

Giants

How would you like it –
Supposing that you were a snail,
And your eyes grew out on threads,
Gentle, and small, and frail –
If an enormous creature,
Reaching almost up to the distant skies,
Leaned down, and with his great finger touched
Your eyes
Just for the fun
Of seeing you snatch them suddenly in
And cower, quivering back
Into your pitiful shell, so brittle and thin?
Would you think it was fun then?
Would you think it was fun?
And how would you like it,
Supposing you were a frog,
An emerald scrap with a pale, trembling throat
In a cool and shadowed bog,
If a tremendous monster,
Tall, tall, so that his head seemed lost in the mist,
Leaned over, and clutched you up in his great fist
Just for the joy
Of watching you jump, scramble, tumble, fall,
In graceless, shivering dread,
Back into the trampled reeds that were grown so tall?
Would you think it a joy then?
Would you think it a joy?

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