



*The Caterpillar And The Butterfly*  
*& Other Poems*

By Kanika G

Illustrated By Pell G

# The Caterpillar And The Butterfly & Other Poems

By Kanika G

Illustrated by Pell G

Copyright 2017 by Kanika G

Cover picture from [openclipart.org](http://openclipart.org)



**Two snow people**

**on a fluffy snow bed**

**One wears blue and**

**the other wears red**

**Out in the cold,**

**they snuggle and they cuddle**

**But they can't have a fire,**

**or they'll melt in to a puddle**

**They look around curiously**

**They sing a merry song**

**Shining in the moonlight,**

**just where they belong.**

**Late in the night,**

**when everyone's in bed,**

**“Let's tour the town”,**

**whispers Blue to Red**



**Eric the caterpillar  
wandered around,  
on the dark brown  
muddy ground**

**He searched for more food,  
but he could see none  
He had eaten all the leaves,  
every single one**

**He had become a  
big, fat, slow chap  
Oh, how he longed,  
for a nice long nap**

**Just then,  
a peppy butterfly,  
singing a merry song,  
whizzed by**

**Eric called out,  
“Hello Butterfly!”  
“How do you manage,  
to fly so high?”**

**I am so drowsy,  
I need to sleep  
I think I'll sleep,  
for a couple of weeks**

**The butterfly sang  
“Dear Eric you'll see,  
in a couple of weeks,  
you'll fly just like me.”**



The sky is flaming orange  
The sun sinks in to the sea  
I see a cheerful little boat  
It's sailing away from me

The boat is bright yellow,  
with sails of purple, red and white  
It approaches the horizon,  
as the day turns in to night

Now the boat is shrinking  
Soon it will be gone  
Behind the orange curtain  
Leaving me forlorn



**Spring was full of hope  
Summer kept me on my toes  
But now I can sail away  
to explore distant shores**

**Under the blue sky,  
a strong autumn breeze,  
dislodges foliage  
from big sturdy trees**

**Crimson and gold  
orange and yellow,  
leaves sparkle in the morning  
sunlight so mellow**

**A riotous display of colours  
The trees put on their last show,  
before the sky turns grey  
and covers them with snow.**



**A pirate, a zombie,  
a demon, a bat  
A monster, a witch,  
or a frightening cat**

**On Halloween it's okay  
to be scary and bad  
It's okay to be nasty  
and evil and mad**

**On this one day  
you don't have to behave  
It's okay to shriek and to howl  
and to rise from a grave**

**Halloween is a chance  
to explore your naughty side  
to flaunt it and indulge it  
before it must go back to hide.**



Through an open meadow,  
runs a little brook  
It gurgles and chuckles  
merrily, while I look

On the other side, are  
the prettiest flowers I've seen  
To go over and sniff them,  
I am so very keen

So I skip across a bridge,  
brown and made of stone,  
to the fragrant flower patch  
where I can be all alone

Far away from people,  
houses, shops and cars,  
I roll upon the grass,  
enjoying the smell of flowers



**Eight Thumbs the octopus  
is swimming in the sea  
With his friends all around  
he's as happy as can be**

**Mr. Sea Horse looks fat  
Did I hear him right?  
Cause a pregnant man,  
is an amazing sight!**

**Here's my best friend  
She is a star!  
I'm telling the truth, in fact,  
all star fishes are.**

**This is Mr. Wobbly  
He doesn't have a spine  
I am not being rude  
For a jelly fish, that's fine**

**Here comes a dolphin  
She's funny and cute  
She's friendly and playful,  
and also astute**

**Under the sea  
is a nice place to be  
It never gets boring  
in such diverse company**



Said Mr. P to Mrs. P  
"Come dear, dance with me"  
Said Mrs. P to Mr. P,  
"I'm busy, can't you see?"

Said Mr. P to Mrs. P,  
"But my lovely girl,  
let's take this moment for ourselves  
and swirl and whirl and twirl."

"Let's waltz and jive and tango  
Let's cha-cha and foxtrot  
For just a brief moment  
let your troubles be forgot"

Asked Mrs. P, indignantly,  
"But what of all my chores?  
Who will cook and do the dishes?  
Who will mop the floors?"

"Wife my dear, have no fear,  
I'll wash every dish,  
if you take the time to dance with me,  
and let you skirt go swish"

"So when you're back to your chores,  
in a little while  
You can look back on this moment,  
delight in it and smile"

Finally, Mrs. P gave in  
She twirled and waltzed and swished  
And later on Mr. P,  
did the dishes as promised.



**By a quaint little hut,  
in a far away place  
I feel the warmth of a fire  
and the wind on my face**

**Not a thing I hear,  
except what I think  
And I think many things,  
as the stars, at me, wink**

**Each star, that dazzles  
the darkness so vast,  
represents a point  
of time, in the past**

**Separated by time  
Separated by space  
But in the night sky  
Stars all find a place**

**They differ in properties,  
complex and simple  
But to our eyes,  
all of them twinkle.**

My 5 year old daughter Pell wanted to illustrate one of my books. As enthusiastic as she is, it would be too difficult a task for her. But, I did not want to disappoint her, so I gave the matter some thought.

Finally, I came up with an idea. Instead of having her come up with illustrations for my stories, I came up with poems to match her paintings. Then we put it together as a book. Pell has fulfilled her dream, and I am thrilled that I was able to facilitate it.