

Mother Earth's ABC Verses

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A is for Adventure

My very first adventure,
on horseback by the sea,
I asked my older brothers,
“Won’t you please take me?”

I’m ready to be brave
and set out to explore!
Now that I am big,
I’m not scared anymore!

I want to feel the waves crash,
and hear the seagull’s call.

I want to visit tidepools,
where crabs and starfish crawl -

I’ll ride into the sunset,
escort the day to sleep.
My very first adventure,
a memory I’ll always keep.





B is for *Breakfast*

For breakfast I cook porridge
made of goat milk and rice.
I gather fragrant herbs
from the garden for spice.

I stir it till its thick and smooth,
and when its piping hot,
we eat it all together,
from a single pewter pot.

Breakfast with my family
is a joyful time of day.
And when we're done with breakfast -
we are free to run and play!

Soft as clouds the cotton grows,
in puffs of purest white.
Basking in the morning sun,
the cotton drenched in light.

The fluffy cotton blossoms
are spun into thread -
to make a cool summer dress,
and crisp sheets for my bed.



C

is for Cotton



D

is for Dog

My dog and I explore the wild,
and oh the things we find!

Lizards, squirrels, nests of birds,
and ancient trees with trunks entwined.

My dog is always by my side,
through good times and through bad.
He'll run and fetch or simply sit,
the bestest friend I've ever had.

E *is for Eternity*



Eternity, like rock and stone will never disappear.
Like the moon, the sun, the stars, it will always be here.

Eternity like galaxies that fill the boundless space -
is like the love I feel when I kiss my mother's face.

You cannot see eternity or hold it in your hand.
It's endless, can't be counted, like the many grains of sand.



I love to fish in the wild blue sea
with my fishing stick, made just for me.

Perhaps I'll catch a great blue whale
or a Manta Ray with a thrashing tail.

Perhaps I'll catch a great white shark
Or jelly fish that glows in the dark

But if I do, I'll set them free,
and let them swim back out to sea.

F is for *Fishing*

G is for Goldfish

In the pond of lilies,
the orange goldfish swim.
They circle around us in little rows,
and glide around our feet and toes.

How beautiful they shimmer
when they catch the light.
Bursts of orange, yellow red,
darting left and right.





H

is for Hug

I hug my little dolly when she's mad,
or if she's done a thing or two that's bad.

I hug her when she's frightened,
or if she's feeling blue.
My dolly knows I love her through and through.

I is for *Imagine*

Close your eyes, imagine...
the gull, the turtle, the fish in the sea -
the kelp, the coral, the anemone -
are made of the same elements as you and me.

Close your eyes, imagine -
the sky, the sand, the planets, the sun,
everything in the universe -
is part of one, miraculous ONE -

Imagine how loving the earth will be,
when every creature and human will see,
how much the same we all are -
and full of light, like a luminous star.





J is for *Jump*

The jump! The splash! The river!
I feel so free.

The jump! The splash! The river!
That's what summer is to me.

The birds! The trees! The breeze!
Swimming with my friends.
The jump! The splash! The river!
I hope summer never ends.

K

is for Kelp



I spot a patch of yellow kelp, floating on the sea.
With all my strength, I tug it, and drag it towards me.

The twisted rope of kelp is ten feet long!
It's spongy and its squeaky and so very strong.

Inside the kelp I see a tiny shellfish and a snail.
I'd like to take the kelp with me. Will it fit in my pail?



L is for *Lamb*

Little lamb, little lamb,
let me lead the way.
Up and down the rolling hills
where you can graze and play.

Follow me, and don't delay,
or you'll get lost and wander.
Though if you feel like daydreaming -
we'll stop and we can ponder.

M is for *Mushroom*

I hunt for mushrooms in their secret place -
where trunks of trees and moss embrace.
Sometimes under stones they hide,
too shy to show their chubby face.

Short, stubby, plain, and stout,
a mushroom's beauty is 'inside out'.
Delicious, nutritious, and healing they are;
not pretty like flowers, yet cuter by far.

My wicker basket in my hand,
I hunt for mushrooms and understand,
that some are poison, and some are good -
So I only pick the ones I should.





N

is for Nomads

We are desert nomads.
From place to place we roam.
The vast open desert
is where we feel at home.

We ride on backs of donkeys.
We graze our herds of sheep.
And when the night is wrapped in stars,
inside our tents we sleep.

O is for Oasis

Once upon a time, from away places,
caravans with camels, came to our little oasis.
They carried silk and fragrant rice,
black tea and exotic spice.

Here they rested from the heat,
watered their camels and washed their feet.
Overnight they came to stay.
At sunrise they'd be on their way.

Off they'd go, majestic, slow -
the men and camels in a row,
leaving behind this magical pool,
a sapphire of the desert, so refreshing and cool.



P is for *Play*



The world becomes your fairytale
when you make-believe.
Play and be a royal king!
Or court jester that likes to sing!

Perhaps you'll be a princess,
or prince turned into a frog.
You may be an explorer,
that sets sail through storm and fog!

Or maybe you're a dragon,
that saves a boy from witches!
Or a fairy god mother,
who makes magic when her nose twitches.

The world becomes your fairytale
when you make-believe.
Dare to imagine, be free to play -
and be extraordinary today!

Q

is for Quest

Down the river on a quest,
to find the river giants -
Brave and daring, we're off to explore -
the winding river's uncharted shore.

By night we'll be guided by fireflies -
And led by the glow of animal eyes.

Down the river on a quest,
to hunt the river giants.
And if a giant beast appears,
We'll scare him off with our mighty spears!



R is for *Riverboats*



From buoyant bark that gently floats,
we make our homemade riverboats.

Down the winding river trail,
they catch the wind - and off they sail.

Steered by a mischievous breeze,
they may get trapped in roots of trees.

If they reach the river's bend,
they disappear as they descend.

Should a fisherman spot our boat,
he'll bring it back for us to float.

S is for School

At morning light, we leave for school.

Our school is miles away -
I've never been to school before.

Today is my first day!

My uniform is crisp and blue.

My walking shoes brand new.

I have a yellow notebook
and sharpened pencils too!

We walk through fields of soggy grass,
wet from morning dew.

We greet the sheep and ducks we pass.
They bleet and quack, "good luck to you!"

When we reach the river -
the washer women wave,
"Is this your first day of school?
Remember to behave!"





T is for Tall

Reaching up towards the sky,
sunflowers grow ten feet high.
In their shade I feel so small.
Will I ever grow that tall?

Their joyful yellow faces
smiling down from up above,
makes me feel protected,
as they shine their sunny love.

U is for Up

Swing me UP! Up! Up!
Way above the tree tops!
Let me fly and touch the sky!
And see the world from way up high!

When my feet reach the mountains,
when my toes tickle the clouds,
when the wind kisses my face,
I am up in the air, my favorite place!





V

is for Vine

We gather, later in summer,
purple grapes from the vine.
Ripe with juice and oh so sweet,
the grapes taste so divine!

When our baskets overflow,
we stop to sit and rest,
Grateful for the fertile earth,
and how much we are blessed.

We wade in water to our knees
and taste the salty ocean breeze.
The water cools and wets our skin,
as we wonder, “How did life begin?”

Life began in water,
for creatures large and small.
In oceans, rivers, lakes and streams,
they would swim, slither and crawl.

Then a group of daring ones,
left the water to explore.
They found a home upon the shore,
though some returned to the sea once more.

Water refreshes the earth.
It cradles our planet in blue.
Water rains down so seeds can sprout,
and blankets the grass with dew.

Precious water is where life began.
Let's promise to protect it all we can.

W *is for Water*





Into the woods we went to play
our flute and tom-tom, one magical day.

And there on the ground, sad and alone,
we found an old wooden xylophone.

We played and danced to the rhythm of the drum,
and soon the whole forest began to hum.

The birds sang a melodious tune,
to the tapping beat of a nibbling racoon.

The leaves rustled with their musical flair,
and the squirrels conducted with their tails in the air.

The bees buzzed in bass baritone,
and a sunny ray shone upon the old wooden xylophone.

X is for *Xylophone*

Y is for Yellow

Miles and miles of yellow -
as far as the eye can see -
spreads across the hills,
and waves hello to me.

To the music of the wind,
the stalks of wheat sway.
To the heartbeat of the earth,
They dance and greet the day.





Z

is for Zephyr

A zephyr is a gentle wind,
announcing spring will soon begin.
It warms me as it breezes by,
and brushes gently on my skin.

The zephyr fills my heart with love
for flowers and the clear blue sky.
It welcomes home the migrant birds,
and kisses the chilly winter good-bye.

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