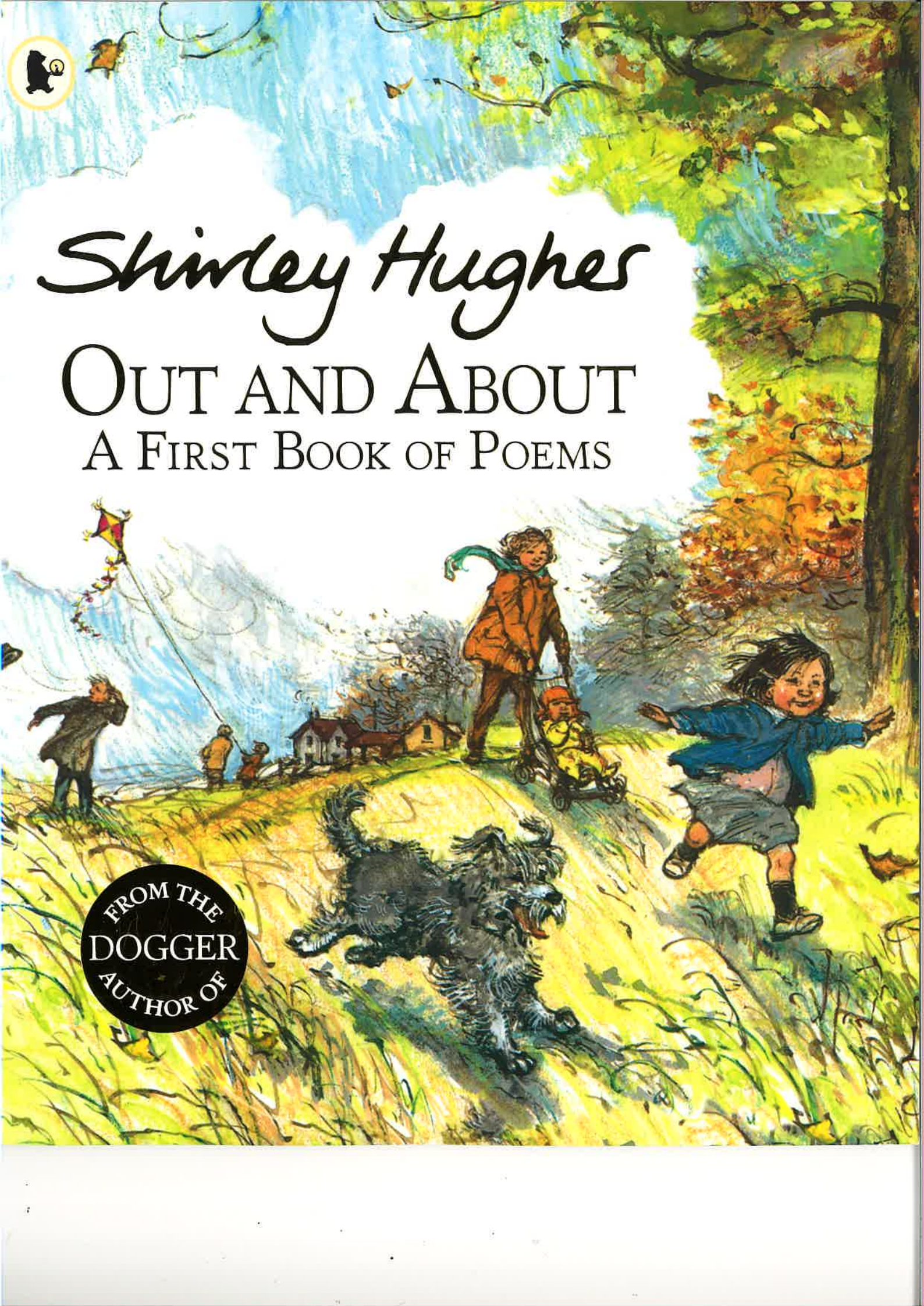




Shirley Hughes

OUT AND ABOUT
A FIRST BOOK OF POEMS

FROM THE
DOGGER
AUTHOR OF

CONTENTS



SUMMER	
Water	23
Squirting Rainbows	25
Seaside	26
Sand	29
The Grass House	31



SPRING	
Out and About	10
Mudlarks	12
Spring Greens	14
Hill	17
Sunshine at Bedtime	18

About the author	53
------------------	----

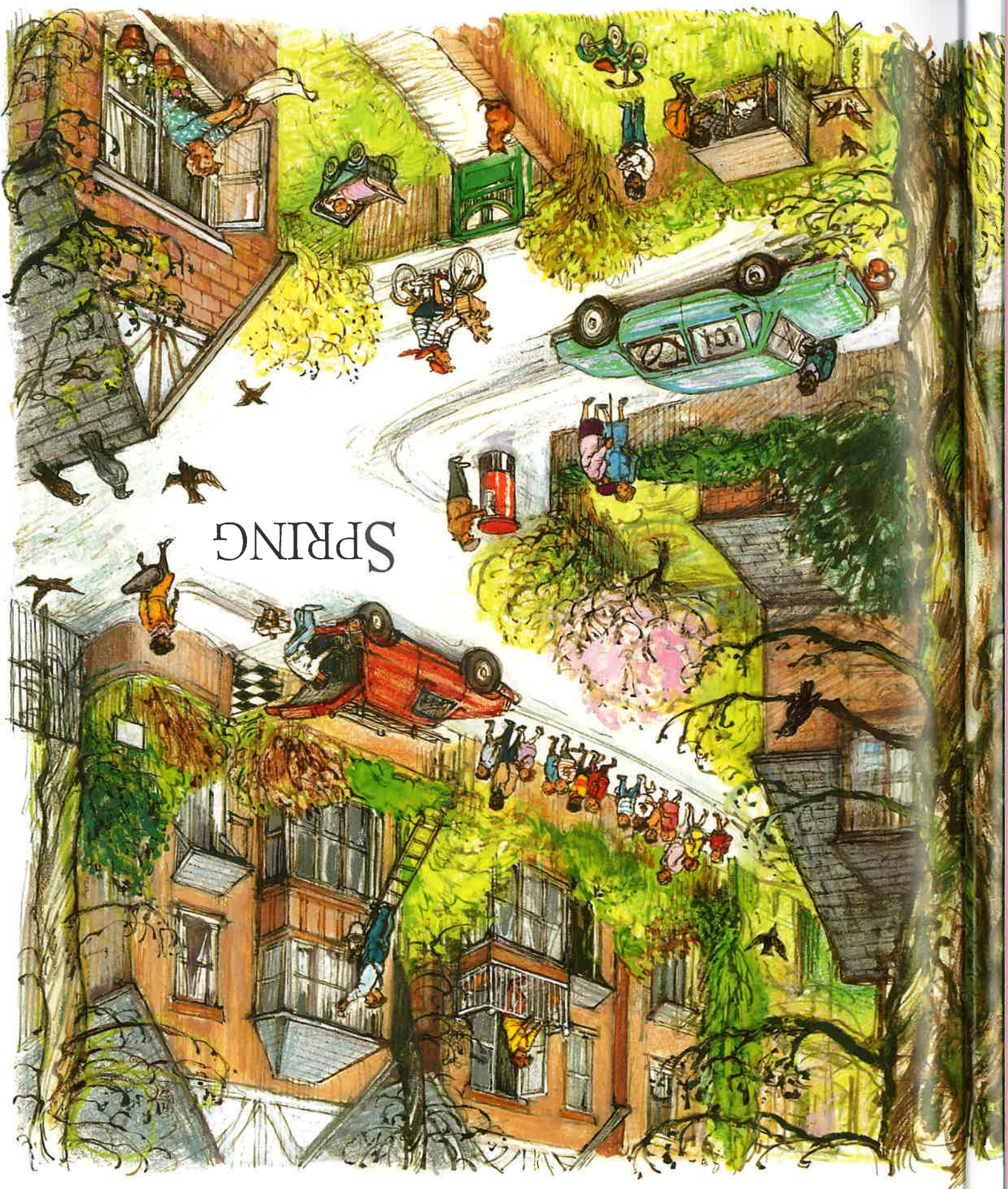


WINTER	
Sick	45
Fire	46
Cold	49
Hoping	50



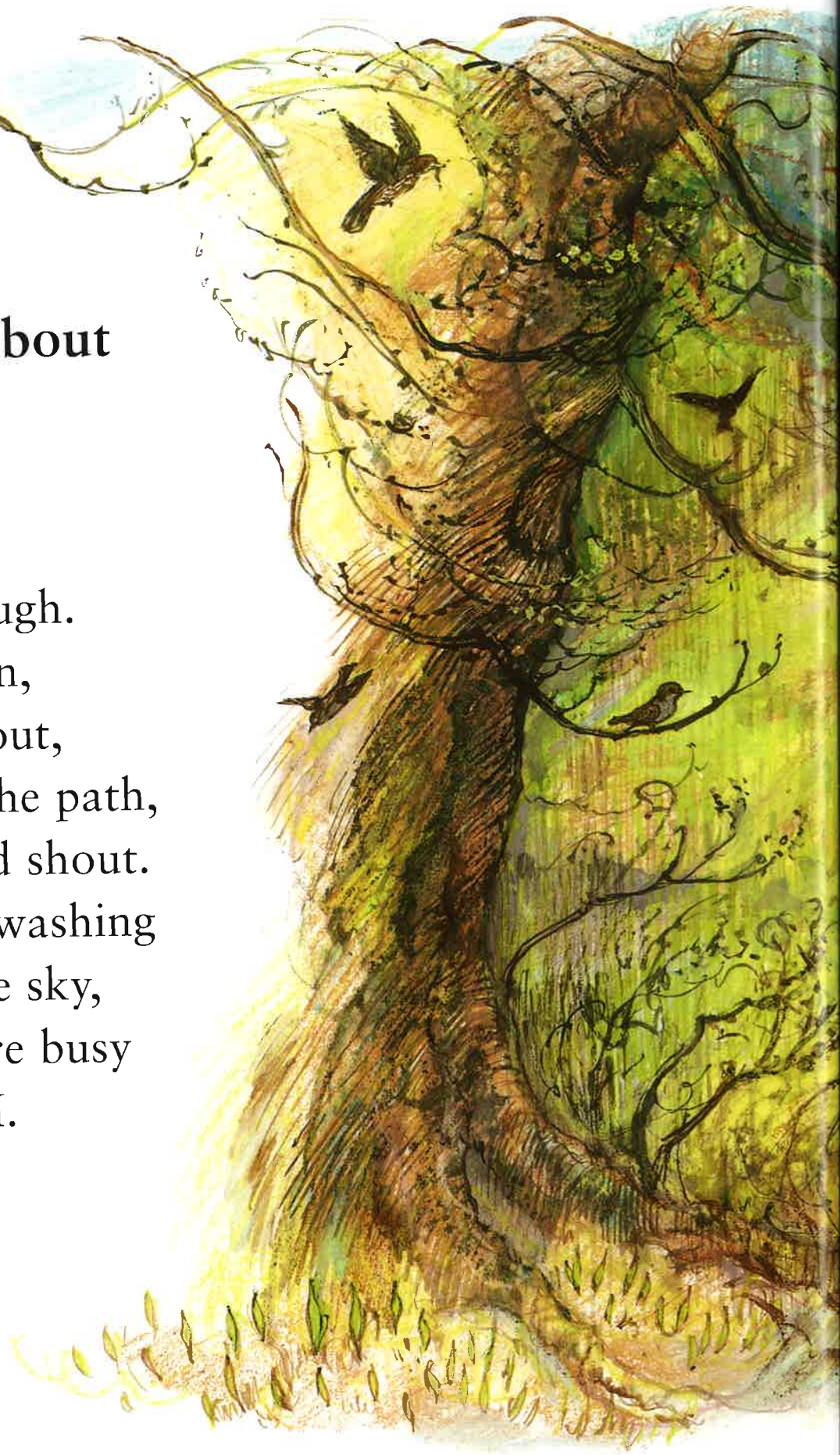
AUTUMN	
Feasts	34
Wind	37
Wet	38
Misty	40

SPRING



Out and About

Shiny boots,
Brand new,
Pale shoots
Poking through.
In the garden,
Out and about,
Run down the path,
Scamper and shout.
Wild white washing
Waves at the sky,
The birds are busy
And so am I.







Mudlarks

I like mud.

The slippery, sloppy, squelchy kind,



The slap-it-into-pies kind.

Stir it up in puddles,
Slither and slide.



I do like mud.



Spring Greens



Bulbs in pots,



Twigs in jars,



Dads in the street, washing cars.



Greens in season,

Sun tucked up in a bed of cloud.



Birds in bushes, singing loud,



Ripples in mud.



Sky in puddles,



Trees in bud,





Hill

Huge clouds
Slowly pass;
Huge hill
Made of grass.
Jungle under,
Thick and green,
Tangled stalks –
Creep between;
Scramble up,
Hug the ground...

Suddenly see

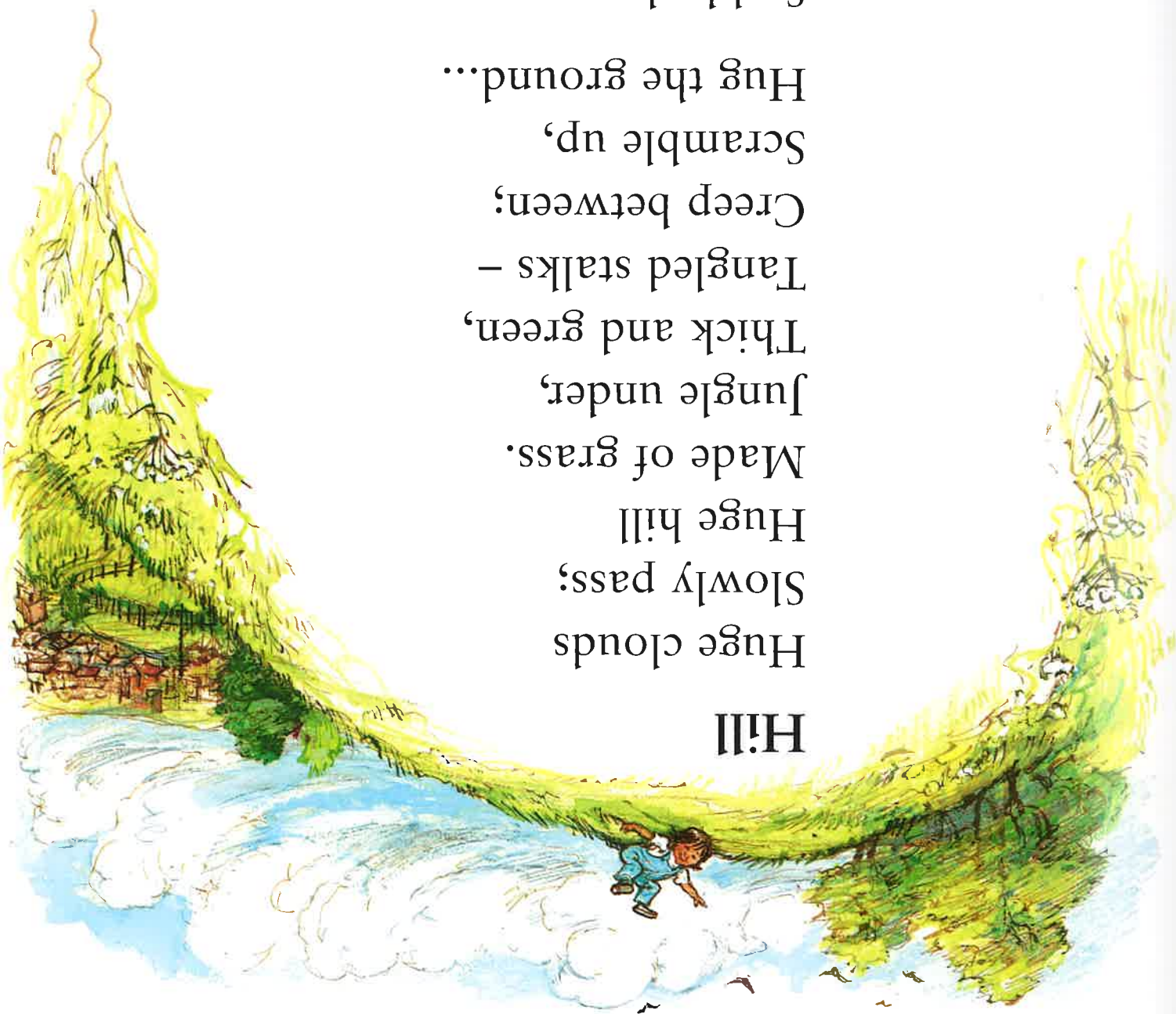
All around!

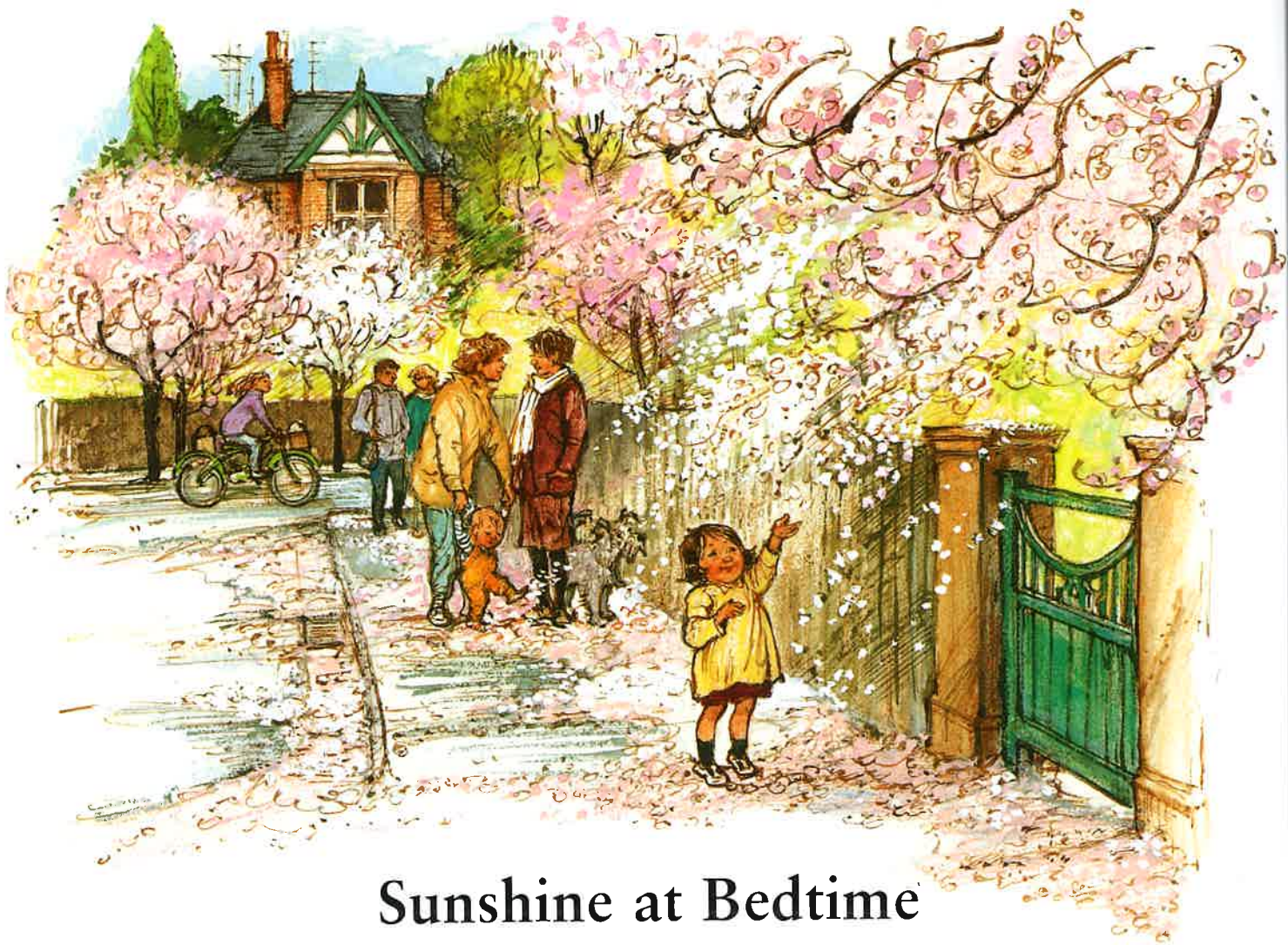
Watch out, fences,

Fields and town!

From the top of the world

I come rolling down.





Sunshine at Bedtime

Streets full of blossom,
Like pink and white snow,
Beds full of tulips,
Tucked up in a row.



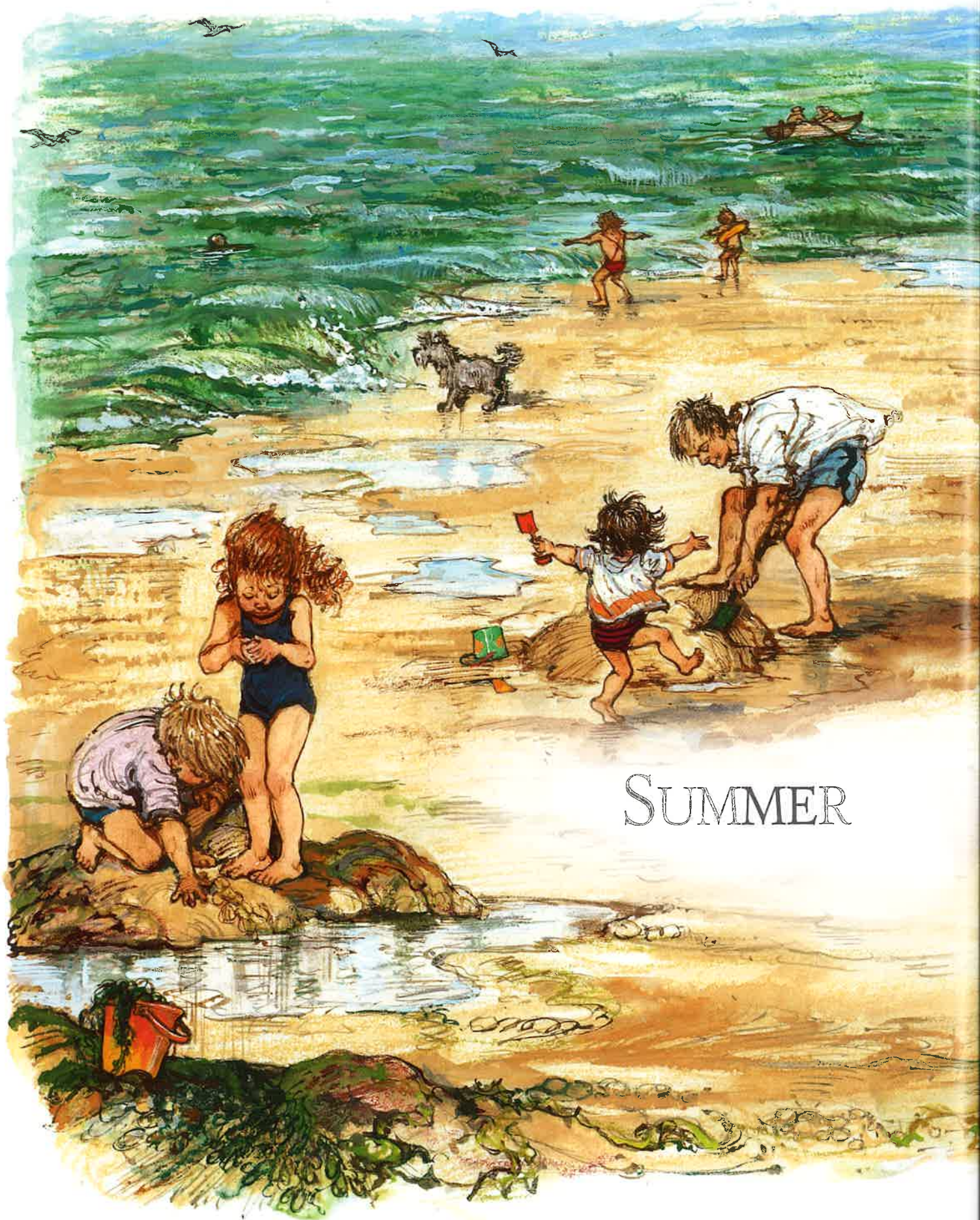


Yet high in the sky
I saw the moon,
Pale as a ghost
In the afternoon.



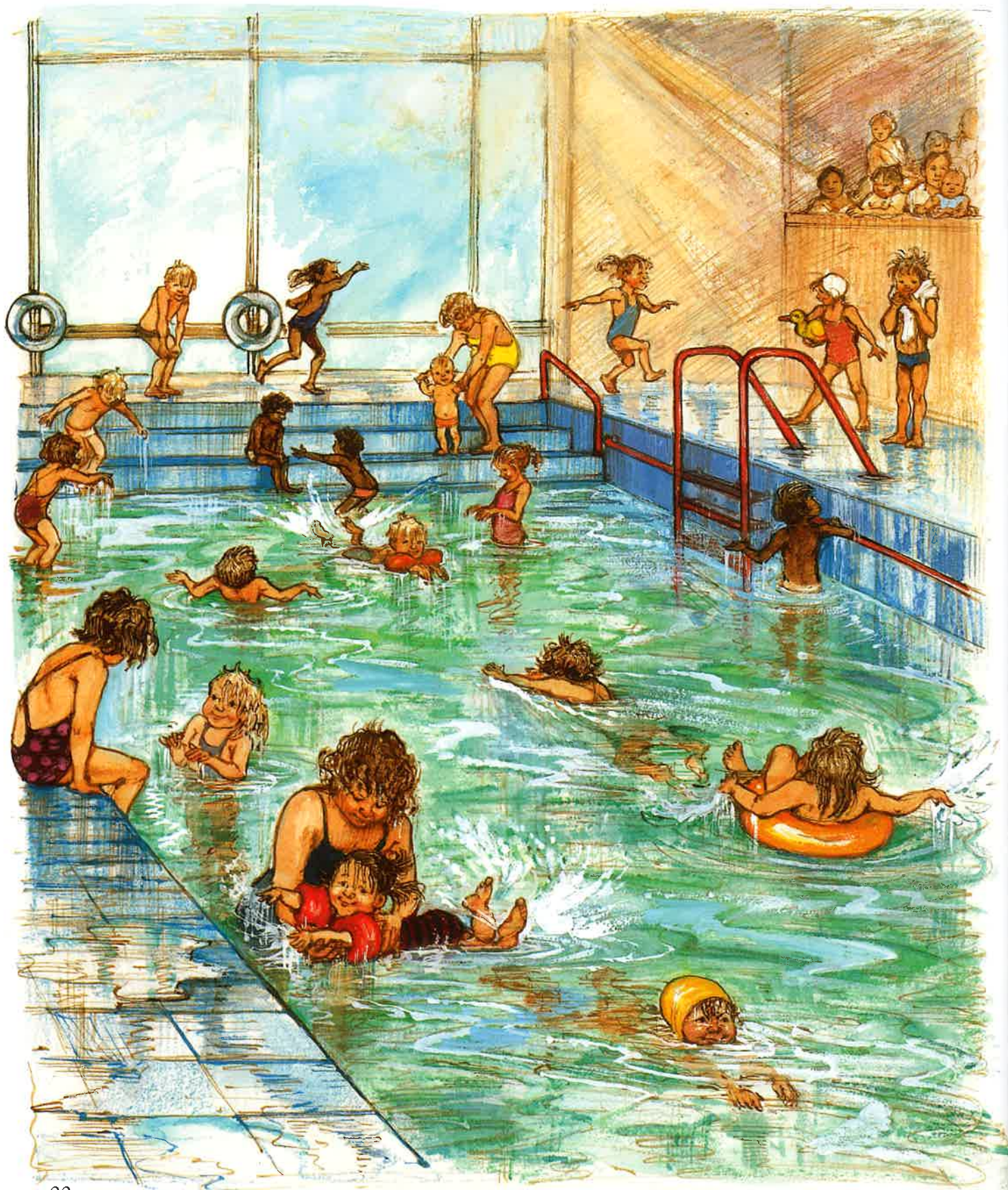
Trees full of "candles"
Alight in the park,
Sunshine at bedtime,
Why isn't it dark?





SUMMER





Water

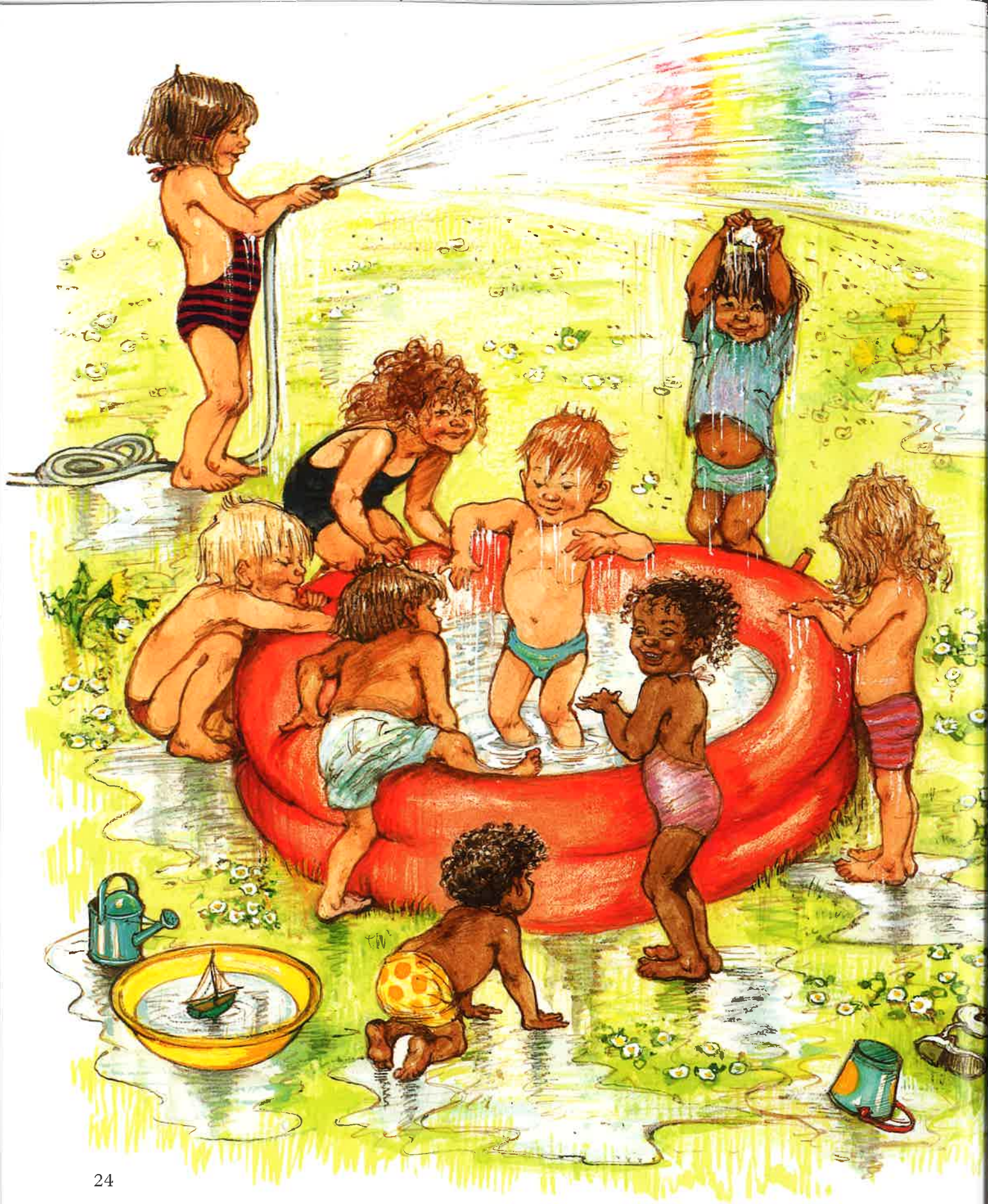
I like water.

The shallow, splashy, paddly kind,
The hold-on-tight-it's-deep kind.



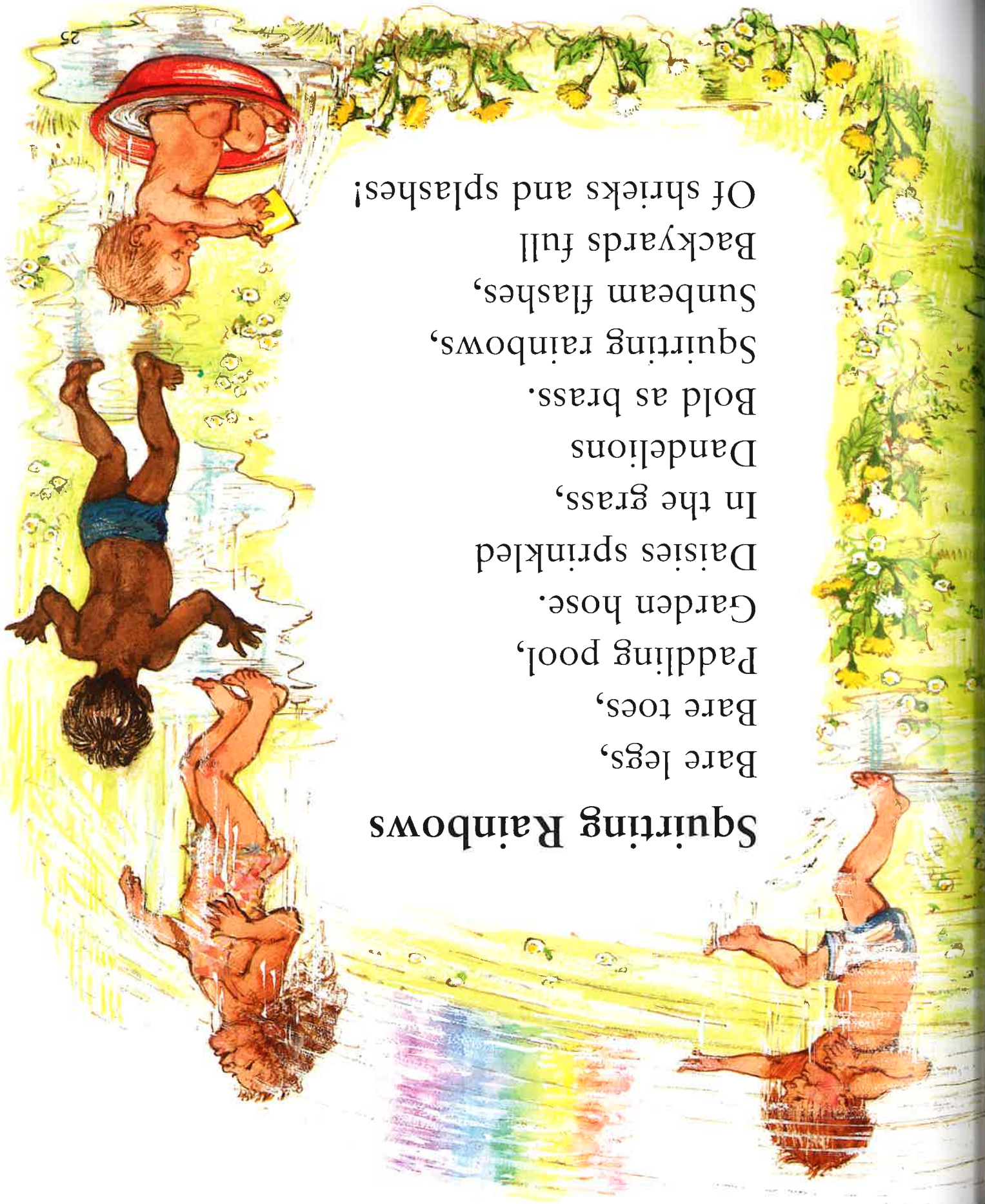
Slosh it out of buckets,
Spray it all around.
I do like water.





Squirting Rainbows

Bare legs,
Bare toes,
Paddling pool,
Garden hose.
Daisies sprinkled
In the grass,
Dandelions
Bold as brass.
Squirting rainbows,
Sunbeam flashes,
Backyards full
Of shrieks and splashes!



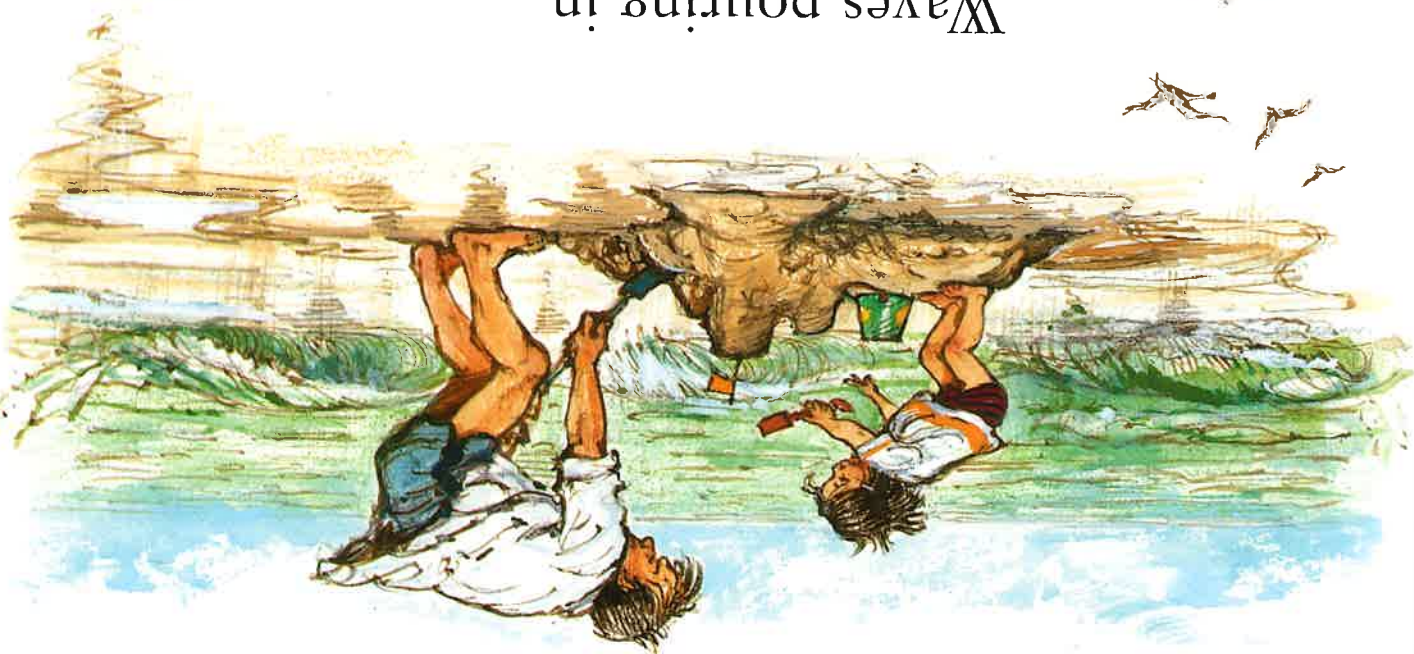


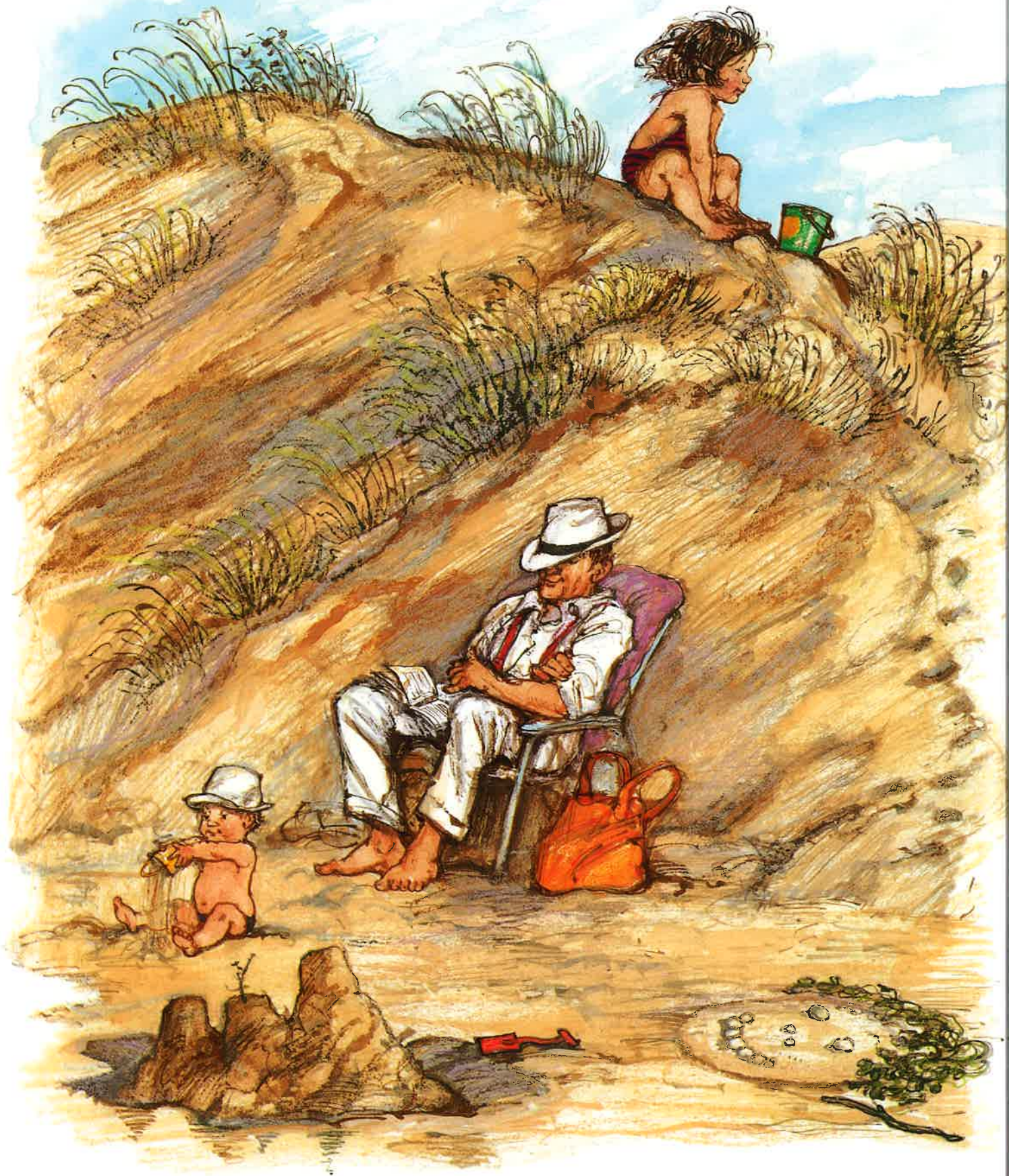
Seaside

Sand in the sandwiches,
 Sand in the tea,
 Flat, wet sand running
 Down to the sea.
 Pools full of seaweed,
 Shells and stones,
 Damp bathing suits
 And ice-cream cones.



Waves pouring in
 To a sand-castle moat.
 Mend the defences!
 Now we're afloat!
 Water's for splashing,
 Sand is for play,
 A day by the sea
 Is the best kind of day.

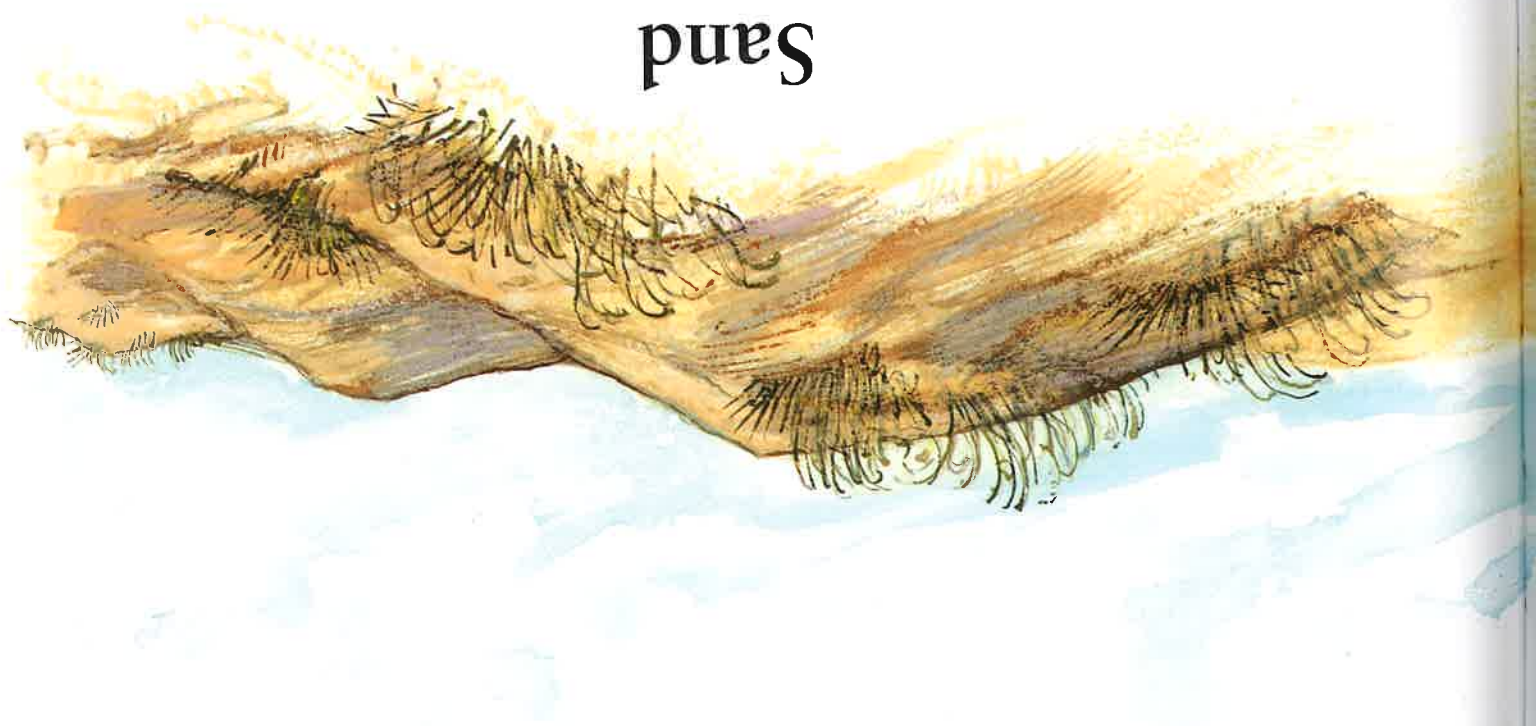






I like sand.
The run-between-your-fingers kind,
The build-it-into-castles kind.
Mountains of sand meeting the sky,
Flat sand, going on for ever,
I *do* like sand.

Sand





The Grass House

The grass house
Is my private place.
Nobody can see me
In the grass house.
Feathery plumes
Meet over my head.
Down here,
In the green, there are:
Seeds
Weeds
Stalks
Pods
And tiny little flowers.

Only the cat
And some busy, hurrying ants
Know where my grass house is.

