

Edna St Vincent Millay (1892 – 1950)

Mariposa

Butterflies are white and blue
In this field we wander through.
Suffer me to take your hand.
Death comes in a day or two.

All the things we ever knew
Will be ashes in that hour,
Mark the transient butterfly,
How he hangs upon the flower.

Suffer me to take your hand.
Suffer me to cherish you
Till the dawn is in the sky.
Whether I be false or true,
Death comes in a day or two.

The Moon

By Joseph, aged 7

Shaped like a bubble
Looks like dust
Sun's like its double
In space they're a must