

Ages 5- 7 - A Poem and Story Starter

Spring Street

On Spring Street, we have magic matchstick lamps,
Lamps that glow as fireflies and leap as lambs,
Lamps wearing halo hats from dusk 'til dawn,
Lamps standing as knights at our castle's door.

This sunrise the clouds are cozy white flames,
The birds sing of warm days and play sky games,
Petals glow, raindrops sow, rivers flow so strong,
A marshmallow breeze whispers we belong.

Grass grows tall as velveteen rabbit ears,
Ears gently waving in giggles and in tears,
Hearing sunny dapples as soft jazz notes,
Everyone is wearing warm hats and coats.

Story starter:

Spring Street

It was a grey day on Spring Street. Winter was done, but spring was still a quiet song. The light was a lullaby. The clouds owned the sky. The rain wondered about becoming warm, but was still cool. The trees made me happy. They were a merry crowd, clowning like fantastic fools. The rain and wind tickled them. In gusts they giggled louder. The memory of storms was their pride and sugar. What was a little grey to these giants? Then these trees that were my friends lowered their branches. "Hop on. Come on. We've been waiting for someone of pure heart to join our magical world."

Prompt questions:

- What color were the clouds at the start of the story?
- Why do you think the trees were giggling in the wind?
- How would you feel if a big tree asked you to hop onto its branches?
- What do you think the magical world inside the trees looks like?