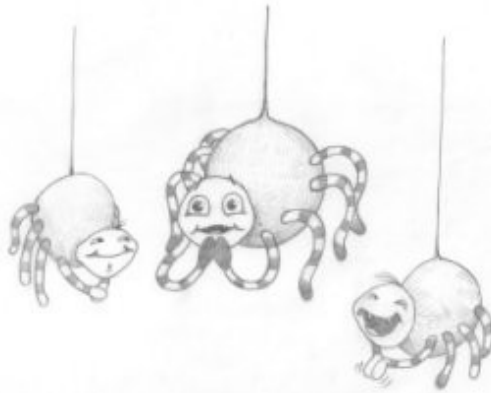


Barking Spiders in Church

Those pesky barking spiders
followed me to church Sunday.
I tried to make them stay at home,
but they came anyway.

Then I did something naughty
'cause they were being bad. When
people turned and looked at me, I
pointed at my dad.



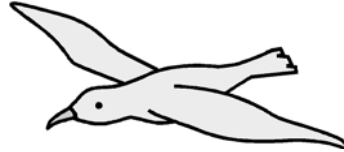


The Lighthouse

There's a lighthouse on an island,
built on boulders in the sea,
a home to no one anymore,
but it's beautiful to me.

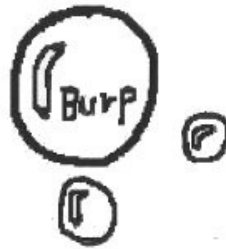
The waves come crashing, sending spray,
their salty drops rain down, blessing me
and other people
and the buildings in the town.

The lighthouse wakes at evening time
and its beacon comes around
protecting all the ships out there
so they don't run aground.



I dream and send my wishes
way up high on seagulls' wings
and then pretend that they'll come true
on notes the lighthouse sings.

That lighthouse must be magic.
I hear it call to me from
its bed of boulders on an
island in the sea.



Belly Bubbles

My grampa says a burp
is just a belly bubble.

Maybe so, but all I know is,
if it's LOUD, ya get in TROUBLE.



Glad

Being glad is simple,
and sometimes glad is great.

Sometimes, glad is liking
almost everything on your plate.

I feel that way with birthdays.

Birthdays make me glad.

I like writing "I Love You"
in cards for mom and dad.

But sometimes, glad is hard to find,
like when angry came last week.

Glad was nowhere, pushed away, and
sad ran down my cheek.

Angry didn't stay too long.

That's good, 'cause it felt bad.

When it was gone, then it made room
for gladly feeling glad again.

