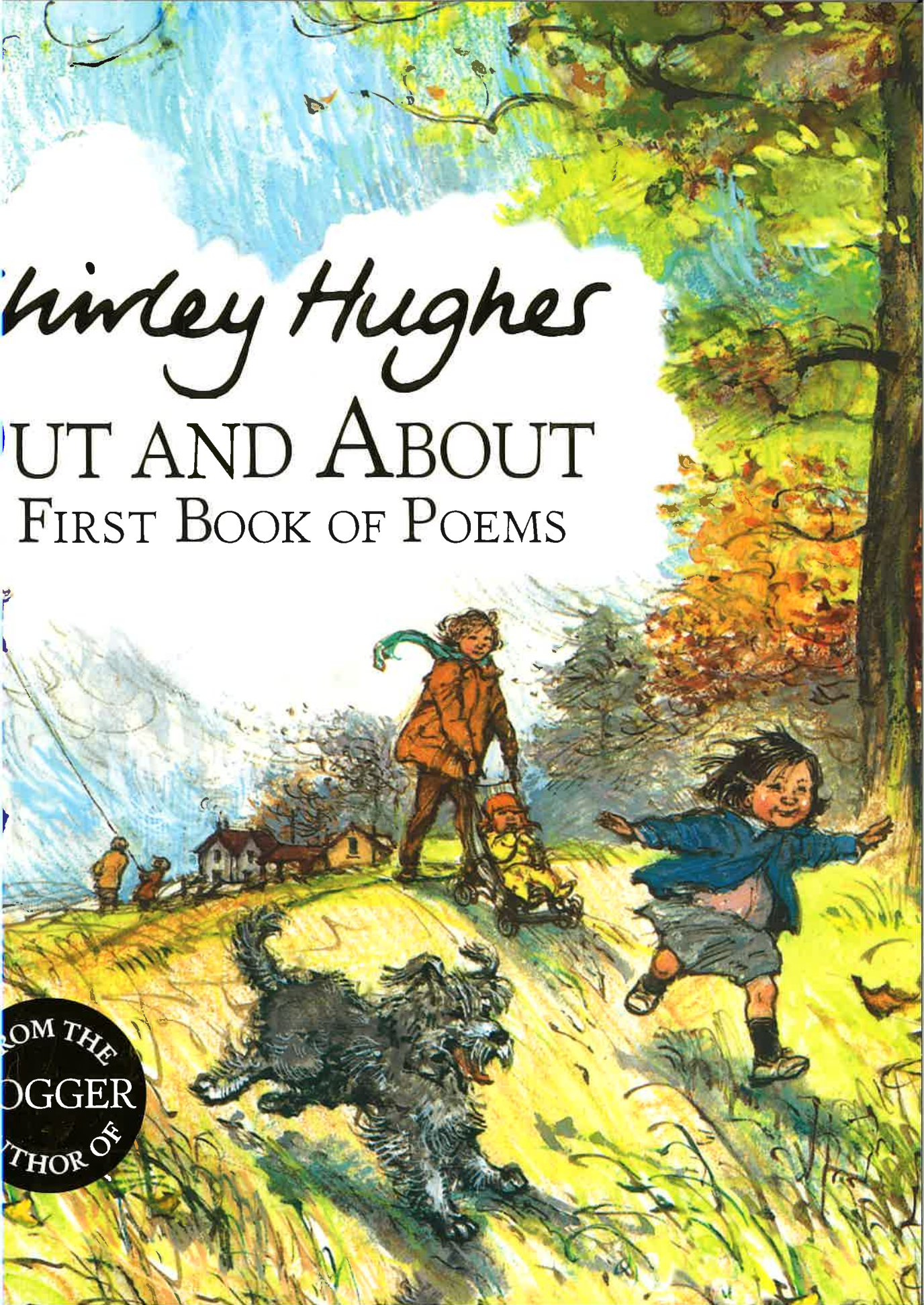




Wivley Hughes

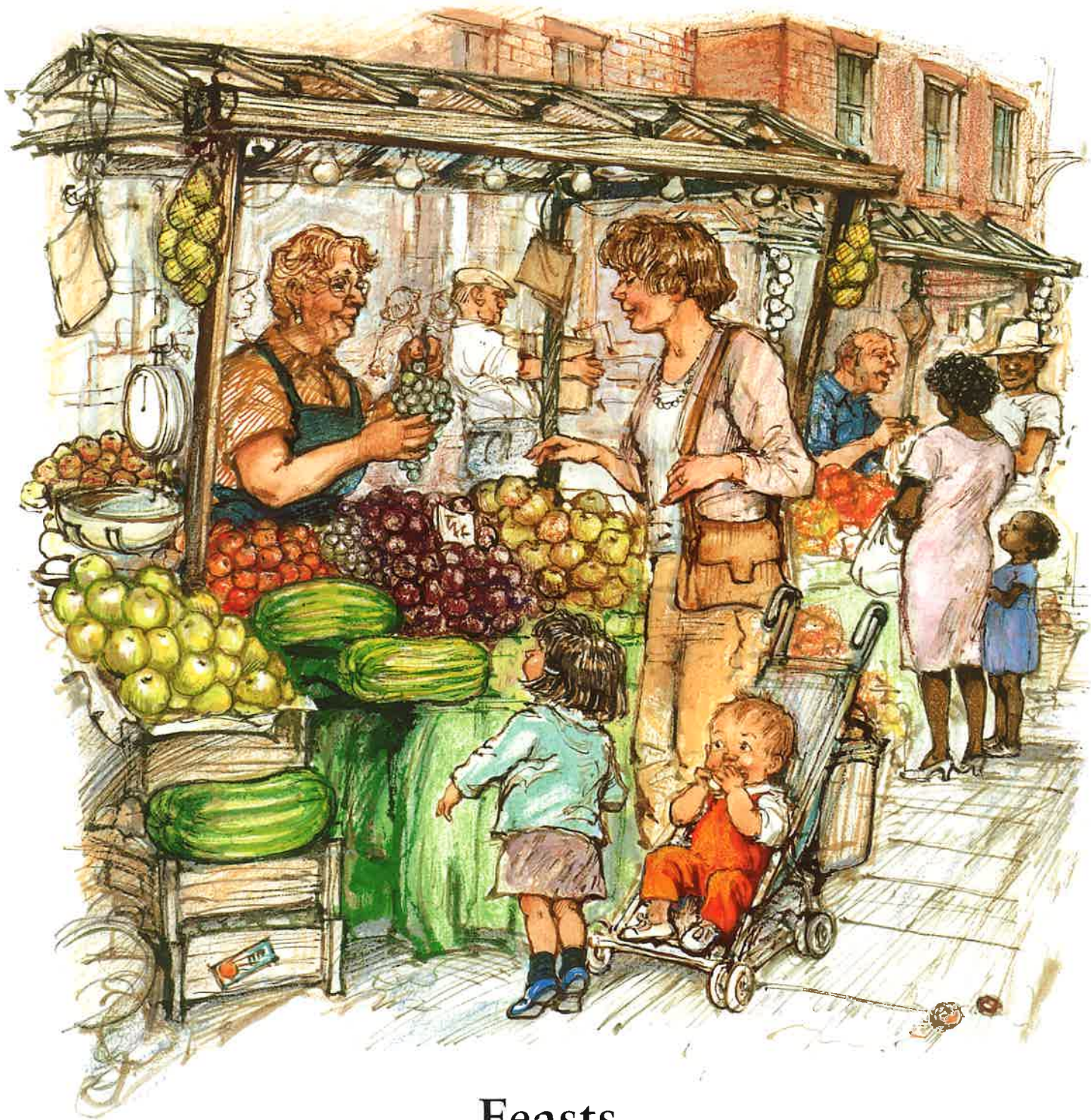
OUT AND ABOUT
FIRST BOOK OF POEMS

FROM THE
LOGGER
AUTHOR OF



AUTUMN





Feasts

Apples heaped on market barrows,
Juicy plums and stripy marrows.

And ripe pumpkins, yellow and green,
To light with candles at Hallowe'en.



Nuts to hoard,



Feasts of berries,



Grains of barley,
Carefully stored,







I like the wind.
 The soft, summery, gentle kind,
 The gusty, blustery, fierce kind.
 Ballooning out the curtains,
 Blowing things about,
 Wild and wilful everywhere.
 I do like the wind.

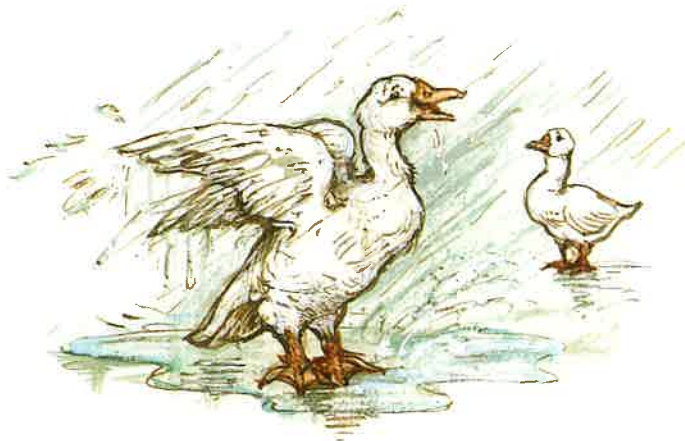
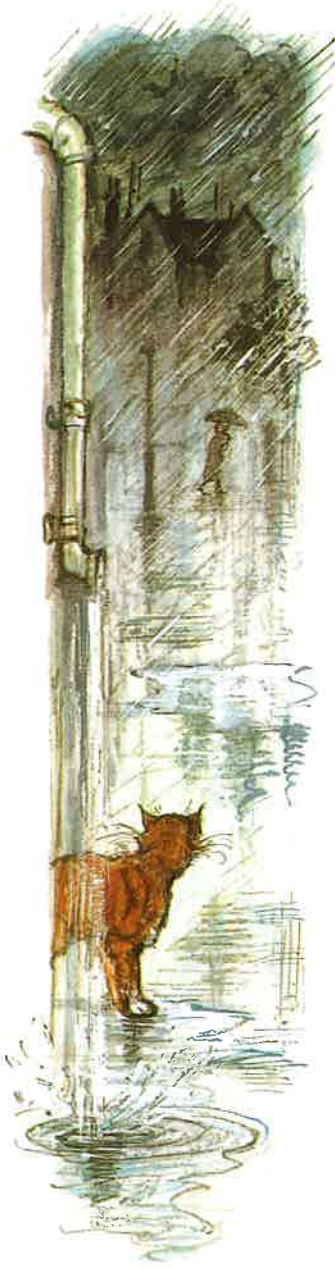
Wind



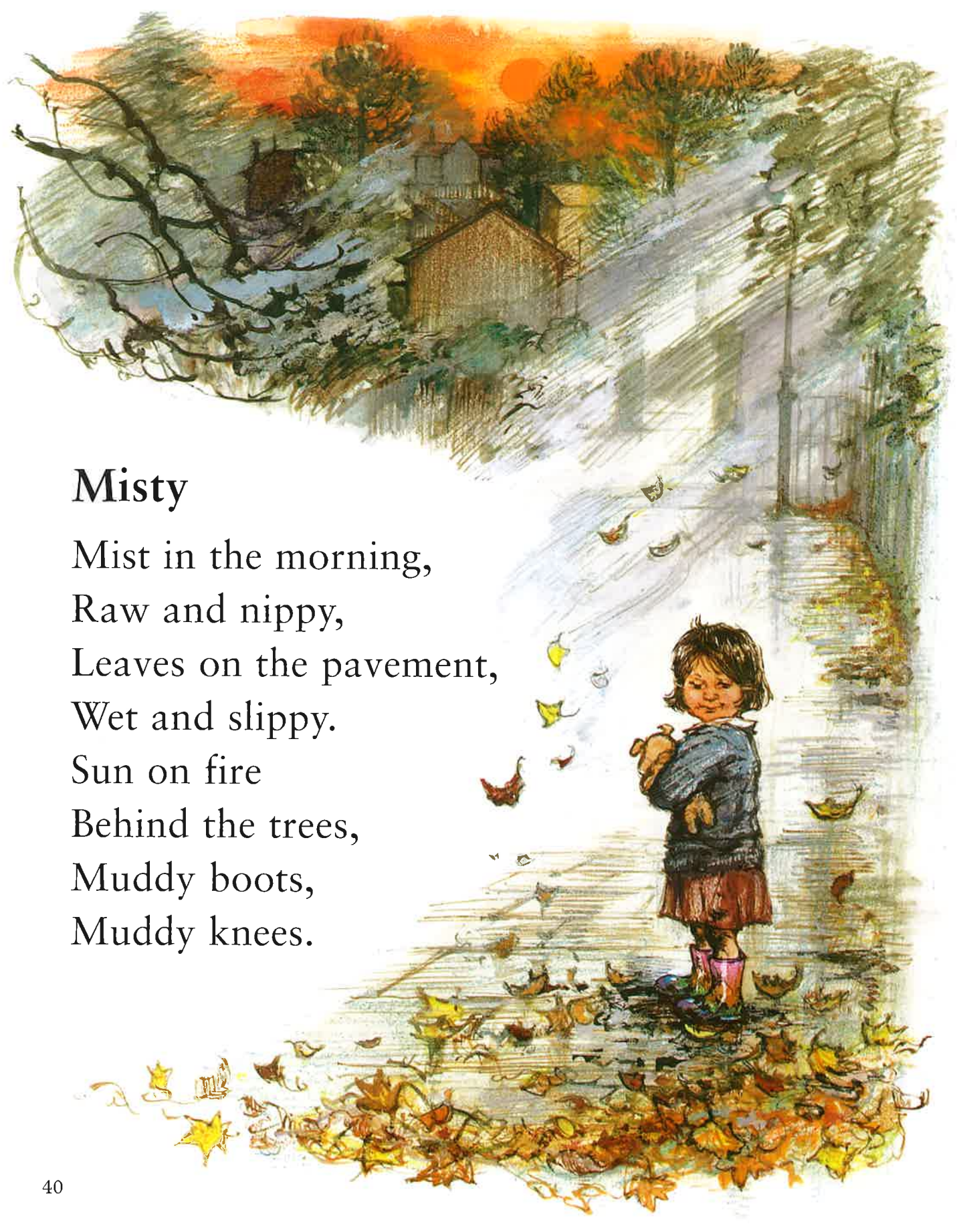


Wet

Dark clouds,
Rain again,
Rivers on the
Misted pane.
Wet umbrellas
In the street,
Running noses,
Damp feet.



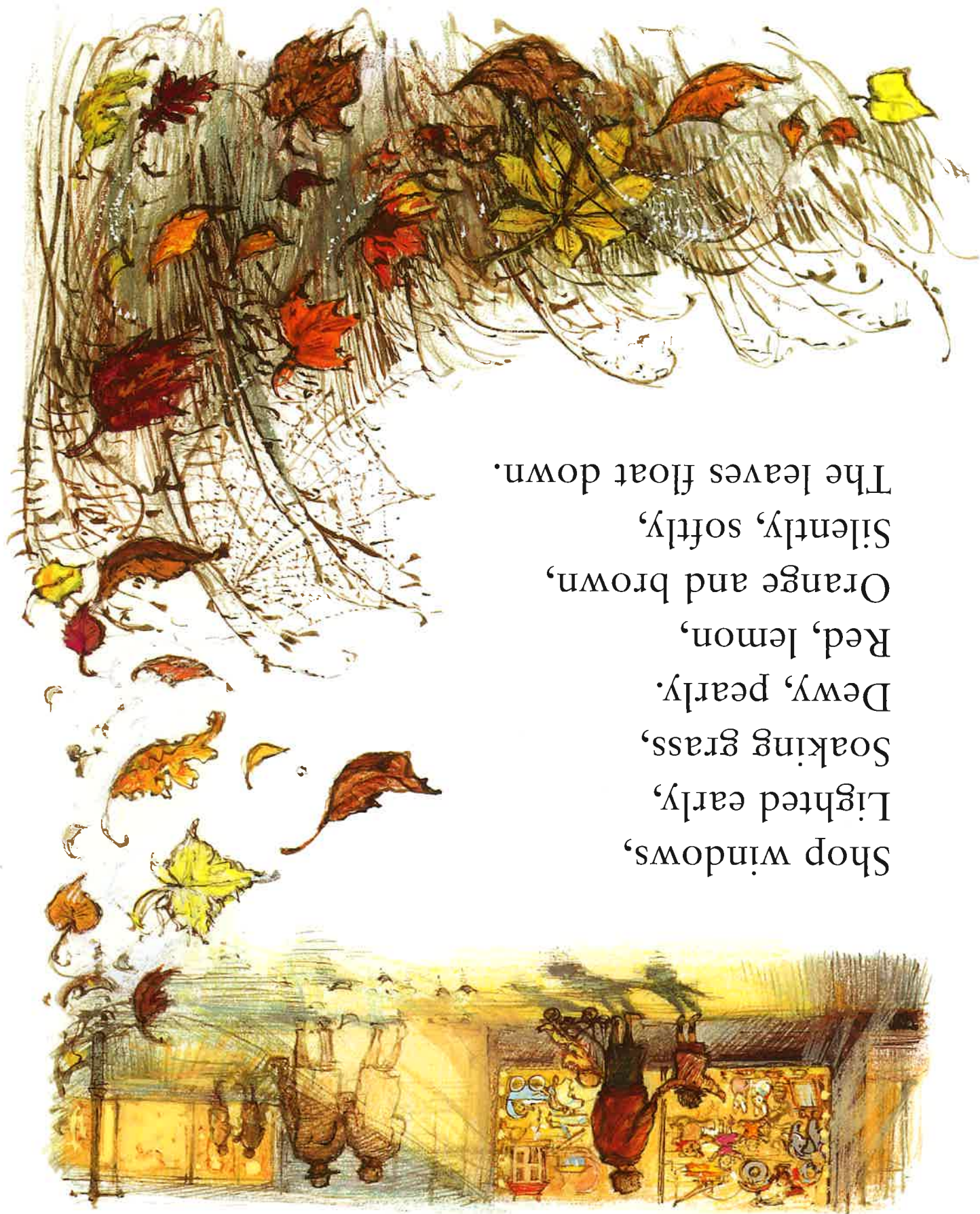




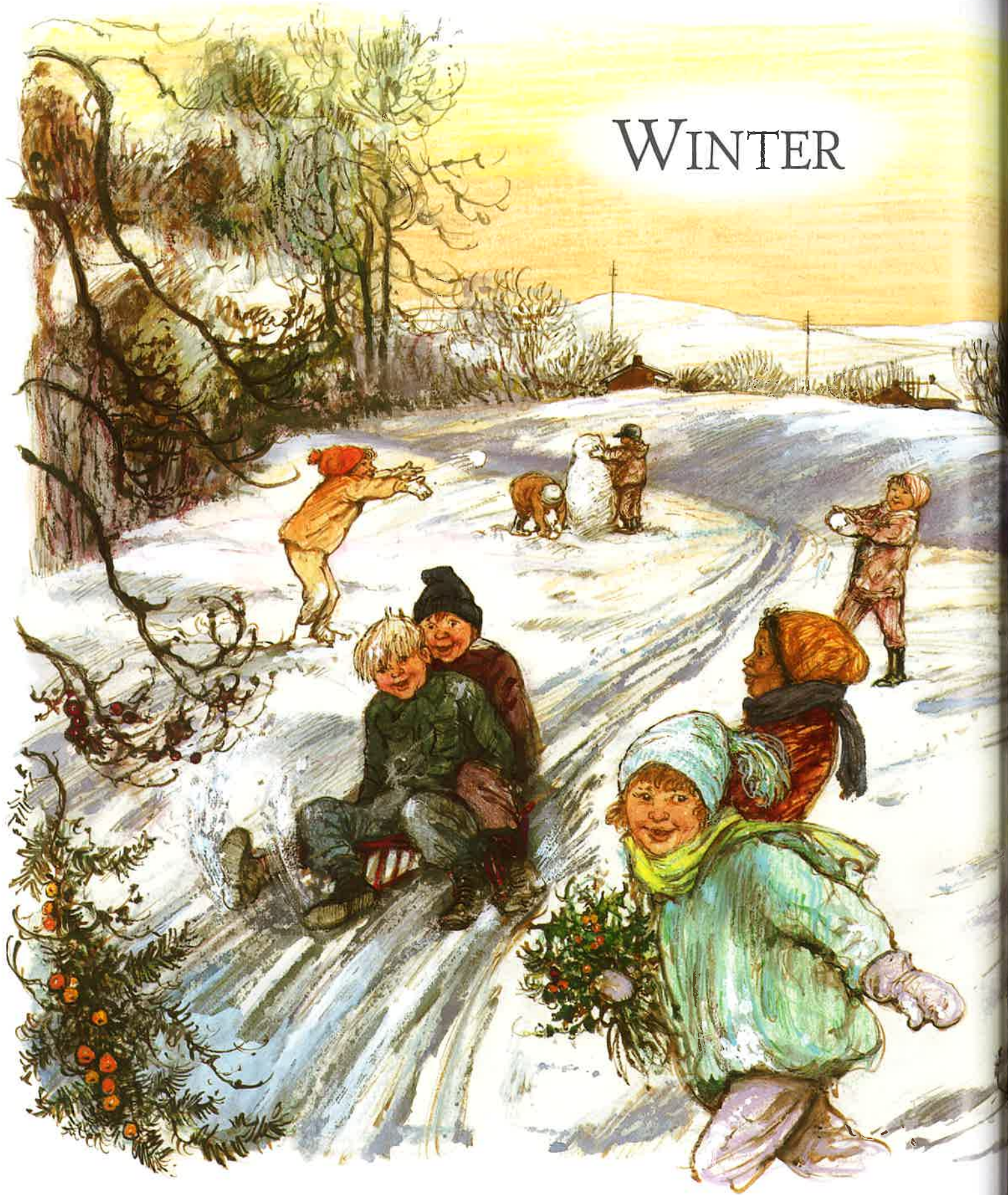
Misty

Mist in the morning,
Raw and nippy,
Leaves on the pavement,
Wet and slippery.
Sun on fire
Behind the trees,
Muddy boots,
Muddy knees.

Shop windows,
Lighted early,
Soaking grass,
Dewy, pearly.
Red, lemon,
Orange and brown,
Silently, softly,
The leaves float down.



WINTER







Sick

Hot, cross, aching head,
Prickly, tickly, itchy bed.

Piles of books and toys and puzzles

Heavy on my feet,

Pillows thrown all anyhow,

Wrinkles in the sheet.

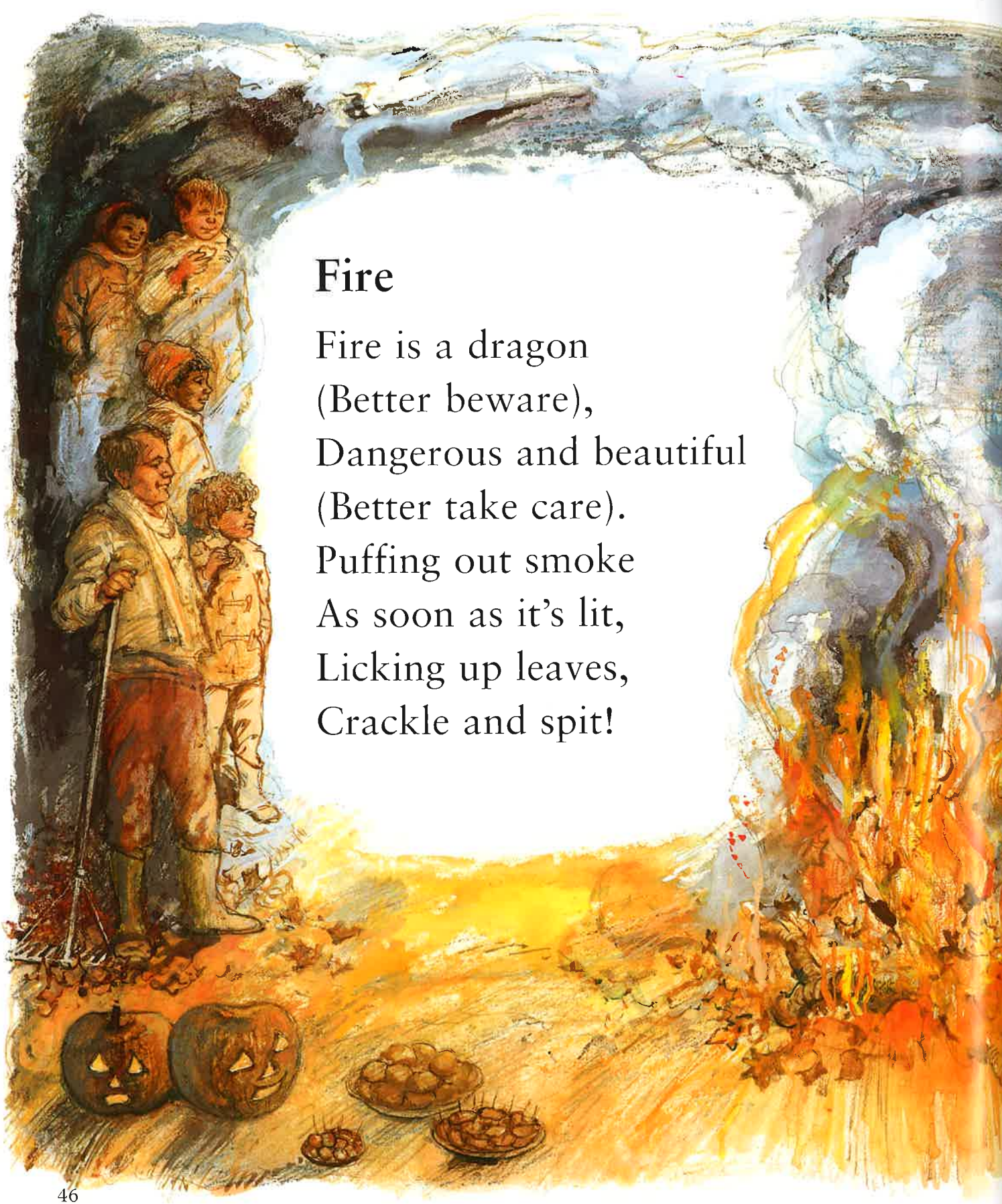
Sick of medicine, lemonade,

Soup spooned from a cup.

When will I be better?

When can I get up?

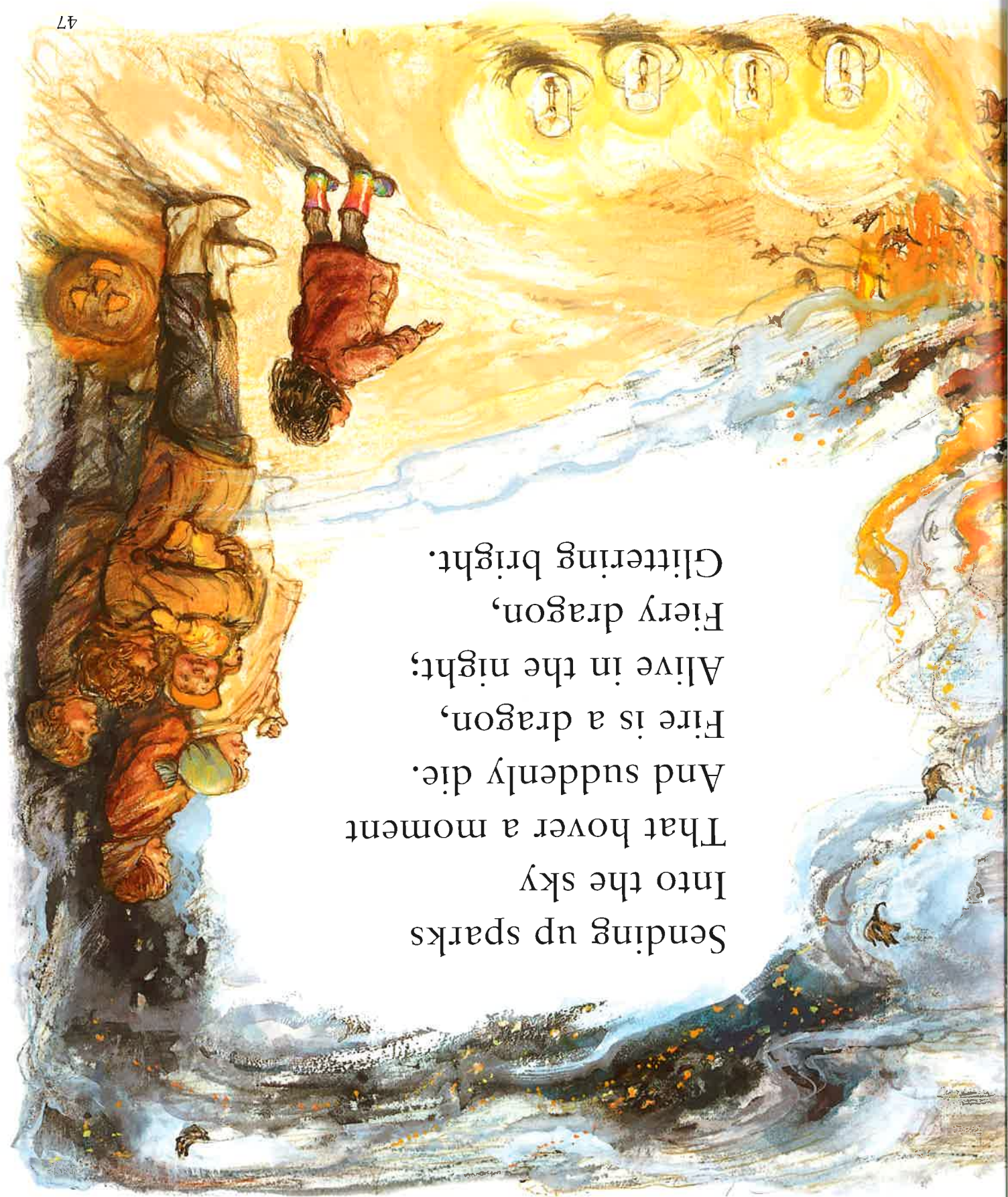


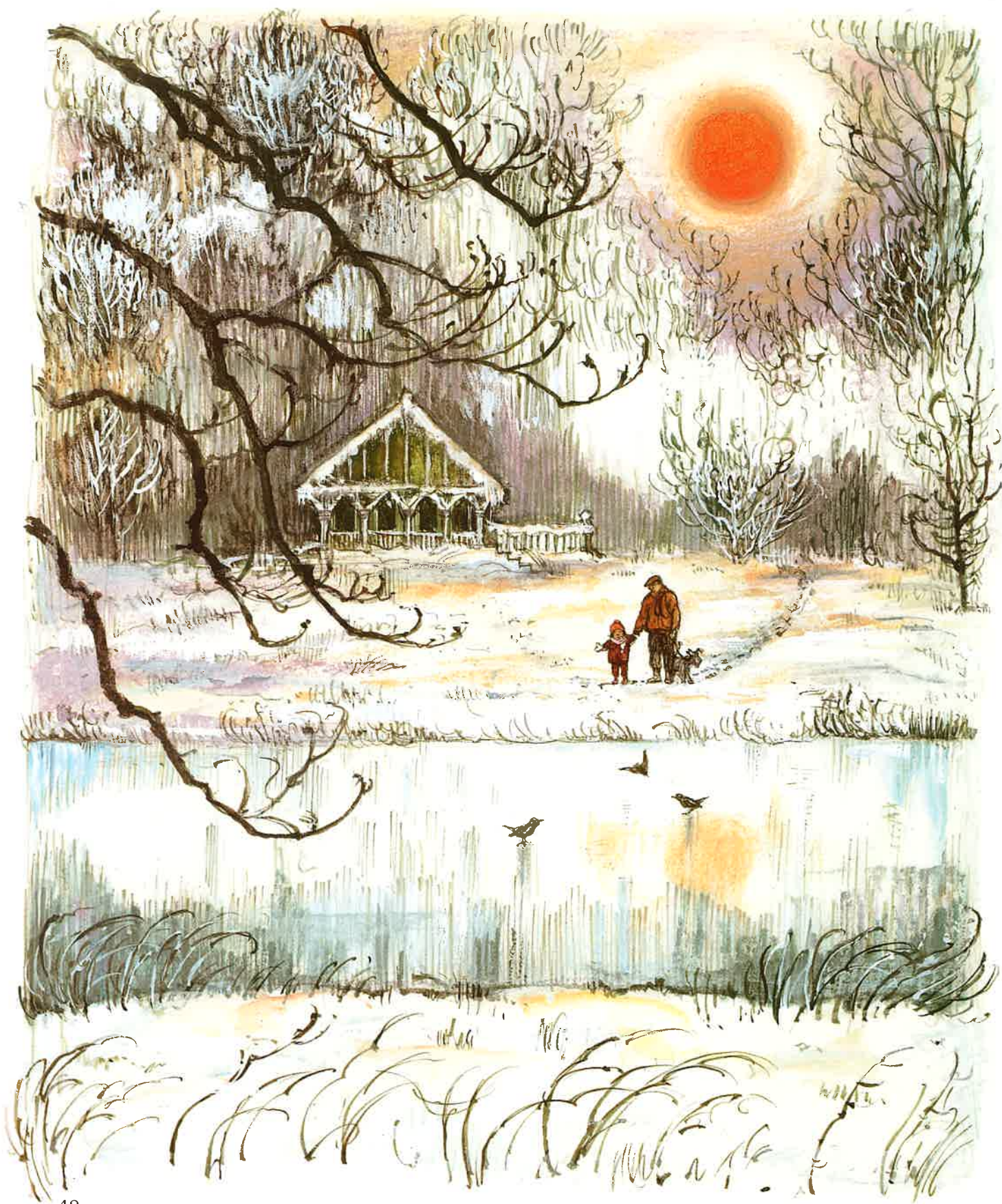


Fire

Fire is a dragon
(Better beware),
Dangerous and beautiful
(Better take care).
Puffing out smoke
As soon as it's lit,
Licking up leaves,
Crackle and spit!

Sending up sparks
Into the sky
That hover a moment
And suddenly die.
Fire is a dragon,
Alive in the night,
Fiery dragon,
Glittering bright.





Cold

Cold fingers,
Cold toes,
Pink sky,
Pink nose.
Hard ground,
Bare trees,
Branches crack,
Puddles freeze.
Frost white,
Sun red,
Warm room,
Warm bed.



Hoping

Grey day,
Dark at four,
Hurry home,
Shut the door.
Think of a time
When there will be
Decorations
On a tree,
Tangerines,
And hot mince pies,
A bulging stocking,
A Christmas surprise!

