

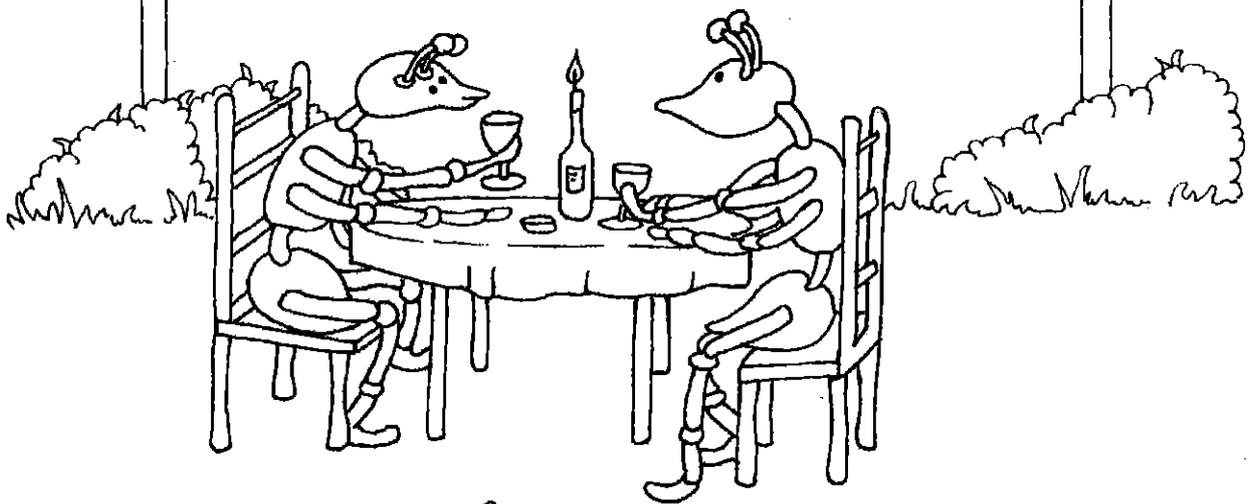
# Tiny Giants



Poems and Illustrations by  
Justin Bateman

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# Creation

I work in a place called 'Creation',  
It's a wonderful place to be,  
Though the day is long, it's where I belong,  
I make everything that you see.

I place the wings on hover-flies, and glue the legs on ants,  
And when Elephants come in, they like to swim,  
So I give them trunks not pants.

A short Giraffe needs stretching, so we play tug-of-war,  
And as much as I like, shaping fins on a Pike,

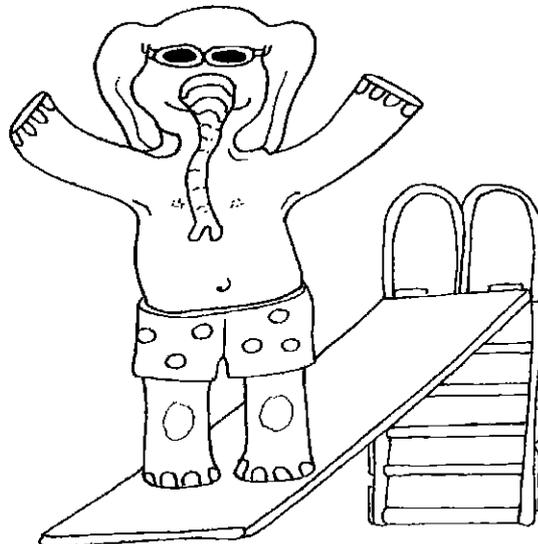
It's the Ladybirds I just adore.

You can line them up in great long rows,  
And play dot to dot, it's neat!

And as you play, the picture grows, but no one sees it complete!

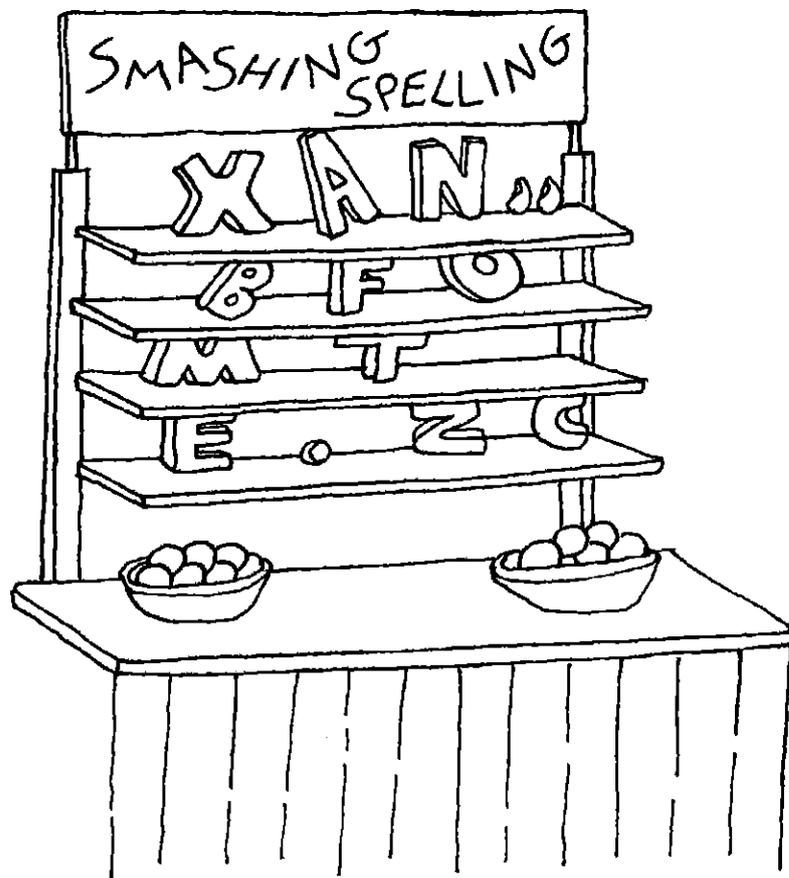
I sort the blades of grass; one lawn can take many hours,  
And when that's done, so the colours don't run,  
I spray-paint all the flowers.

So next time you wonder in your garden,  
Spare a second to think of me,  
Because I have worked, long and hard,  
To create everything you see.



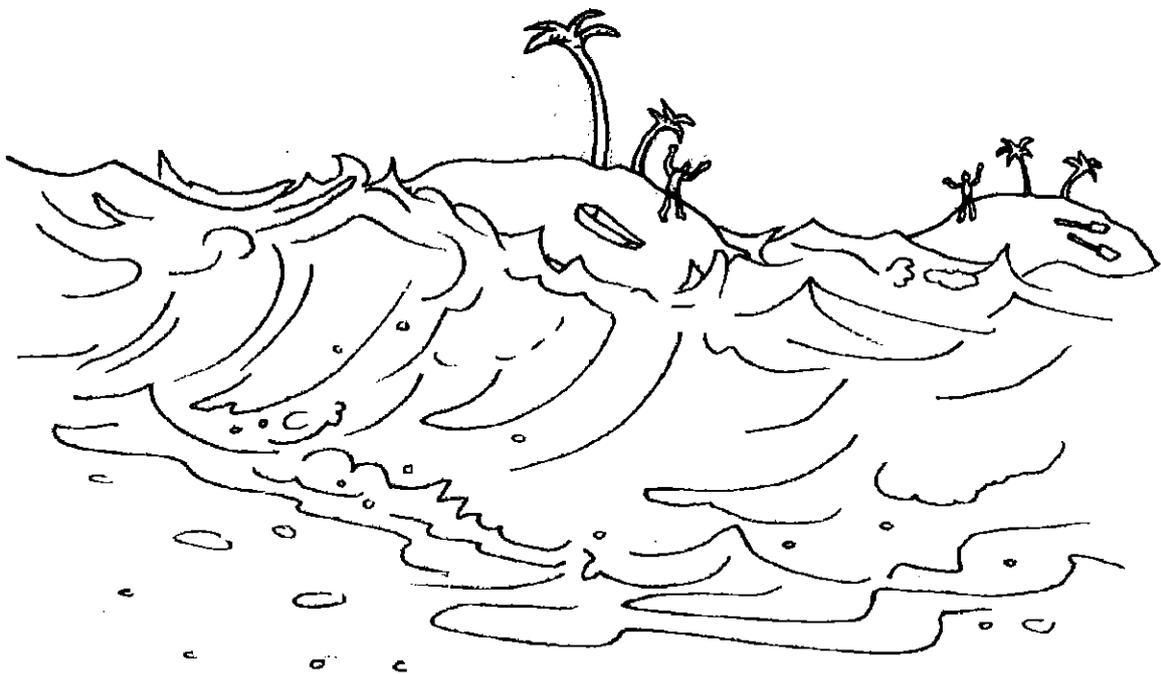
# Shpelling

Allways rememember when speljing,  
Iths impotent to get it write,  
Grammer an' d punctuition  
So Peeple fink yor brite,  
Butt if yer shpeljing ain' t good,  
Pleese doo not desphair,  
Just telll the people yor original,  
And more invhentive... so there!



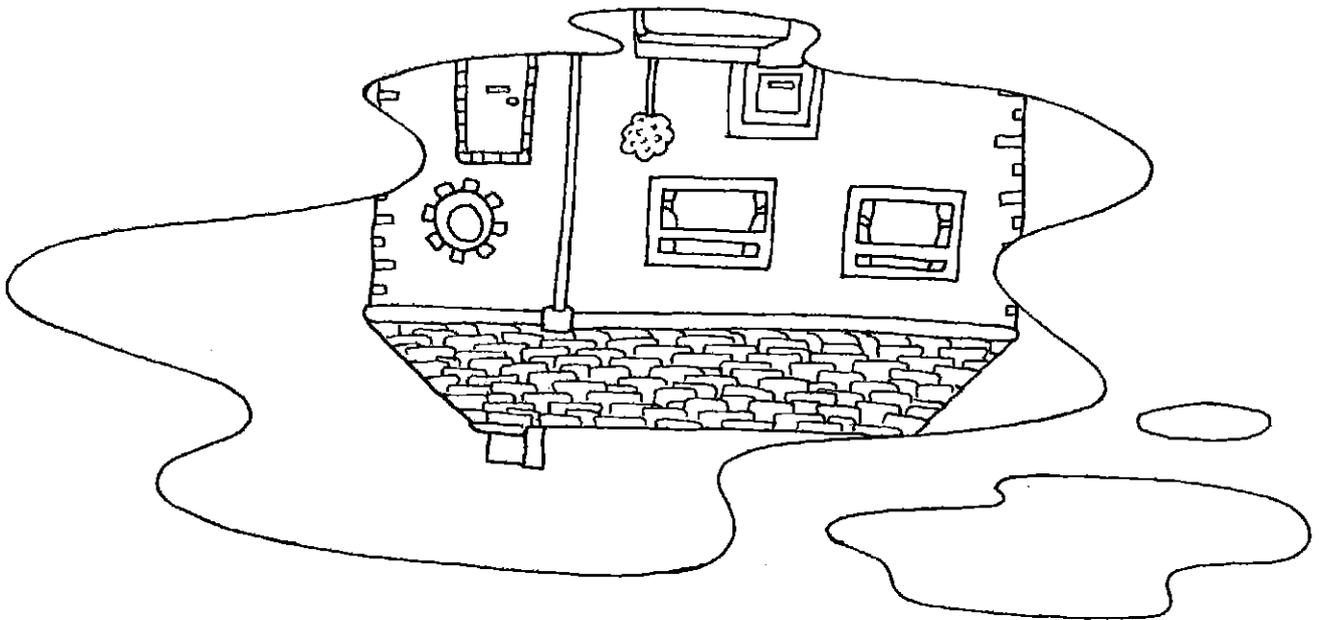
# Journey

One rowboat, two oars,  
Two people, two shores,  
One sea, two lands,  
Five fingers, one hand,  
Three sails, eight ropes,  
No gales one hopes.



# Dads House

My dad built a house, where all the rooms were mixed  
around,  
The attic was in the cellar; it went downwards from the  
ground,  
My dad built a house, that's tiled roof sat underneath,  
He showed me in a photo, as I stared in disbelief,  
How clever he was, to build a house, whilst stood upon  
his head,  
Perhaps he built it standing-up, but turned it round  
instead,  
But soon I found the answer to this odd, house twisting  
muddle,  
The house my dad had shown me was a photo of a puddle!



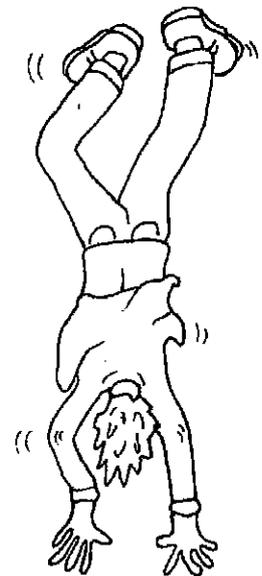
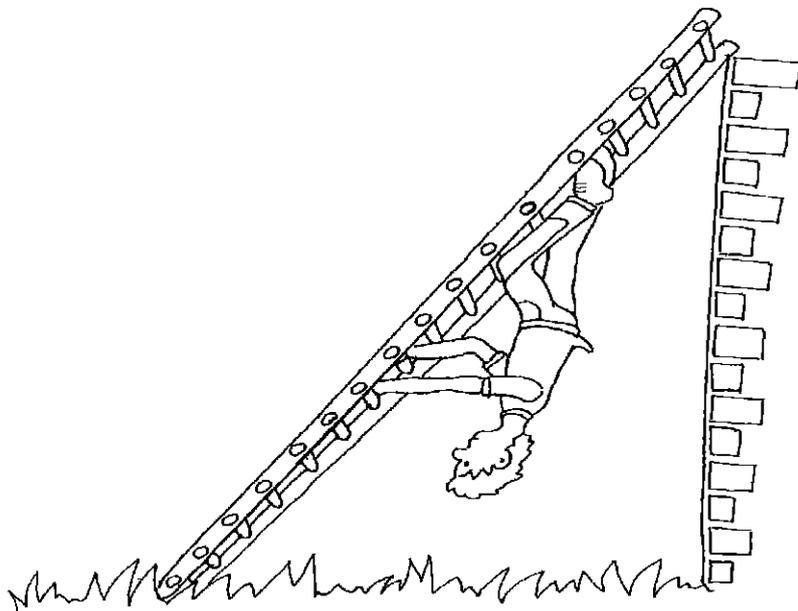
**If . . . . .**

**If your scared of falling over ,  
Use your hands to get around ,  
You' re more likely to take a tumble ,  
But your closer to the ground .**

**If you fear you' ll float away ,  
Tie your hand to your umbrella ,  
It won' t prevent you floating ,  
Just protect you from the weather .**

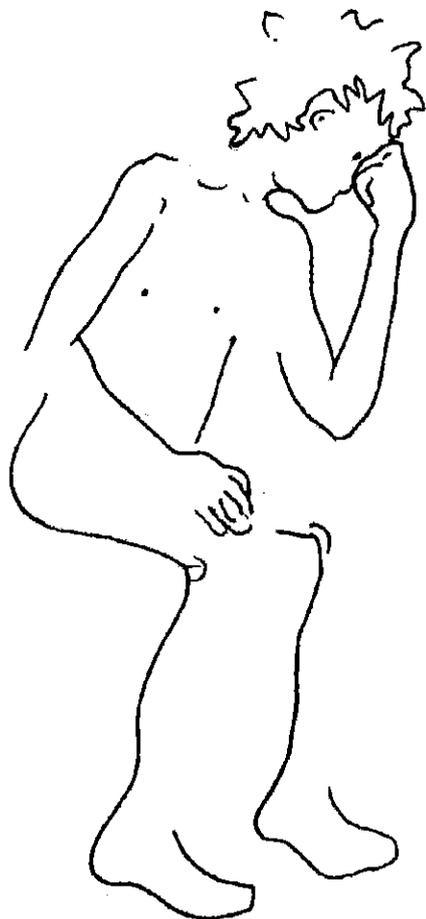
**If your worried about worrying ,  
Don' t worry , it' ll be okay ,  
That' s not true , how could I know ,  
It' s just something that I say .**

**If you don' t like scaling ladders ,  
Turn it upside-down to ensure ,  
That as your climbing up ,  
Your getting closer to the floor .**



# I think.....

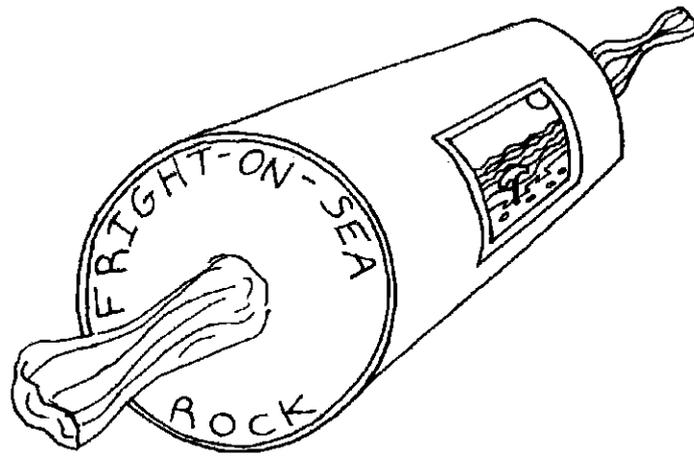
I think you think I think you do,  
But if you think I think it's true,  
Then think again, as I think you,  
Should sit and think your thinking through.



## Ant-agonise

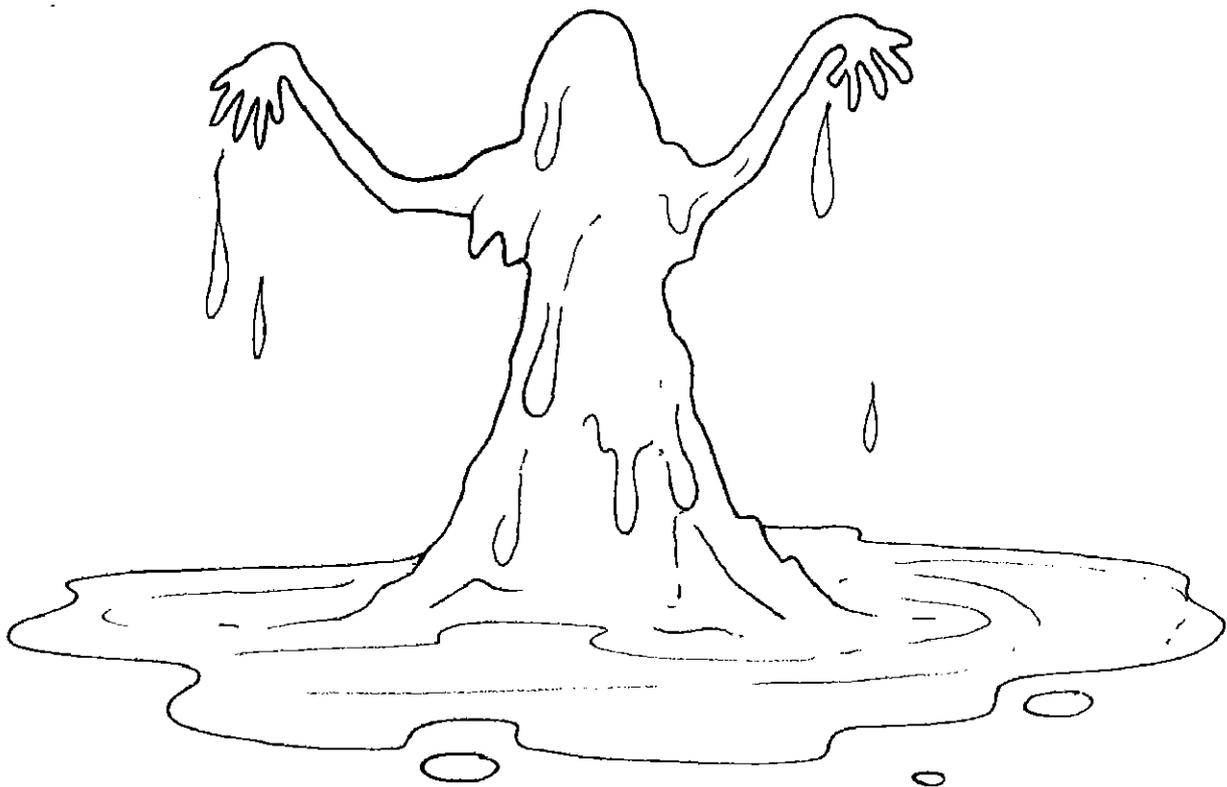
Between the blades of grass they were playing,  
I could just make out what the ants were saying,  
"I saw that Johnny with his magnifying glass,  
So don't go in sector 5 through the grass",  
"I saw him poking around with sharp sticks,  
Looking for things to attack under bricks",  
"Hold on a second . . . . . Look, up there"!  
And they looked up at me with a wild eyed stare,  
"Attack! Attack! The time is here,  
We shall no longer live our lives in fear",  
Their tiny harpoons fired fast through the sky,  
I couldn't shake them off, but I had to try,  
And soon their mighty Queen was there,  
Deciding my fate as she played with her hair,  
"He will feed our Kingdom for Winter,  
Carve me a knife and fork from a splinter",  
And as she was about to tuck in to me,  
I awoke in the garden at quarter past three,  
Sleep in an ants nest and you will soon learn,  
It's not just magnifying glasses that burn.





## Frenemy

I'm scared of fear, and fears afraid,  
Of fright itself (and facing rage),  
Fears a friend and enemy,  
Facing facts, as scared as me,  
But frightened it's o.k. To be,  
My fearing friends from Fright-On-Sea.



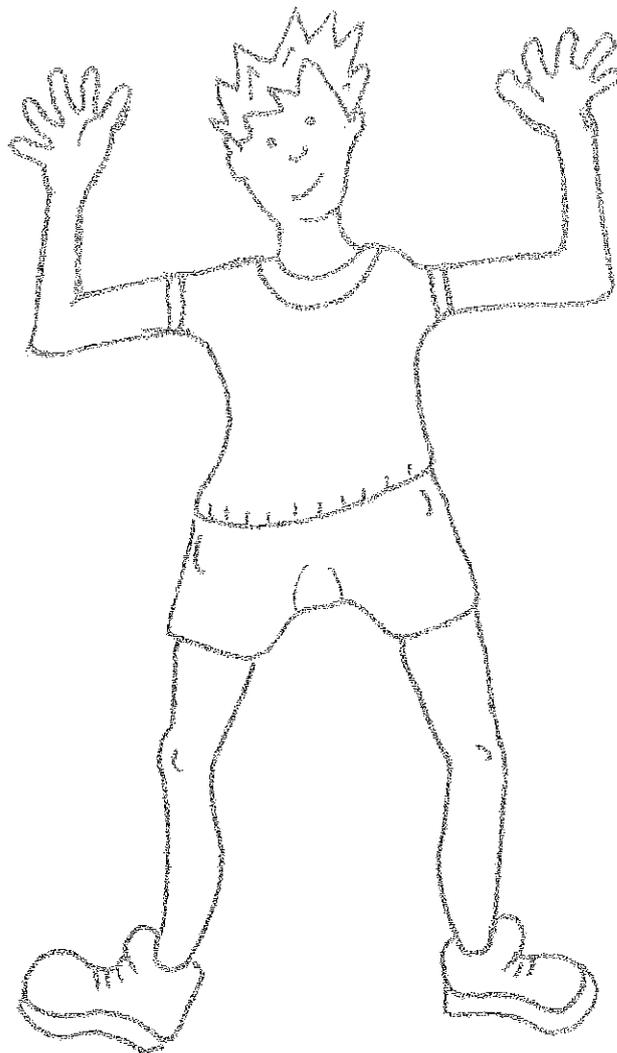
To You,  
44, close,  
B4 I M I S S U .



You're my rhyme; I'm your word,  
I'm your verse; you're my bird,  
You've got lucky; you're my bird,  
I've got ideas; you're still mine,  
We've got bridges; they've got time,  
You're my touch; you've got plans,  
I'm your sea; you're my hand,  
You've got perfume; I've got sand,  
We have moments; you've got flowers,  
They have nothing; they have not,  
You're my dream; we have got,  
I'm your ski; you're my slope,  
You're the icing; I'm the key,  
And I'm right here  
( if you want me ).

# Grey

The problem with Ned is fairly unclear,  
He's quite unrefined, as you can see here,  
It's never a yes or a no with Ned,  
It's a maybe, might do, or perhaps instead,  
Because of this he has turned quite grey,  
To match all the things he may or not say,  
Ned says the future could even be bright,  
If it wasn't in colour,  
Just plain black and white.



# Winning

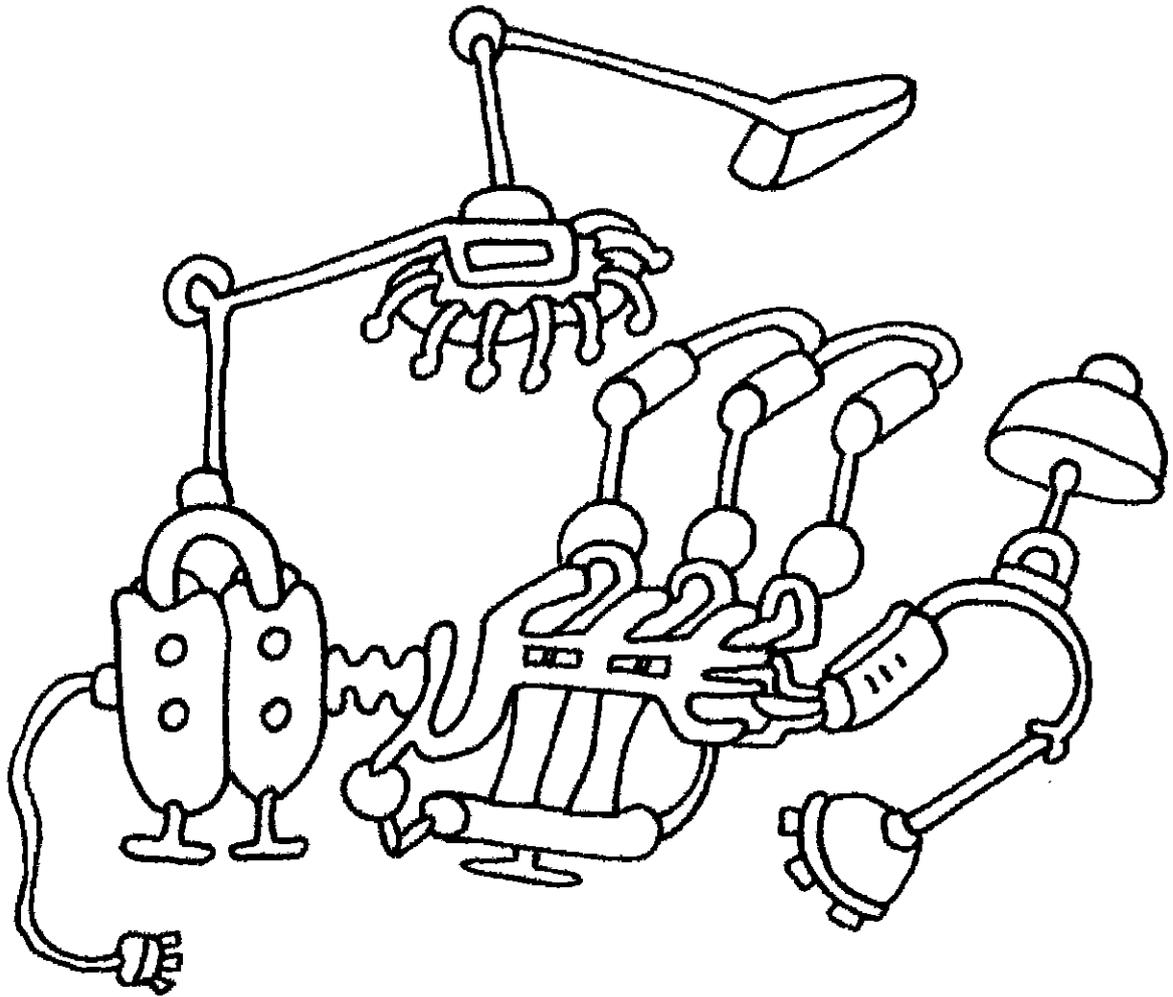
Losing wouldn't be so important, if no-one really cared,  
They say it doesn't matter, but first place can't be shared.  
They say "it's not the winning, it's the taking part that matters",  
But I've never heard of a cricket match without stumps behind the batters,  
And what about a game of football, with no posts or nets,  
Or a horse race with no finish line, how would you place a bet?  
If winning is what matters, then let the games begin,  
The only thing I'm giving up is always giving-in.





# Howdy-Wotsit

"Aaaaw, my Howdy-Wotsit broke,  
I' ll have to buy another,  
But where on Earth do you find them?  
I got this one from my brother" !



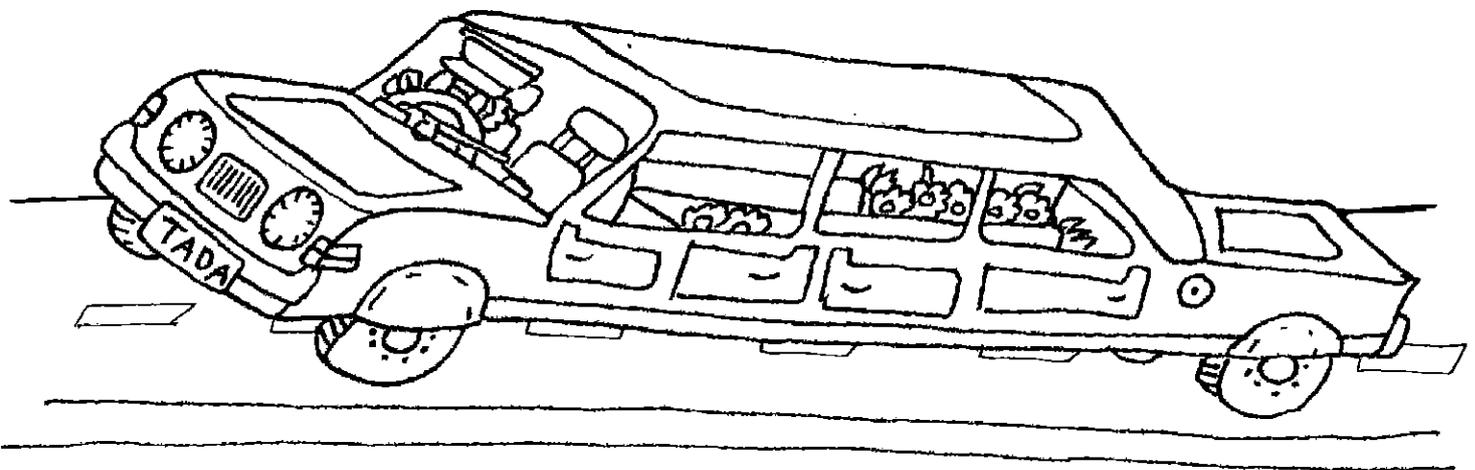
## Pockets

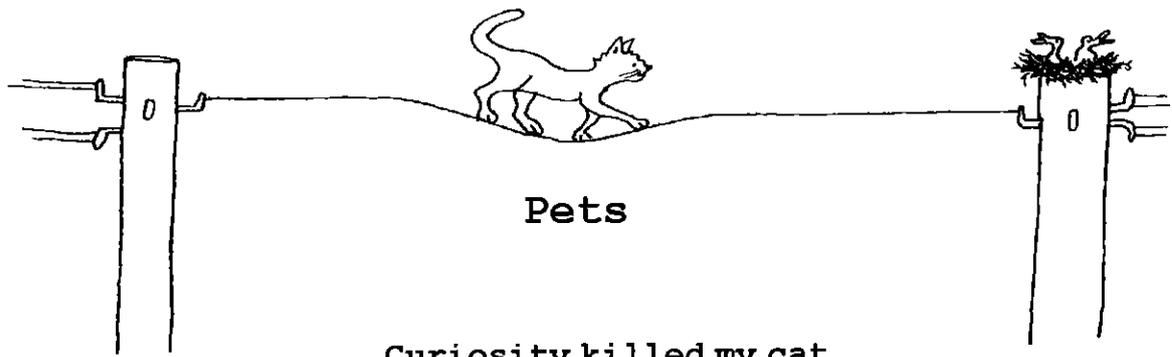
Pockets are fantastic,  
Not just holes in jeans,  
They are carefully crafted cloakrooms,  
Carriers just like streams,  
They are each a mini-diary,  
They carry change and keys to doors,  
They are hammocks for your tired hands,  
And micro convenience stores.  
Pockets are fantastic,  
If I could I'd have a hundred,  
But even then I couldn't cope,  
With all the junk that I've been lumbered!



# The Grim Limousine

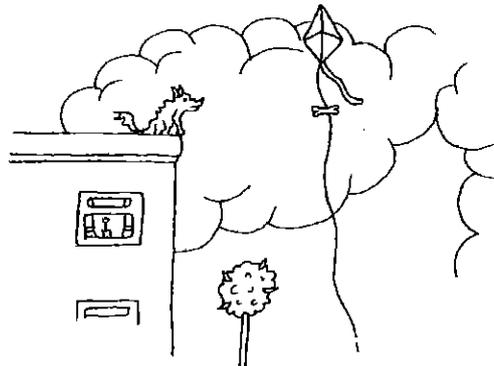
There's a taxi that takes  
you to heaven,  
It takes us all where we  
go,  
If the wheels are in  
constant motion,  
I hope it drives real slow!





## Pets

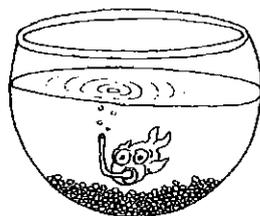
Curiosity killed my cat,  
An atrocity killed the dog,



Tweet turned to splat,  
For my budgie in the fog.



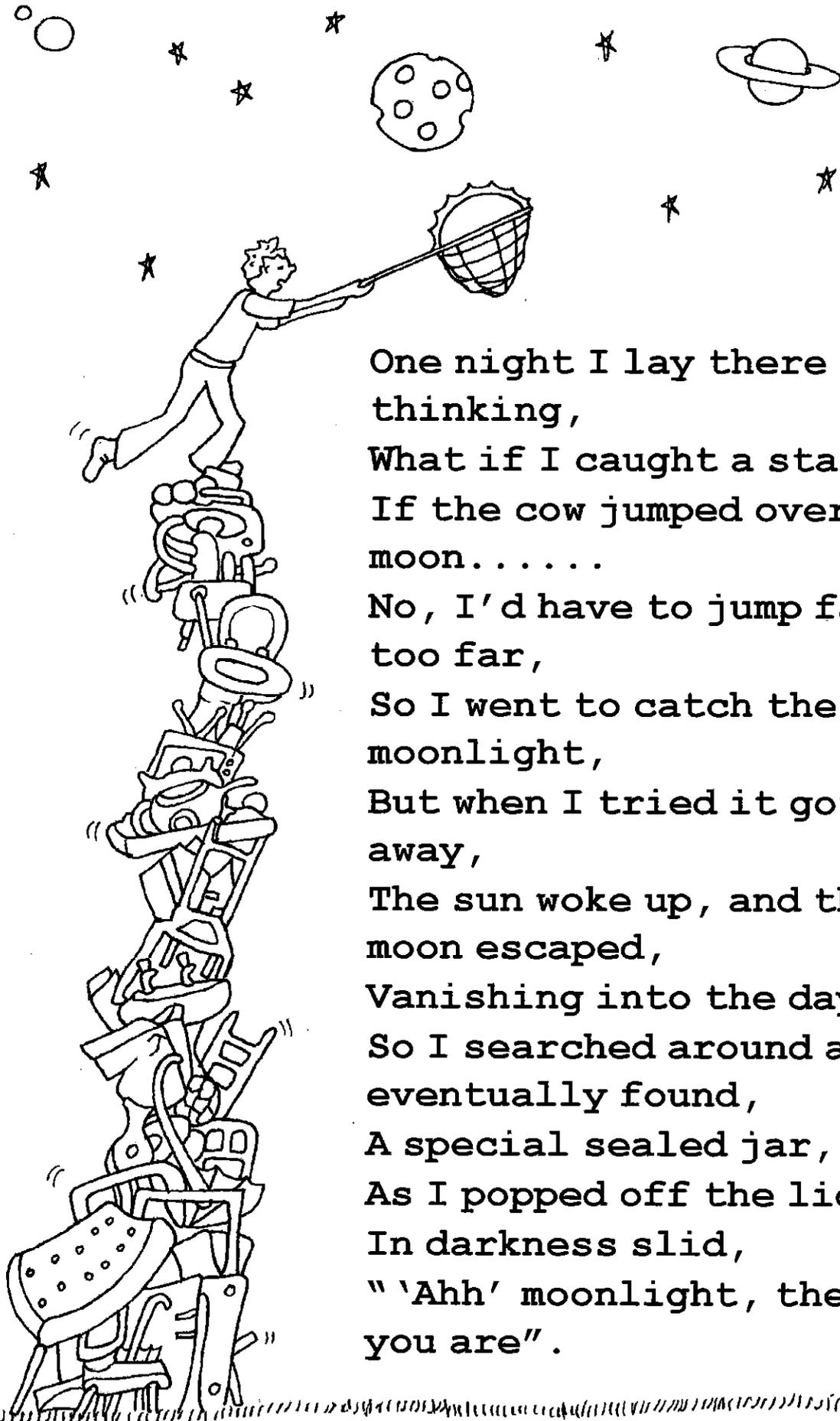
My goldfish got the Bends,



And my gerbil broke the door,  
So now they've gone,  
I've lost my friends,  
I'll have to buy some more!



# Moonlight



One night I lay there  
thinking,  
What if I caught a star?  
If the cow jumped over the  
moon.....

No, I'd have to jump far  
too far,

So I went to catch the  
moonlight,

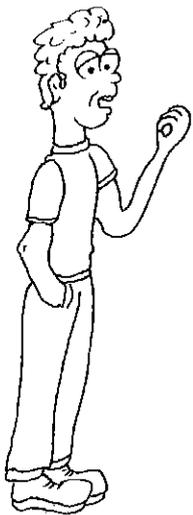
But when I tried it got  
away,

The sun woke up, and the  
moon escaped,

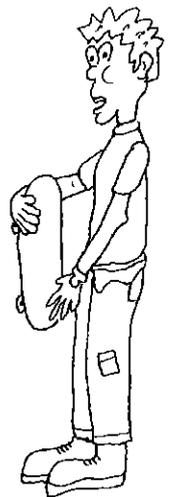
Vanishing into the day,  
So I searched around and  
eventually found,

A special sealed jar,  
As I popped off the lid,  
In darkness slid,

" 'Ahh' moonlight, there  
you are" .



# Alf



"Did you hear about Alf"?

"No, why"?

"He opened a door in the floor to the  
sky,  
He jumped through shouting Jeronimooo,  
Fell through the air, and landed in  
snow.  
How he did it, nobody knows,  
He used his imagination I suppose"

"But what's the point in that?  
I've had more exiting dreams"

"But you've never awoken in a blanket  
of snow,  
However real they seemed,  
Imagination's a powerful thing,  
It must have happened this way,  
How else could he be there, in a field  
of snow,  
With no footprints to where he lay?"

