

Performance Poetry – Year 4



The Treasures

Who will bring me the hush of a feather?
"I," screeched the Barn Owl. "Whatever the weather."



Who will bring me the shadows that flow?
"I," snarled the Tiger. "Wherever I go."



Who will bring me the crash of the wave?
"I," sang the Dolphin. "Because I am brave."



Who will bring me the secrets of night?
"I," called the Bat. "By the moon's silver light."

Who will bring me the scent of the flower?
"I," hummed the Bee. "By the sun's golden power."



Who will bring me the waterfall's gleam?
"I," sighed the Minnow. "By river and stream."

Who will bring me the strength of the small?
"I," cried the Spider. "When webs line your wall."

Who will bring me the shiver of snow?
"I," howled the Wolf Cub. "When icicles grow."

And who will bring me a nest, furry warm?
"I," squeaked the Rat, "When we hide from the storm . . .
But who will care for the treasures we give?"

"I," said the Child.
"For as long as I live."

CLARE BEVAN

