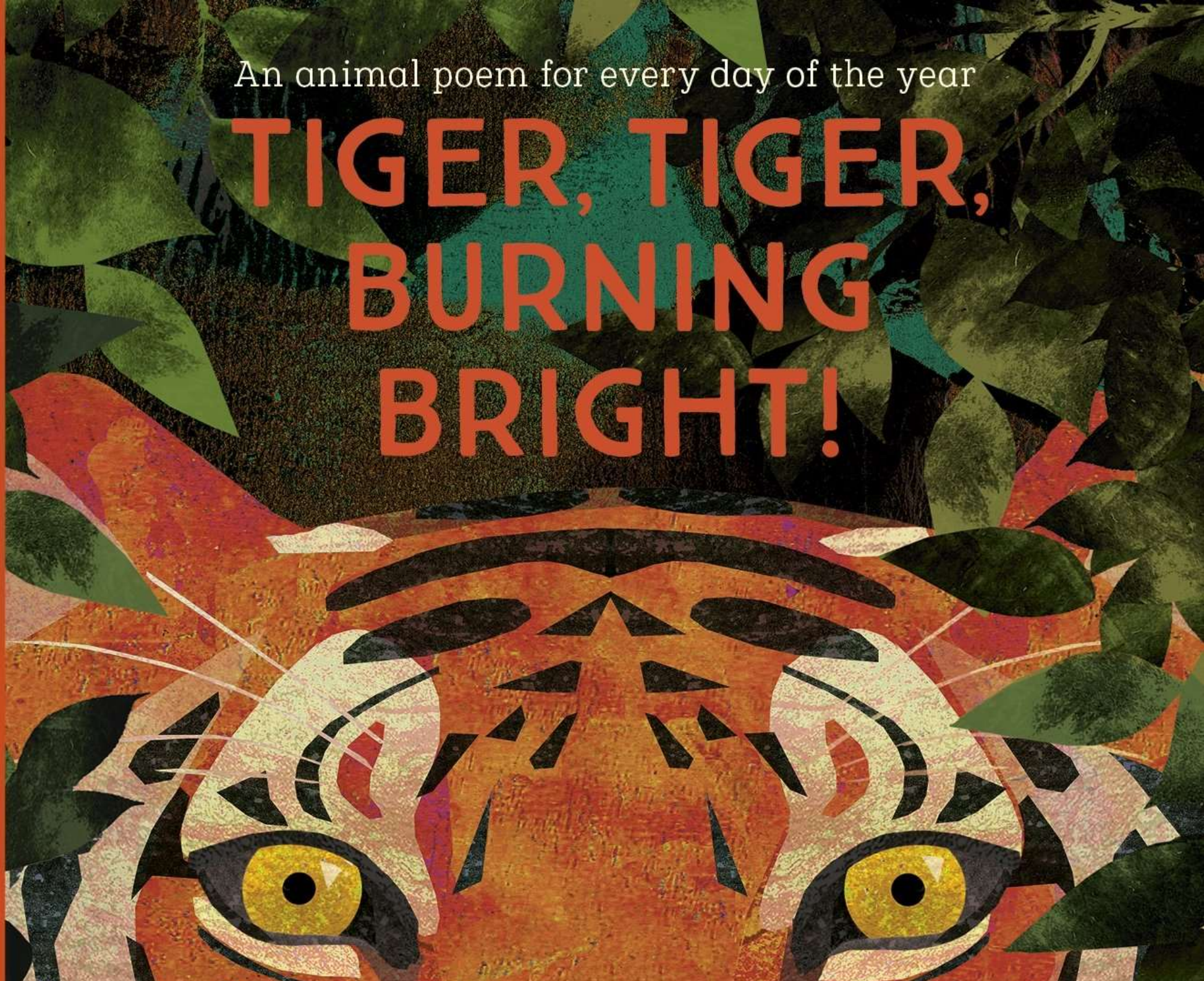


An animal poem for every day of the year

TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT!



31st

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake



23th

THE CODFISH

The codfish lays ten thousand eggs,
The homely hen lays one.
The codfish never cackles
To tell you what she's done.
And so we scorn the codfish,
While the humble hen we prize,
Which only goes to show you
That it pays to advertise.

Anonymous

24th

FISH

Look at them flit
Lickety-split
Wiggling
Swiggling
Swerving
Curving
Hurrying
Scurrying
Chasing
Racing
Whizzing
Whisking
Flying
Frisking
Tearing around
With a leap and a bound
But none of them making the tiniest

tiniest

tiniest

tiniest

soand

Mary Ann Hoberman

29th

MONKEY

I am
 swing-on-a-tail,
 up with the sun
 fast as white lightning
 slits skies at noon.
 Now under palms,
 now over fern;
 dawn-creeper, branch-leaper,
 dive, twist and turn.
 Face-in-the-forest,
 chasing the moon;
 tree-lover, sky-brother,
 dew-dancing one.

Judith Nicholls

30th

CHIMPANZEE

It's great to be a chimpanzee
 Swinging through the trees
 And if we can't find nuts to eat
 We munch each other's fleas!

Giles Andreae

31st

FLEAS

So, Nat'ralists observe, a Flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
 And these have smaller Fleas to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

Jonathan Swift

