



SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE

I'M GLAD our house is a little house,
Not too tall nor too wide:
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house.
It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees,
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green
Against our whited walls,
And in the phlox, the courteous bees
Are paying duty calls.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

How is the house described in the poem?

What feels free to come inside the house?

What do you think gossip means?

What colour are the walls?

Do you think the poet likes his house?

What makes you think this?

Do you notice any patterns in the poem?