

**The Kitten and the Falling Leaves**

That way look, my infant, lo!  
What a pretty baby-show!  
See the kitten on the wall,  
sporting with the leaves that fall.  
Withered leaves - one - two and three  
from the lofty elder tree.  
Though the calm and frosty air,  
of this morning bright and fair.  
Eddying round and round they sink,  
softly, slowly; one might think.  
From the motions that are made,  
every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or Faery hither tending,  
to this lower world descending.  
Each invisible and mute,  
in his wavering parachute.

But the Kitten, how she starts,  
crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!  
First at one, and then its fellow,  
just as light and just as yellow.  
There are many now - now one,  
now they stop and there are none:  
What intenseness of desire,  
in her upward eye of fire!  
With a tiger-leap half-way,  
now she meets the coming prey.  
lets it go as fast, and then;  
Has it in her power again.  
Now she works with three or four,  
like an Indian conjuror;  
quick as he in feats of art,  
far beyond in joy of heart.  
Where her antics played in the eye,  
of a thousand standers-by,  
clapping hands with shout and stare,  
what would little Tabby care!  
For the plaudits of the crowd?  
Over happy to be proud,  
over wealthy in the treasure  
of her exceeding pleasure!

**William Wordsworth** (1770-1850)