

**Little girl**

Little girl, you bring joy at the bus queue.  
Always smiling, entranced by insect life,  
You speak to the ants and the woodlouse, too.  
The old men look happy, feel free from strife.  
The day will come, dear child, when you must grow  
And leave the insect kingdom to its play.  
We can but pray the process will be slow  
For your empathic gift we need today.  
The head has grown so big, the brain so fat  
The world is governed by cleverness and guile.  
The wisdom of the heart scarce whispers that  
Such gross imbalance is the devil's style.  
Little girl, go on smiling as you do,  
You love the bus queue and the woodlouse, too.

**Poetry by Brian Thorne**

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