, yes, yes, yes,
end up muddy in a terrible mess.

Boots, boots, big red boots.
One of them squeaks and the other one toots.

Boots, boots, big red boots,
squelch through mud and trample roots.
Big red boots say, “Look! Oh gosh!
What a great puddle there. . . Yay! SPLOSH!”



Entrance

Come into this poem.
Step through this little gap
between the words,
and who knows what you'll find?
Some secret passage
tucked inside your mind?
A flight of steps
that wind
down to a door
that opens on a wood
where once you stopped and stood?

Then through the trees
you think you hear a stream.
It whispers faintly
of a distant dream
in which you knelt
and looked into a pool
and saw your own face gazing,
clear and cool. . .

You stumble on
to find a lisping brook
whose ripples are
the writing in a book.
Its text is strange
and hard to understand.
And as the pages
flutter in your hand,
you snap it shut
to place it on the shelf. . .
then see you're in
the poem of yourself.



Invisible Ink

What do you do
with invisible ink?

Scribble your secrets,
the things that you think.
For the words disappear,
yes, they go with a p-l-i-n-k!

That's what you do
with invisible ink.

But I once heard the case
of a very sad guy –
I suppose that he worked
as some sort of a spy –
He wrote out a message
in curious code,
and he wrote in the blood
of a poisonous toad.
(It was dead when he found it,
right there on the road.)
It was squashed by a car,
and was starting to stink.

But its blood made a perfect
invisible ink!

He wrote down the words
and they all disappeared.
But listen to this,
for the next bit is weird.
Why he should try it
I really can't think. . .
He decided to drink
the invisible ink!

Ink, ink, invisible ink,
is something you never,
not ever, should drink!

To begin with he took
just the tiniest sip.
It glistened a bit
on his trembling lip.
Then he took a deep breath,
with a gulp and a frown,
lifted the bottle
and drank it all down!

Ink, ink, invisible ink,
it's OK for writing
the things that you think,
especially secrets
that make you turn pink.
But please say you'll never,
no, not as a dare,
not even in moments
so crazy and rare,
no, not under water
or up in the air,
no, not in the country
or here in the town,
not with a smile,
or a leer or a frown. . .
say that you'll never,
you'll not even think
to venture a drink
of invisible ink.

Cos, what of the spy?
He was gone in a blink!

