

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Young at Art*

SCRIBBLE grass in lurid green;  
Scribble sky, and in between –  
For they don't meet in infant art,  
When kiddies keep them far apart –  
A great white space, wherein there sings  
A bird that's just two curving wings.  
And there's a house with pointed roof  
And just two windows – daily proof  
That quaint stick-people, crayoned, need  
A place to occupy. Indeed,  
They need a place from which to view  
A wonky world (through windows two).  
In the garden, we can see  
On brown-stick trunk, a green-ball tree.  
The path is central, upright, straight  
To house front door from garden gate.  
Infant artist never stops  
Creating house-shaped lollipops.  
Who's that out there, head like a ball,  
Three-sided frock, stick-legs and all?  
Stick-arms, stick-fingers: can we say  
For sure it's Mummy? Straightaway!

Decades since, we all have been  
Sketching scenes as if unseen.  
Is it God's Almighty Plan  
To keep us from marauding Man?  
Is this some wise and kindly shield  
To make the real keep unrevealed,  
While our crayons draw the line  
We find we cross before we're nine?

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