

## Echidna poems

### Baby

The echidna keeps her puggle  
Safely in her pouch  
Until he gets his prickles  
When she quickly throws him out – ouch!

*Gael Cresp*

### Dinner

A pointy snout  
And long thin tongue  
Termites and ants,  
Yum, Yum, Yum.

*Gael Cresp*

### Termites for tea.

I find a log and I dig, dig, dig.  
I use my claws and I dig, dig, dig.  
I rootle around with my long thin snout  
To chase those juicy termites out.

*Gael Cresp*

### Protection

Whenever I hear a dingo snuffle  
And if ever I see the eagle soar  
I find some leaves and quickly shuffle  
Burrowing downwards with my claws  
I raise my spikes and hope they know  
The pain my quills will cause.

*Gael Cresp*

### Cuddles

Imagine a spiky echidna  
Attempting to cuddle her puggle!  
Luckily there's a pouch within  
To keep his little outside in.

*Gael Cresp*

## Platypus poems

### Lunch time

What does the platypus like for lunch?  
Fresh shrimps, fish eggs  
Munch, munch, munch!

*Gael Cresp*

### Playtime

Shake, shake, shake your bill  
Shake your bill with me.  
Puddle it down in the mud  
Beneath the shady tree.

We'll eat some shrimp or slimy worms  
Then swim up to the sun  
And lie at ease upon the bank  
Until the day is done.

*Gael Cresp*

### Hidey-hole

The duck-bill platypus likes to sleep  
Deep within the clay  
She digs a burrow beneath the bank  
And hides through night and day.  
At dawn and dusk she'll slither out  
To eat and swim and play.

*Gael Cresp*

### Protection

Scrabbling among the weeds and stones  
With his soft black bill  
He's cosy in his thick brown fur:  
A coat against the chill.

*Gael Cresp*

### Bed time

Down by the creek  
Where the bank is steep  
There's a tunnel dark and deep  
The platypus, when she wants to rest,  
Slides inside to find her nest.

*Gael Cresp*

## Possum poems

### Lunch time

In the country the ringtail possums  
Dine upon the gum trees' blossoms  
But in the city everyone knows  
They like to dine upon the rose.

*Gael Cresp*

### Apple possum

A long thin tail with a small white tip  
- a ringtail  
A fat furry tail like my hair in a fit  
- a brushtail  
An apple tree stripped of blossom  
- any possum.

*Gael Cresp*

### Nap time

In a hollow tree with eyes closed tight  
A sugar glider is sleeping  
If I'm quiet she won't know  
When I come a-peeping.

*Gael Cresp*

### Moonlight

Late at night  
When mosquitoes bite  
And the moon shines on the lake  
Like bats across the starry sky  
I see the sugar gliders fly  
And I'm glad that I'm awake.

*Gael Cresp*

### Possum highway

Little dog, busy street,  
Speeding car, sausage meat.

Possum says, "Cross my way –  
Use the power line highway."

*Gael Cresp*

## Quoll poems

### Playtime

Five little quolls coming out to play  
After they've been sleeping all through the day.  
Five little quolls holding on tight  
Close to their mother as she hunts through the night.

*Gael Cresp*

### Mummy Quoll

Six spotty quoll pups  
Dangling from her tummy  
Holding tight to drink her milk  
"Yummy, Mummy, yummy".

*Gael Cresp*

### Dinnertime

In the night when I'm asleep  
Through the bush, the quoll will creep  
She hunts for mice and bandicoot  
Climbs the trees to look for fruit  
She'll eat a rabbit and sniff round logs  
For sleeping snakes or croaking frogs.  
But when I wake and the sky is bright  
She's in her den with eyes shut tight.

*Gael Cresp*

### Quoll

I've dark brown fur  
Spotted with white  
A moist pink nose  
And my eyes are bright

Sometimes I'll bask  
In the afternoon sun  
But mostly I hunt  
When day is done.

*Gael Cresp*

### Camouflage

In the moon lit dappled forest  
Among the leaves and twigs  
Quoll is sniffing, scratching, seeking  
Dinner for her kids.  
Pale spots on dark brown coat  
Reflect the moon's bright gleam.  
It's amazing how these shiny marks  
Can stop her being seen.

*Gael Cresp*

## Wombat poems

### Our Wombat

The wombat waddles down the track  
Four short legs and a wide brown back  
He nibbles grass and digs for yam  
Then deeply drinks from the neighbour's dam.

*Gael Cresp*

### The Wombat

Scraping with her front claws  
Shovelling with her back  
Wombat digs her borrow  
Off the beaten track.

*Gael Cresp*

### Mummy

Out from a burrow  
Lined with leaves  
One mother wombat  
Sniffs the breeze.  
Now she knows the dingo  
Isn't about  
She opens her pouch  
And her joey climbs out.

*Gael Cresp*

### Joey

A wombat baby is a 'joey'  
And lives inside a pouch  
For months he'll live on wombat milk  
Until he ventures out.

*Gael Cresp*

### Hairy nosed Wombat

I'm a little wombat  
Short and square  
I've got long claws  
And coarse brown hair  
Two little ears  
And a hairy snout  
I carry my joey  
In a backwards pouch.

*Gael Cresp*

## Yabby poems

### How does the yabby go?

How does a little Yabby go?  
Dear me does anybody know?  
How does a little Yabby go?  
Creeping in the mud the whole day long!

*Adapted from traditional poem*

### The Yabby scuttles

Yabby scuttles from side to side  
Down in the mud she likes to hide  
People say, "I never saw  
Such a black, gigantic claw!"

*Adapted from traditional poem*

### The Yabby

Curl and stretch, curl and stretch.  
Through the water curl and stretch.  
Yabby floats so slowly down  
Into the mud without a sound.

*Gael Cresp*

### Safely hidden

Little yabby, black and brown  
In the water burrows down  
Picks the meat from old fish bones  
And hides among the mud and stones.

*Gael Cresp*

### The Tidy Yabby

There once was a little brown yabby  
Who thought that his pond was too shabby  
So he scraped out the floor  
With his feelers and claw  
Then found he'd made everything muddy!

*Gael Cresp*