Few writers can make language sing and dance, and show children and adults the way in which dull, everyday words have treasures waiting within them. Margaret Mahy is one such writer. This collection of some of her poems is full of lovely things - unexpected, funny, poetic and lively. From the drollery of Goodness gracious fiddle dee dee! Somebody's grandmother out at sea! to the magic of When I was but a little boy and played beneath a tree Seven kings and seven queens there came to talk with me. the range of subject and voice is wide. No one, I think, could fail to find something to like and remember here. There are echoes of folk song and nursery rhyme, of fairy tale and philosophy, and some beautiful lines which stay in the mind. Yet, best of all, nothing is beyond the enjoyment of a young child. Truly a book to grow up with.