



Writing Farm Poetry--or Farm-Ku

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Martok

Monday, April 6, 2009

Uzzi and I are poets!

We took a walk with Mom the other day. She stopped on the ridge behind her house and said, "Look at that boys, it's pretty as a poem down there!"

We looked and looked. All we saw were flowering dogwood trees and the pond.

Later, Uzzi asked me, "What was she talking about? What's a poem?"

I didn't know but I said we could look it up.

When Mom and dad were sound asleep we crept in the house and booted up the computer. We learned that poems are "literary works in verse".

The kind called haiku sounded fun. Uzzi and I decided to write some.

Haiku have three lines of five, seven, and five syllables. They're supposed to talk about feelings and a season but we don't always do that.

Carlotta (above) and Wilma (below) make fine subjects for goat Farm-Ku.

See, Uzzi and I write FARM-ku—a goat's eye view of life on a farm. Here are some that I wrote. But Uzzi wrote the last one. He's just jealous (Uzzi, I am a buck, not a billy goat!)

Golden amber eyes
Warm body freezing winter nights
My best friend Uzzi

Anxious mama sheep
Baa baa—come back here right now
It's a lamb stampede

Scary hairy pigs
Wilma Grunt and Carlotta
Ozark razorbacks

Meh meh meh meh meeh
Bon Bon thinks it's time to eat
Shut up noisy goat

Yummy hay and pellets
Warm water in wintertime
A goat's life is goooooood

Big bad billy goat
Martok pees in his beard
Yucky behavior



Now it's your turn!

See the red check mark at the bottom of this page? Click where it says "submit a comment" and post your farm-ku too.

Uzzi and I are waiting. You can be farm poets too!

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