

# Poems for the Children

by Hanno Frank



## Bright blue yo-yo

I have a bright blue yo-yo  
Wound tightly on a string-o  
I swing it up and swing it down  
I swing it all the way through town

It swings above the houses' roofs  
And skims along the *longkan* groves  
It whizzes round banana trees  
But always comes right back to me.

It dances on Nabila's head  
And bounces on my mama's bed  
It stops and plays with Max's toys  
One of my yo-yo's greatest joys

It slips along a playground slide  
And now and then it tries to hide  
And I pretend I do not see  
It always comes right back to me

It's been to France and Timbuktu  
Oregon and Katmandu  
And when it travels far away  
It writes me postcards every day

I have a bright blue yo-yo  
That's always on the go-go  
It travels far on land and sea  
But always comes right back to me.



# Mangosteen

Mangosteen  
Has sepals green  
And finger-staining rind

Mangosteen  
I'm always keen  
To eat up all your kind

Mangosteen  
It is my dream  
To have a great big hill

Of mangosteen  
The fruit bowl's queen  
And finally get my fill

