

Daisies
and
Raindrops
Sonnets for Children

by

Scott Ennis

Illustrations from

Daisies and Raindrops

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Rosebud Stories for Little Girls

published by Hurst & Company, circa 1900

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Foreword

Children love the sound of words read aloud to them.

The sonnet is the perfect poem for reading aloud. It has a sing-song quality that holds a child's interest.

Although the sonnet has a long history of being the poem for lovers, I would love to see that reputation change to being the poem for children.

The word sonnet comes from the Italian "sonnetto" which means "a little song." The sonnet works very well as an "out loud" poem because of its sing-song qualities.

I hope these sonnets bring joy to you and your child.

Scott Ennis

Kittens Grow Up

I used to hold my kitten in my hands,
A tiny ball of fluff and fuzzy fur.
As kitten grows, my love for him expands,
Of that you can be absolutely sure.
He's still a baby kitten in my heart,
And in my eyes he's certainly as dear.
I never like for us to be apart,
And so I pick him up and hold him near.
But now he's big enough to fill my arms,
And lifting him is not an easy chore.
He is the size he is to hold his charms.
I'm not sure what he weighs, but now it's more!
I love my kitty, and I'm sure he knows
I'll love him more however big he grows.



Old Clay Pots

The old clay pots where flowers used to grow
Are chipped and faded, empty useless shells.
They're stacked out back in crooked, wobbly rows,
No longer filled with flowers sweetest smells.
The boys next door will sometimes take a few
And set them up and smash them with their stones.
It's just a thing that boys will sometimes do
To watch them shatter like some ancient bones.
But yesterday I thought I heard a song;
At least that's what I like to think I thought.
A pair of love-birds must have come along
And built their nest inside an empty pot.
There's one tall stack I can't quite see behind,
But if I could I'm sure that's what I'd find.



Daisy Love

The Daisy Family's field was wide and green,
And all the daisies loved the May blue skies.
Their petals were the whitest ever seen;
With golden faces kissed by butterflies.
And Daisy Love was loved by Daisy Dear;
He kissed her every morning with the sun.
And he was glad to have his love so near
All through the day until the day was done.
But Daisy Love was picked one summer day
And taken from her field and from her friend.
So Daisy Dear was left alone to stay
To wait until his own untimely end:
A young girl plucked his petals one by one
And cried "He loves me!" when the deed was done.



Impatience

Last month I found a tiny little seed
And planted it inside a little pot.
I gave it all the water it could need,
And put it in a warm and sunny spot.
I waited all day long, but nothing grew;
I got so bored just staring at the dirt.
I had a million other things to do;
Besides, just staring made my poor eyes hurt!
Today I see my little seed has grown,
But sadly it's an ugly little twig.
I wanted flowers, but I should have known
That all I'd get were leaves that weren't too big.
My mother says, "Just wait, your plant will flower."
So I'll be kind and give it one more hour.



Socrates the Kitten

My little kitten must be taught to read
Or else he'll grow to be a stupid cat,
And that would be an awful thing indeed
To have a stupid little pet like that!
I want my little kitten to be smart
I even named him Socrates, because
I think philosophy should be the start
Of everything my kitten thinks or does.
And so I walk with Socrates each day
And say to him, "Now say your ABCs."
But all he says is "mew," then runs away,
Although I think he does it just to tease.
I'll read to him from Shakespeare's plays tonight
Before I try to teach him how to write.



A Soupy Story

I made a great big bowl of soup to eat,
Because I was as hungry as a bear.
I found a little spot to make my seat,
And settled down to eat it then and there.
Along came Jonesy, such a silly cat,
And started begging for a little taste.
I always fed him well and he was fat;
He never let his cat food go to waste.
Then next came Funny, looking for a bite;
He sat beside me in my little place.
I knew that he would sit and beg all night,
And try to lick the soup right from my face!
And so I shared my soup with my two friends,
And that is where this soupy story ends.



Friends Forever

I always want to be as young as spring
As young as flowers blooming in the grass
And smell the sweet perfume such blossoms bring
And never let such simple beauty pass
I always want my best friend at my side
As young as I, forever and a day
One bright spring day to wander far and wide
Becomes forever, never slips away
I always want the sky to be as blue
As on the day my friend and I first met
As ancient trees remember to renew
Their flowers in the spring, I won't forget
How we were young as spring eternally
My friend, your friend I always want to be



A Perfect Home

A perfect home should be both soft and warm,
Though not concerned with perfect symmetry.
It should be strong to stand against the storm
That every home will face eventually.
A perfect home requires the perfect guard,
A father who protects his wife and young.
Although he isn't perfect, he works hard
And in a perfect home his praise is sung.
A perfect home is beauty brought to life,
The place where all the world begins and ends.
For this it needs a mother and a wife;
On her, perfection of the home depends.
And in this world where danger still exists,
In perfect homes a perfect faith persists.



My Big Umbrella

I have an old umbrella, big and black;
I carry it in storms of rain or snow.
It keeps me dry in front and dry in back,
And so I always take it when I go.
When all the trees have dropped their leaves at last
And offer no protection from the storm.
When snow is falling, heavy, wet and fast,
My big umbrella keeps me dry and warm.
And if I'm ever walking down your street
When winter snow is keeping you inside.
Or if you fear the cold and driving sleet,
Don't let it get you down or make you hide.
Just call my name, then come and walk along
Beneath my big umbrella, broad and strong.



Swinging High

The grass below my swing is emerald green;
The sky above my swing is sapphire blue.
And in the air I'm richer than a queen
With gold and diamonds, pearls and rubies too.
The golden sun that dips beneath my feet,
The diamonds sparkling on a distant lake,
The pearly petals of the daisies sweet,
My cheeks flush red as rubies for their sake.
And though I have the riches of my dreams;
I only have them when I touch the sky.
And though I try my best, it always seems
That on my own I don't swing very high.
But I have found a friend to help me swing
And when I am a queen, he is my king.



Goldfish

I love my little goldfish, he's my friend;
He swims a hundred miles every day.
His swimming never seems to have an end;
Perhaps he thinks he's swimming far away.
Around and 'round my little goldfish goes
And I can see him when he's far or near.
I wonder if my little goldfish knows
That he's been swimming 'round for half a year.
His ocean is the water in his bowl.
To me it seems a cozy little place.
A rock inside makes quite a lovely shoal.
And polished glass surrounds his private space.
But sometimes when he stops to look at me,
I wonder if he's longing for the sea.



Picking a Kitten

Of all the choices little girls must make,
Of what to wear and what to play for fun,
Of whether to eat bread or to eat cake,
A kitten is the most important one.
You can't just choose a kitten on a whim;
You must examine every little puff,
To see if she likes you or you like him,
And if the kitten has sufficient fluff.
The day I chose my kitten I was dressed
In Sunday best; I even brushed my hair!
I wanted mama cat to be impressed,
And know her baby-cat would get such care.
But after two long hours, maybe three.
I didn't choose my kitten; he chose me!



School Work

It's hard to think of all my work at school
When all I want to do is go and play.
But teacher has one simple little rule:
“Today's work must be done, and done today!”
So back to adding numbers goes my hand,
My mind, however, wanders for a bit.
I think of all the games my friends have planned.
I wonder how much longer I can sit.
I try to focus like I know I should
On math or reading . . . what was it again?
If I could finish quickly then I would.
Is three from twelve the same as two from ten?
It's hard to tell my brain to get it done
Because my feet keep telling me to run!



Leila's Drum

When Leila beats her drum, she beats it loud,
And louder still whenever she gets mad.
She pounds it like the thunder from a cloud
Until she irritates both mom and dad.
Tha-thump, tha-thump, tha-thump, tha-thump, tha-thump!
Ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom!
The toys upon our shelves all shake and jump,
And all the other children leave the room.
But I know Leila isn't being mean;
She only beats her drum to hide her eyes.
She doesn't want her teardrops to be seen,
Or anyone to hear her when she cries.
But when her drumming doesn't calm her fears,
I gently try to wipe away her tears.



Shadow Rabbit

My brother knows a thousand clever tricks;
Although, it's true I haven't seen them all.
One day when I was only five or six
He made a little rabbit on the wall.
The rabbit was a shadow of his hands,
But seemed so real the way he made it hop,
And made it burrow in the shadow sands.
I didn't want the shadow play to stop.
But now the shadow rabbit's gone away;
There's nothing but the paper on the wall.
I ask my brother where he went to play,
And if the rabbit misses me at all.
My brother smiles as he turns on the light,
"I'll teach you how to bring him back tonight."



I Grew Today

I grew today; I think I grew an inch.
My secret is, I eat my spinach greens.
I season them with salt, but just a pinch,
And then sometimes I also eat my beans.

I grew today; I think I grew a foot.
I drink my milk to make my bones grow long.
My rule has always been, quite simply put:
Drink milk, drink milk, drink milk, it's never wrong!

I grew today; I think I grew a yard,
I think because the exercise I do.
I swim. I bike. I run. I'm training hard.
I wonder one day what I'll grow into.

I grew today; I think I grew a mile:
That is, of course, if you can count my smile.



Daisy Chains

My friend takes time to make me daisy chains
By gently tying flowers one to one.
And as she makes them, quietly explains
That each will be a symbol when its done.
Each flower represents a love that's pure;
Each stem is strength that nourishes the soul;
Each knot is trust in which we are secure;
And once they make a circle they are whole.
And so I pluck the daisies from the field
And bring them to my friend with eager haste.
Our love, our strength, our trust are gently sealed
By her into whose hands my gifts are placed.
As carefully she ties them end to end
I see just what it takes to make a friend.



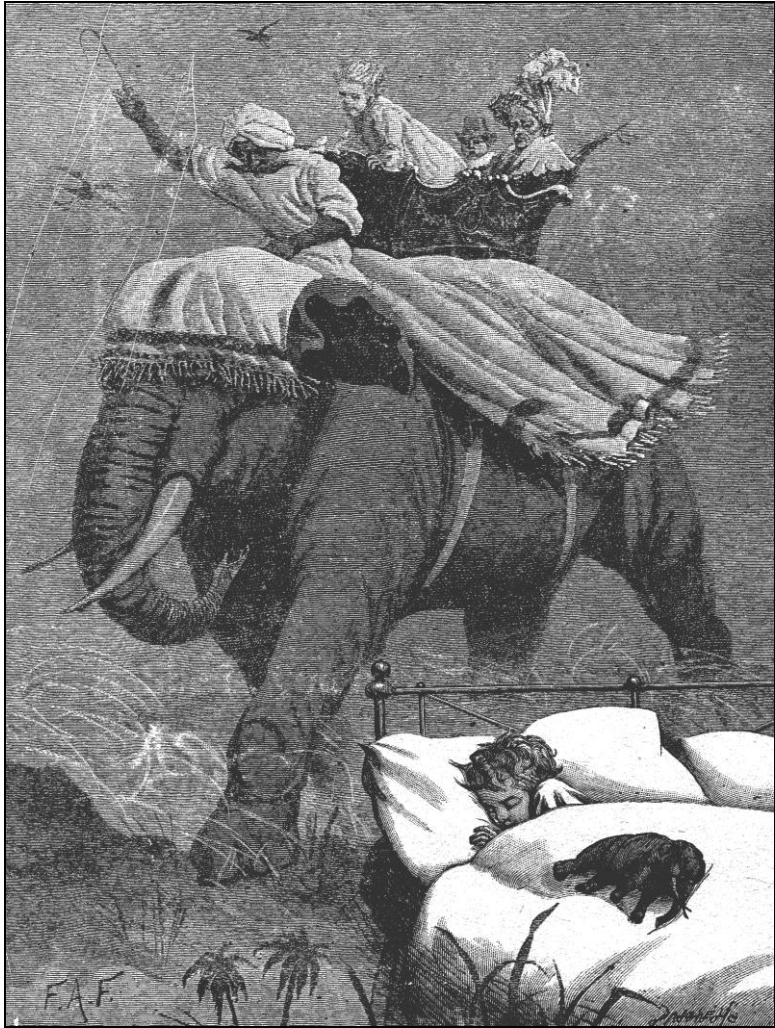
A Hug

A hug is how you know a friend is real;
They wrap you in their arms and pull you near.
And in that moment everything you feel
Is shared and there is nothing left to fear.
A hug can make the darkest day seem bright,
Or make a day already bright pure bliss.
A hug is like the dawn that ends the night,
And often it's a prelude to a kiss.
Like home, a hug is comfortable and warm.
Like love, a hug is given full and free.
Like shelter from a fierce and raging storm
A hug is where the heart can safely be.
As every mother kneels to hug her child,
A hug can make the world seem warm and mild.



Elephant Dream

An elephant dream, an elephant dream
As big as a house the elephant seems
As high as the clouds, we ride on its back
An ugly woman and a boy named Jack
And I tell the driver to take us home
But the great big elephant wants to roam
So the ugly woman screams out in fright
And the boy named Jack cowers out of sight
Oh where are we going? Nobody knows
But the elephant runs wherever he goes
His feet sound like thunder below his knees
He doesn't slow down for mountains or trees
The riding is fast and everything seems
Oh, so exciting in elephant dreams!



Come Read To Me

Come sit with me and read; I like the sound
of words the way you say them with your voice.
I like how A's are sharp and O's are round
and how you seem to make your R's rejoice!
Come sit with me and read a book or two
or read a poem, anything you choose.
I'll listen, that's the thing I like to do.
I'll even beg you, "Please, please don't refuse."
Come sit with me and read, I want to hear
the soft, the loud, and everything between.
You read to me and everything seems clear;
I understand the words and what they mean.
There's nowhere in the world I'd rather be
than sitting here with you. Come read to me.



About the Author



Scott Ennis was born in 1965 in Edmonds, Washington. His father was in the Navy and their family travelled all over the United States.

Scott served as a paratrooper in the Army. He also spent two years in Africa as a missionary.

Scott's sonnets for kids and adults can be read on the Internet at www.sonnetics.com