

TIMOTHY HITCHIN

Timothy Hitchin,
(name rhymes with 'kitchen')
loves every bird in the book.
A goldcrest, a swallow;
he's been know to follow
the flight of a common old rook.

When he's not etching,
he's always sketching
with a pencil, charcoal or pen:
a robin, a wren,
a robin again,
then a dipper down on the brook.

He sat in the park
amazed by a lark
that should have been up on the moor.
Day drew to a close
but Timothy's nose
touched his pen as he hurried to draw.

Then when it got dark
some bright spark
locked the gates and poor Tim was trapped.
But he didn't know:
he was drawing a crow.
It cawed and it hopped and it flapped.

In the dark he could see
what was hidden from me
and he watched all the creatures of night.
He first drew a cat,
then a rat, then a bat,
catching its movement in flight.

In the first light of dawn
he spotted the horn
of a rhino shining like brass.
It charged straight at Tim
but then swerved from him
'cos, the sign said "KEEP OFF THE GRASS".

The golden sunrise
made Tim open his eyes;
woke him out of the deepest of sleep.
The birds in the trees
and two on his knees
went cheep cheep cheepety cheep.

He just picked up his pad.
(You may think him quite mad.)
His passion was to draw what he saw:
Then a Hoopoe flew by
and Tim let out a cry,
"This is just what I've been waiting for!"

Men unlocked the gate
at twenty past eight
and came in with a dirty great mower.
Tim hid in a bin
(He was very thin)
but he needed his head a bit lower.

The wren on his head
And the bullfinch bright red
gave away where Tim was hiding.
He quickly was seen
from the mowing machine
by the man who was currently riding.

He grabbed Tim by the ear.
"You get out of here!"
But he spotted the pad on the floor.
"Did you do these mate?
I think they are great.
Would you kindly show me some more?"

Tim said he'd be glad
and took hold of his pad;
(the man had let Timothy free.)
"Can I buy one of these?
I know they would please
my wife, 'cos they really please me."

That was some years ago.
Now Tim's work is on show
round the world and in lots of books.

He's still up with the lark
and in the same park
drawing goldcrests and finches and rooks.