

Emperor Tamarin

By: Lois Miles

Is that eagle gone? Oh phew!
They're everywhere here in Peru.
So let me tell you about my kind,
It'll take a while if you don't mind.

Did you know that we nest in groups?
Oh yes we do! they're actually called troops.
We also let other monkeys nest in our bunch
To share each other's company, friendships, and lunch!

Oh, just look at that mango, oh so sweet!
We emperor tamarins do love those treats!
You know just mangoes are not our only love,
We dine on rodents birds and flowers high above.

My infants are safe with my mate in our den,
And don't think I'm male 'cause of what I said then.
We tamarins all parent both female and male,
While ones out the other tells the littles a tale.

We tell each other apart by the whiskers on our faces,
We can pick each other out in any sort of places.
Our glamorous mustaches gave us our names,
After Emperor Wilhelm and all his fame.

My cousins on my dad's side live in Brazil.
My moms's from Bolivia her troop lives there still.
In our Amazon jungle's there's plenty of snakes,
But my family's skillful, we've got what it takes.

Awk! There's that eagle again!
Can't a primate catch a break!?



Our granddaughter Lois wrote and memorized this poem and made this puppet to be used in a skit. It's part of a thematic unit developed by her fourth grade teacher in a small country school out of Murphys, Ca.

Lois loves animals and this project in particular. She can and will converse freely about this small South American monkey, the Emperor tamarin, and many animals of her interest. This is being done from home as her school has been closed because of the pandemic.

She works with support from family and friends including her "grandma Linda," a close family friend and primate expert, retired college professor, and docent at the CA Academy of Sciences in SF. Her Papa is also helping her with her home studies and math twice a week on FaceTime. Her Uncle David also visits with her weekly as does her Mimi (Patricia). As the African proverb says, it takes a village to raise a child. We are all so fortunate to have the time and opportunity to do so. **(See Lois reciting her poem [here](#).)** —Papa Joe, 5/20