

Wind-Wolves

Do you hear the cry as the pack goes by,
The wind-wolves hunting across the sky?
Hear them tongue it, keen and clear,
Hot on the flanks of the flying deer!

Across the forest, mere, and plain,
Their hunting howl goes up again!
All night they'll follow the ghostly trail,
All night we'll hear their phantom wail,

For tonight the wind-wolf pack holds sway
From Pegasus Square to the Milky Way,
And the frightened bands of cloud-deer flee
In scattered groups of two and three.

William D. Sargent

Mountain Wind

Windrush down the timber chutes
between the mountain's knees—
a hiss of distant breathing,
a shouting in the trees,
a recklessness of branches
a wilderness a-sway,
when suddenly

a silence
takes your breath away.

Barbara Kunz Loots

The Wind

I can get through a doorway without any key,
And strip the leaves from the great oak tree.

I can drive storm-clouds and shake tall towers,
Or steal through a garden and not wake the flowers.

Seas I can move and ships I can sink;
I can carry a house-top or the scent of a pink.

When I am angry I can rave and riot;
And when I am spent, I lie quiet as quiet.

James Reeves

When All the World Is Full of Snow



I never know
just where to go,
when all the world
is full of snow.

I do not want
to make a track,
not even
to the shed and back.

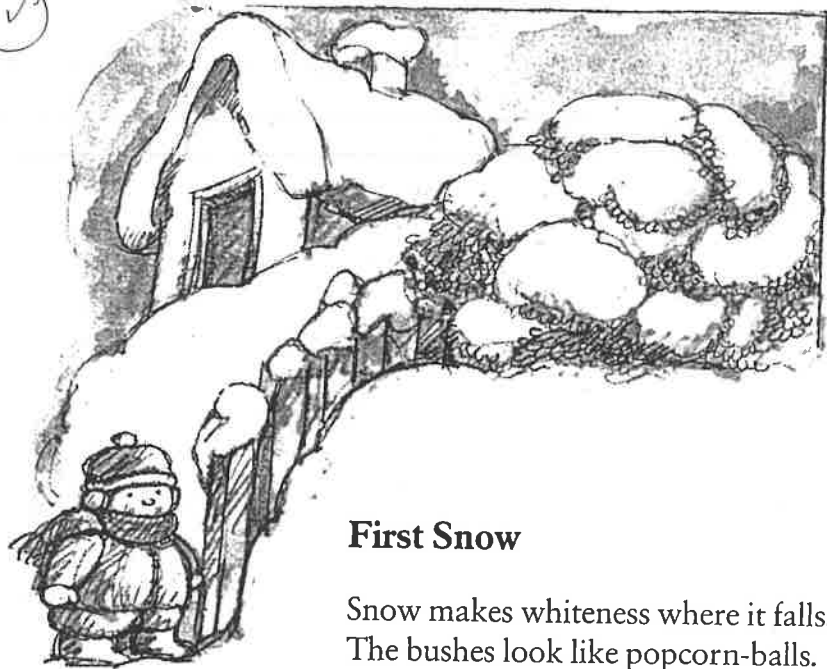
I only want
to watch and wait,
while snow moths settle
on the gate,

and swarming frost flakes
fill the trees
with billions
of albino bees.

I only want
myself to be
as silent as
a winter tree,

to hear the swirling
stillness grow,
when all the world
is full of snow.

N. M. Bodecker



First Snow

Snow makes whiteness where it falls.
The bushes look like popcorn-balls.
And places where I always play,
Look like somewhere else today.

Marie Louise Allen

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening



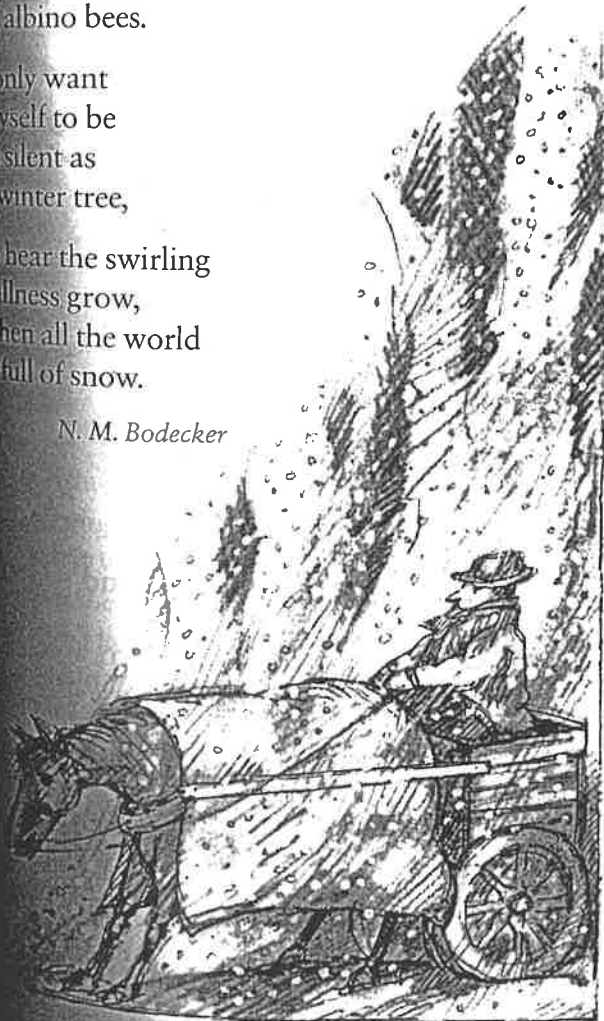
Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost



The Secret Song



Who saw the petals
drop from the rose?
I, said the spider,
But nobody knows.

Who saw the sunset
flash on a bird?
I, said the fish,
But nobody heard.

Who saw the fog
come over the sea?
I, said the sea pigeon,
Only me.

Who saw the first
green light of the sun?
I, said the night owl,
The only one.

Who saw the moss
creep over the stone?
I, said the gray fox,
All alone.

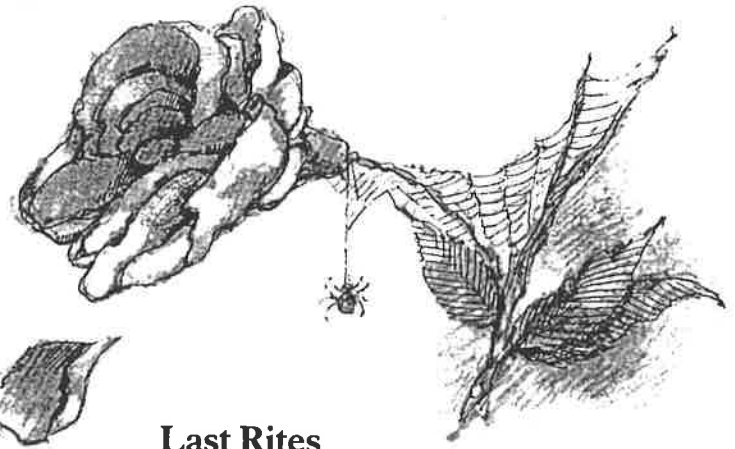
Margaret Wise Brown

The Wolf Cry

The Arctic moon hangs overhead;
The wide white silence lies below.
A starveling pine stands lone and gaunt,
Black-penciled on the snow.

Weird as the moan of sobbing winds,
A lone long call floats up from the trail;
And the naked soul of the frozen North
Trembles in that wail.

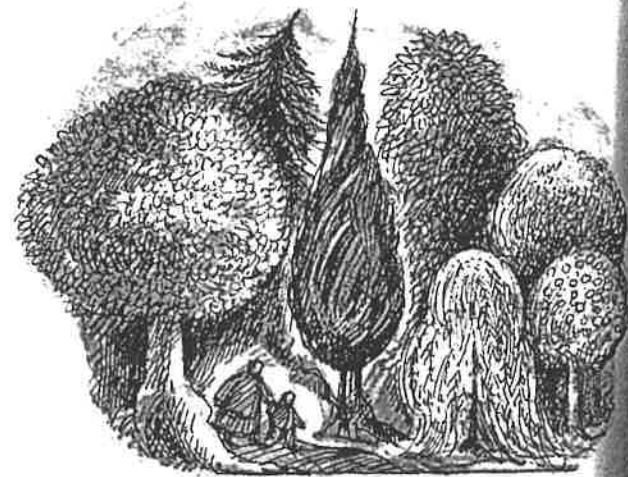
Lew Sarett



Last Rites

Dead in the cold, a song-singing thrush,
Dead at the foot of a snowberry bush—
Weave him a coffin of rush,
Dig him a grave where the soft mosses grow,
Raise him a tombstone of snow.

Christina Rossetti



Trees

The Oak is called the king of trees,
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,
The Peach tree spreads along the wall,
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,
The Willow droops in watery glade,
The Fir tree useful timber gives,
The Beech amid the forest lives.

Sara Coleridge



Auguries of Innocence

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

William Blake

I'm Glad the Sky Is Painted Blue

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

Anonymous

The Universe

There is the moon, there is the sun
Round which we circle every year,
And there are all the stars we see
On starry nights when skies are clear,
And all the countless stars that lie
Beyond the reach of human eye.
If every bud on every tree,
All birds and fireflies and bees
And all the flowers that bloom and die
Upon the earth were counted up,
The number of the stars would be
Greater, they say, than all of these.

Mary Britton Miller



All Things Bright and Beautiful

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Cecil Frances Alexander





Four Seasons

Spring is showery, flowery, bowery.
 Summer: hoppy, choppy, poppy.
 Autumn: wheezy, sneezy, freezy.
 Winter: slippy, drippy, nippy.

Anonymou



The Months

January brings the snow,
 Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
 Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
 Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
 Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
 Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
 Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
 Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
 Then the harvest home is borne.

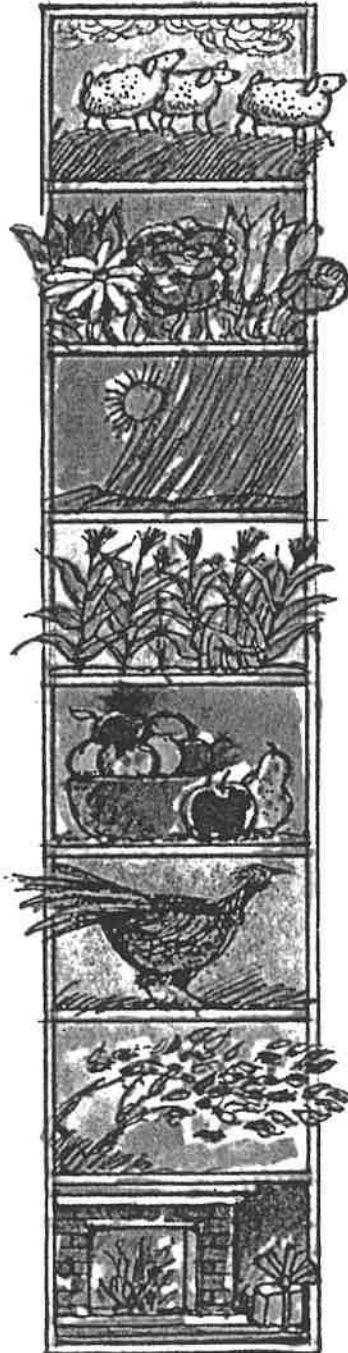
Warm September brings the fruit,
 Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
 Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
 Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
 Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

Sara Coleridge



January

The days are short,
 The sun a spark
 Hung thin between
 The dark and da

Fat snowy footstep
 Track the floor.
 Milk bottles burst
 Outside the doo

The river is
 A frozen place
 Held still beneath
 The trees of lace

The sky is low.
 The wind is gray
 The radiator
 Purrs all day.

John Updi

Spring



I'm shouting
 I'm singing
 I'm swinging through trees
 I'm winging sky-high
 With the buzzing black bees.
 I'm the sun
 I'm the moon
 I'm the dew on the rose.
 I'm a rabbit
 Whose habit
 Is twitching his nose.
 I'm lively
 I'm lovely
 I'm kicking my heels.
 I'm crying "Come dance"
 to the freshwater eels.
 I'm racing through meadows
 Without any coat
 I'm a gamboling lamb
 I'm a light leaping goat
 I'm a bud
 I'm a bloom
 I'm a dove on the wing.
 I'm running on rooftops
 And welcoming spring!

Karla Kuskin



On Mother's Day

On Mother's Day we got up first,
so full of plans we almost burst.

We started breakfast right away
as our surprise for Mother's Day.

We picked some flowers, then hurried back
to make the coffee—rather black.

We wrapped our gifts and wrote a card
and boiled the eggs—a little hard.

And then we sang a serenade,
which burned the toast, I am afraid.

But Mother said, amidst our cheers,
"Oh, what a big surprise, my dears.
I've not had such a treat in years."

And she was smiling to her ears!

Aileen Fisher

Good-by My Winter Suit



Good-by my winter suit,
 good-by my hat and boot,
 good-by my ear-protecting muffs
 and storms that hail and hoot.

Farewell to snow and sleet,
 farewell to Cream of Wheat,
 farewell to ice-removing salt
 and slush around my feet.

Right on! to daffodils,
 right on! to whippoorwills,
 right on! to chirp-producing eggs
 and baby birds and quills.

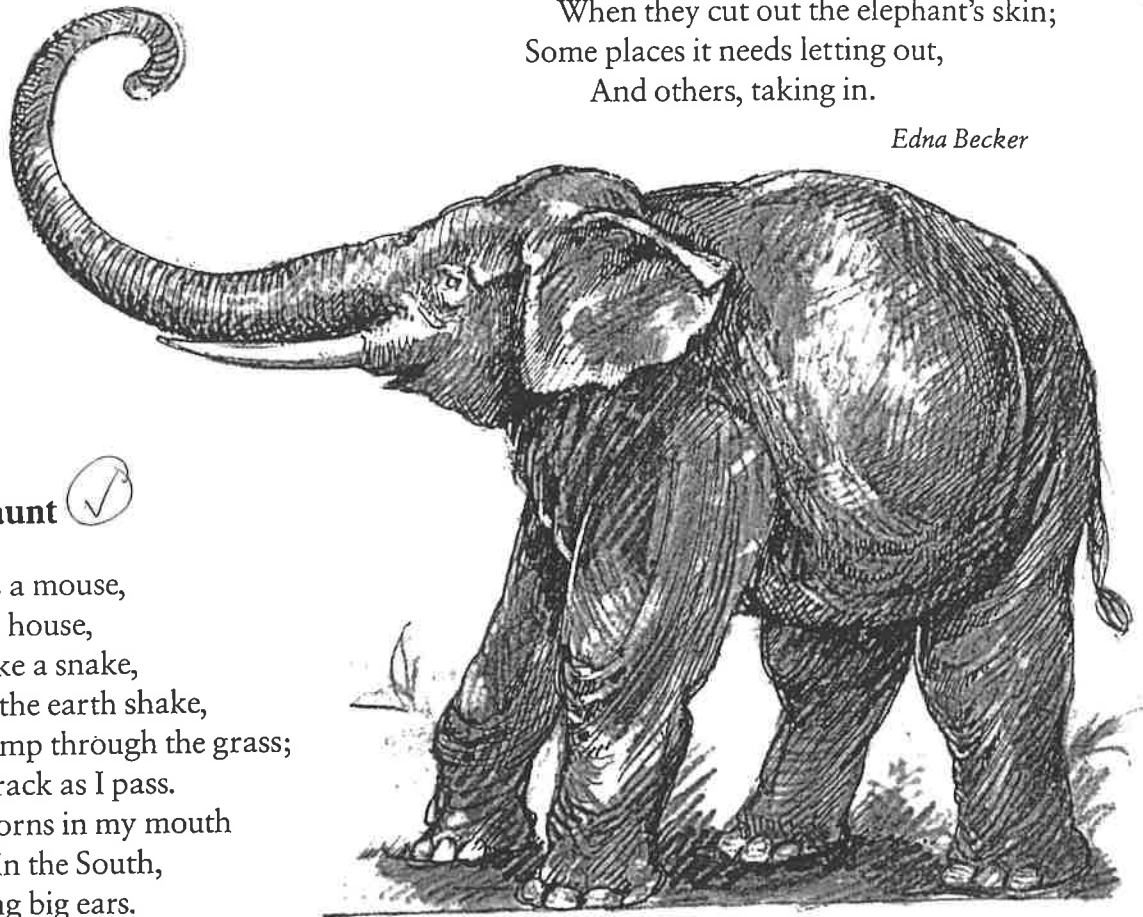
The day is on the wing,
 the kite is on the string,
 the sun is where the sun should be—
 it's spring all right! It's spring!

N. M. Bodecker

Beside the Line of Elephants

I think they had no pattern
 When they cut out the elephant's skin;
 Some places it needs letting out,
 And others, taking in.

Edna Becker



Oliphaunt

Gray as a mouse,
 Big as a house,
 Nose like a snake,
 I make the earth shake,
 As I tramp through the grass;
 Trees crack as I pass.
 With horns in my mouth
 I walk in the South,
 Flapping big ears.
 Beyond count of years
 I stump round and round,
 Never lie on the ground,
 Not even to die.
 Oliphaunt am I,
 Biggest of all,
 Huge, old, and tall.
 If ever you'd met me,
 You wouldn't forget me.
 If you never do,
 You won't think I'm true;
 But old Oliphaunt am I,
 And I never lie.

J. R. R. Tolkien

The Wolf

When the pale moon hides and the wild wind wails,
 And over the tree-tops the nighthawk sails,
 The gray wolf sits on the world's far rim,
 And howls: and it seems to comfort him.

The wolf is a lonely soul, you see,
 No beast in the wood, nor bird in the tree,
 But shuns his path; in the windy gloom
 They give him plenty, and plenty of room.

So he sits with his long, lean face to the sky
 Watching the ragged clouds go by.
 There in the night, alone, apart,
 Singing the song of his lone, wild heart.

Far away, on the world's dark rim
 He howls, and it seems to comfort him.

Georgia Roberts Durston

nd how they
 ir great hoofs,
 ;reat pageant

Carl Sandburg

Hands

; walking
 : trails
 ng hands
 g tails
 nd tails
 ly things
 :phants walk
 rings.
 s work
 hants play
 hants walk
 so gay.

en they walk—
 fails

holding hands
 ng tails.

Lenore M. Link

The Mandrill

In the Mandrill
unrefined
Beauty and Beast
are well combined.
How would *you* like
to have that face
to look at in your looking-glass?
And all the other
jungle creatures
what must *they* think
of those strange features?
And that odd name
the Mandrill—can
it be he hopes
to BE a *man*?
But *that* face
won't
wash
off
with
soap:
I fear poor Mandrill
has
no
hope.

Conrad Aiken



The Performing Seal

Who is so proud
As not to feel
A secret awe
Before a seal
That keeps such sleek
And wet repose
While twirling candles
On his nose?

Rachel Field

The Wild, the Free

With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea.

Lord Byron

The Donkey



I saw a donkey
One day old,
His head was too big
For his neck to hold;
His legs were shaky
And long and loose,
They rocked and staggered
And weren't much use.
He tried to gambol
And frisk a bit,
But he wasn't quite sure
Of the trick of it.
His queer little coat
Was soft and gray
And curled at his neck
In a lovely way.
His face was wistful
And left no doubt
That he felt life needed
Some thinking about.
So he blundered round
In venturesome quest,
And then lay flat
On the ground to rest.
He looked so little
And weak and slim,
I prayed the world
Might be good to him.

Anonymous

Roger the Dog

Asleep he wheezes at his ease.
He only wakes to scratch his fleas.

He hogs the fire, he bakes his head
As if it were a loaf of bread.

He's just a sack of snoring dog.
You can lug him like a log.

You can roll him with your foot,
He'll stay snoring where he's put.

I take him out for exercise,
He rolls in cowclap up to his eyes.

He will not race, he will not romp,
He saves his strength for gobble and chomp.

He'll work as hard as you could wish
Emptying his dinner dish,

Then flops flat, and digs down deep,
Like a miner, into sleep.

Ted Hughes



Lone Dog

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog and lone,
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own!
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;
I love to sit and bay at the moon and keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat.
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door and sharp stone and cuff and kick and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide.
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,
Wide wind and wild stars and the hunger of the quest.

Irene McLeod



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Nash



I've Got a Dog

I've got a dog as thin as a rail,
He's got fleas all over his tail;
Every time his tail goes flop,
The fleas on the bottom all hop to the top.

Anonymous

✓ Bliss

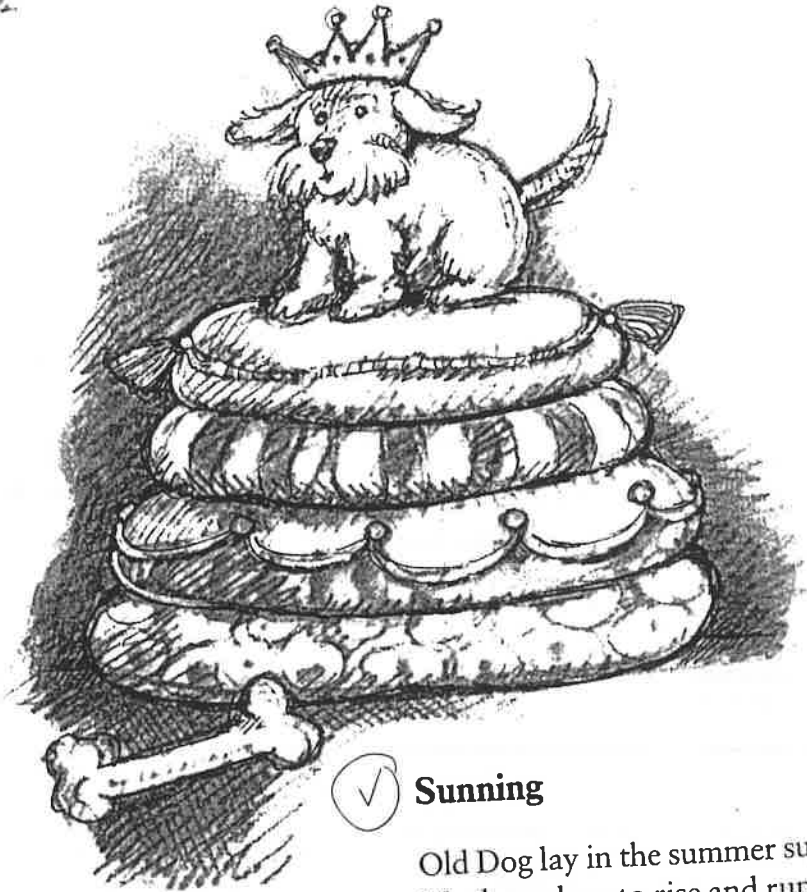
Let me fetch sticks,
Let me fetch stones,
Throw me your bones,
Teach me your tricks.

When you go ride,
Let me go run,
You in the sun,
Me at your side;

When you go swim,
Let me go too
Both lost in blue
Up to the brim;

Let me do this,
Let me do that—
What you are at,
That is my bliss.

Eleanor Farjeon



✓ Sunning

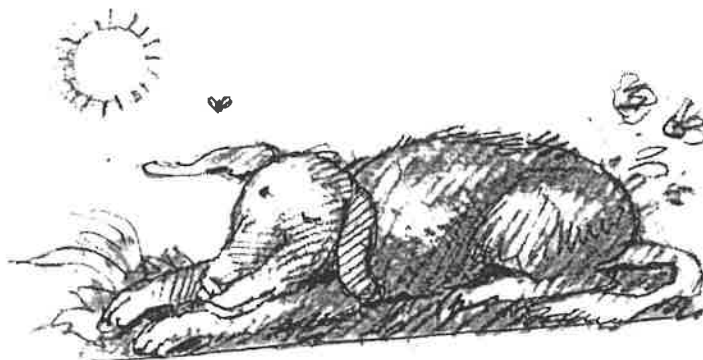
Old Dog lay in the summer sun
Much too lazy to rise and run.
He flapped an ear
At a buzzing fly.
He winked a half opened
Sleepy eye.
He scratched himself
On an itching spot,
As he dozed on the porch
Where the sun was hot.
He whimpered a bit
From force of habit
While he lazily dreamed
Of chasing a rabbit.
But Old Dog happily lay in the sun
Much too lazy to rise and run.

James S. Tippet

His Highness's Dog

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray, tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

Alexander Pope



ants, Although Admirable, Are Awfully Aggravating

The busy ant works hard all day
and never stops to rest or play.
He carries things ten times his size,
and never grumbles, whines or cries.
And even climbing flower stalks,
He always runs, he never walks.
He loves his work, he never tires,
and never puffs, pants or perspires.
Yet though I praise his boundless vim
I am not really fond of him.

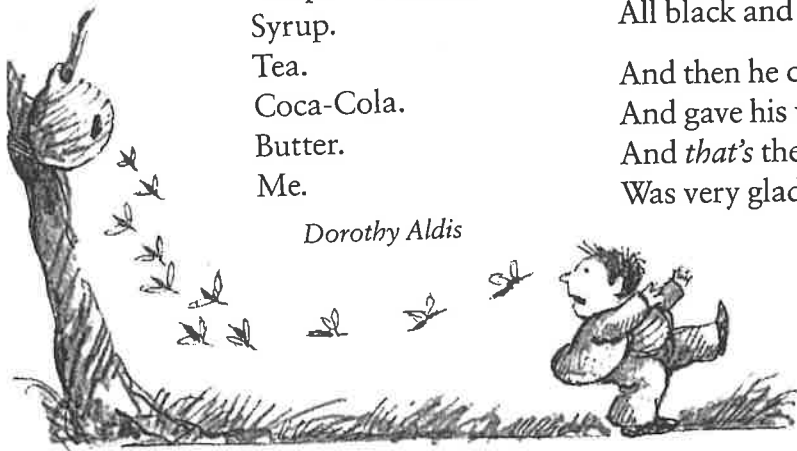
Walter R. Brooks



Wasps

Wasps like coffee.
Syrup.
Tea.
Coca-Cola.
Butter.
Me.

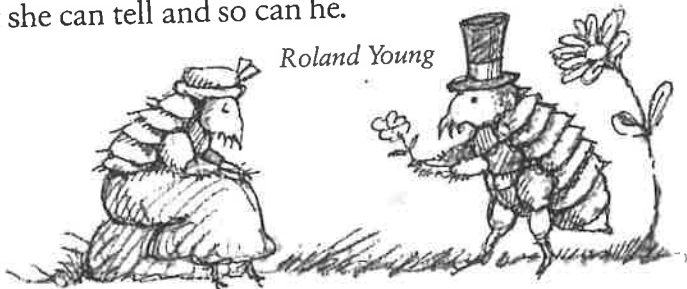
Dorothy Aldis



The Flea

And here's the happy, bounding flea—
You cannot tell the he from she.
The sexes look alike, you see;
But she can tell and so can he.

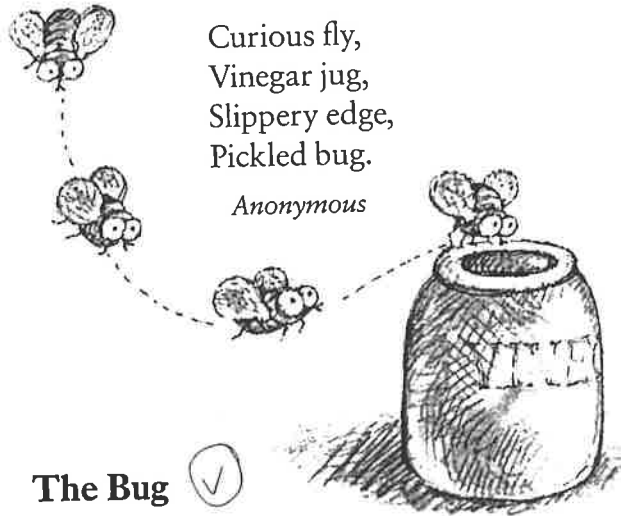
Roland Young



Bug in a Jug

Curious fly,
Vinegar jug,
Slippery edge,
Pickled bug.

Anonymous



The Bug

And when the rain had gone away
And it was shining everywhere,
I ran out on the walk to play
And found a little bug was there.

And he was running just as fast
As any little bug could run,
Until he stopped for breath at last,
All black and shiny in the sun.

And then he chirped a song to me
And gave his wings a little tug,
And *that's* the way he showed that he
Was very glad to be a bug!

Marjorie Barrows

Oh the Toe-Test!

The fly, the fly,
in the wink of an eye,
can taste with his feet
if the syrup is sweet
or the bacon is salty.
Oh is it his fault he
gets toast on his toes
as he tastes as he goes?

Norma Farber



When Mosquitoes

When mosquitoes ma
arms and legs have g

But they stay out whe
That's why mosquito

And if we keep them
they're bound to grov



Sing a Song of People



Sing a song of people
Walking fast or slow;
People in the city,
Up and down they go.

People on the sidewalk,
People on the bus;
People passing, passing,
In back and front of us.
People on the subway
Underneath the ground;
People riding taxis
Round and round and round.

People with their hats on,
Going in the doors;
People with umbrellas
When it rains and pours.
People in tall buildings
And in stores below;
Riding elevators
Up and down they go.

People walking singly,
People in a crowd;
People saying nothing,
People talking loud.
People laughing, smiling,
Grumpy people too;
People who just hurry
And never look at you!

Sing a song of people
Who like to come and go;
Sing of city people
You see but never know!

Lois Lenski



Pigeons

Pigeons are city folk
content
to live with concrete
and cement.

They seldom
try
the sky.

A pigeon never sings
of hill
and flowering hedge,
but busily commutes
from sidewalk
to his ledge.

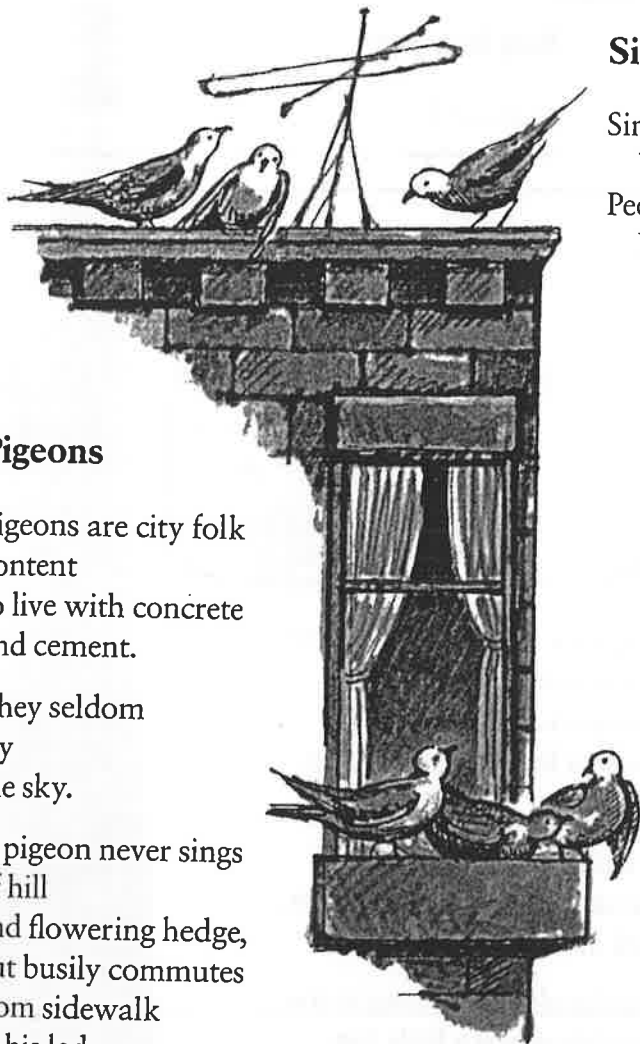
Oh pigeon, what a waste of wings!

Lilian Moore

They've All Gone South

Redbird, bluebird,
Bird with yellow mouth
All the pretty little birds
Have flown away south,
But the little dusty sparrow
With his wings of rusty brown
For some peculiar reason
Lingers in the town
And little city children
Who wouldn't know a robin
From a cuckoo or a crow
Will hear the little sparrows
Chirping in the snow.

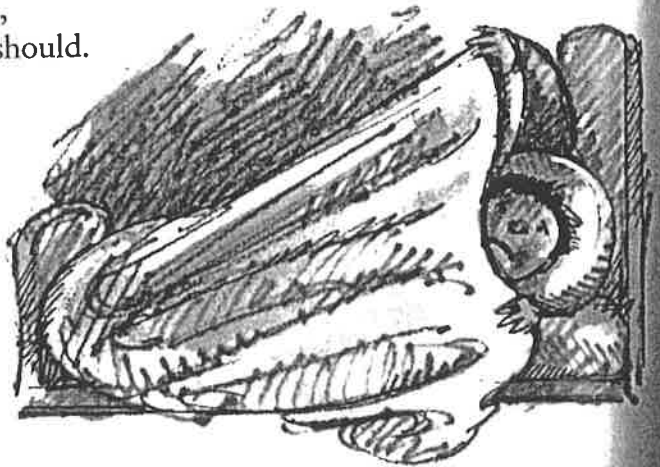
Mary Britton Miller



The Wrong Start

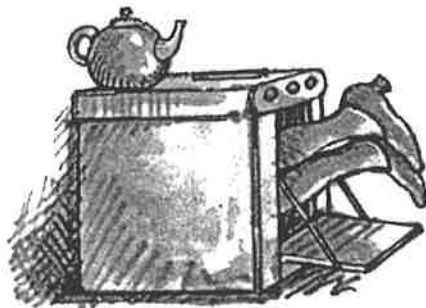
I got up this morning and meant to be good,
But things didn't happen the way that they should.

I lost my toothbrush,
I slammed the door,
I dropped an egg
On the kitchen floor,
I spilled some sugar
And after that
I tried to hurry
And tripped on the cat.



Things may get better. I don't know when.
I think I'll go back and start over again.

Marchette Chute



Mother's Nerves

My mother said, "If just once more
I hear you slam that old screen door,
I'll tear out my hair! I'll dive in the stove!"
I gave it a bang and in she dove.

X. J. Kennedy



John

John could take his clothes off
but could not put them on.

His patient mother dressed him,
and said to little John,

"Now, John! You keep your things on."
But John had long since gone—

and left a trail of sneakers
and small things in the sun,

so she would know to find him
wherever he might run.

And at the end of every trail
stood Mrs. Jones & Son,

she with all his little clothes,
and little John—with none!

For John could take his clothes off
but could not put them on.

His patient mother dressed him
and on went little John—
and on—

and on—

and on—

N. M. Bodecker



Mother Doesn't Want a Dog

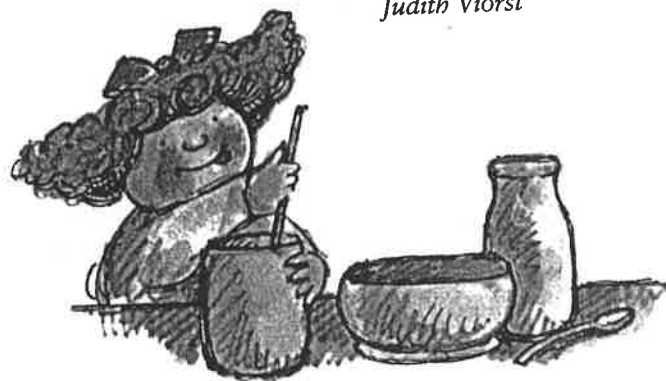


Mother doesn't want a dog.
 Mother says they smell,
 And never sit when you say sit,
 Or even when you yell.
 And when you come home late at night
 And there is ice and snow,
 You have to go back out because
 The dumb dog has to go.

Mother doesn't want a dog.
 Mother says they shed,
 And always let the strangers in
 And bark at friends instead,
 And do disgraceful things on rugs,
 And track mud on the floor,
 And flop upon your bed at night
 And snore their doggy snore.

Mother doesn't want a dog.
 She's making a mistake.
 Because, more than a dog, I think
 She will not want this snake.

Judith Viorst



Amelia Mixed the Mustard

Amelia mixed the mustard,
 She mixed it good and thick;
 She put it in the custard
 And made her Mother sick,
 And showing satisfaction
 By many a loud huzza
 "Observe," said she, "the action
 Of mustard on Mamma."

A. E. Housman

Waking



My secret way of waking
 is like a place
 to hide.
 I'm very still,
 my eyes are shut.
 They all think I am sleeping
 but
 I'm wide awake inside.
 They all think I am sleeping
 but
 I'm wiggling my toes.
 I feel sun-fingers
 on my cheek.
 I hear voices whisper-speak.
 I squeeze my eyes
 to keep them shut
 so they will think I'm sleeping
BUT
 I'm really wide awake inside
 —and no one knows!

Lilian Moore





Hot Line

Our daughter, Alicia,
Had just turned sixteen,
And was earning the title
Of "Telephone Queen."

For her birthday we gave her
Her own private phone
Along with instructions
To leave ours alone.

Now we still catch her using
Our line, with the stall,
"I can't tie mine up, Mom,
I might get a call."

Louella Dunann



ather.
e my hand
gether.

Watson

Homework ¹ ✓

Homework sits on top of Sunday, squashing Sunday flat.
Homework has the smell of Monday, homework's very fat.
Heavy books and piles of paper, answers I don't know.
Sunday evening's almost finished, now I'm going to go
Do my homework in the kitchen. Maybe just a snack,
Then I'll sit right down and start as soon as I run back
For some chocolate sandwich cookies. Then I'll really do
All that homework in a minute. First I'll see what new
Show they've got on television in the living room.
Everybody's laughing there, but misery and gloom
And a full refrigerator are where I am at.
I'll just have another sandwich. Homework's very fat.

Russell Hoban

Homework ² ✓

What is it about homework
That makes me want to write
My Great Aunt Myrt to thank her for
The sweater that's too tight?

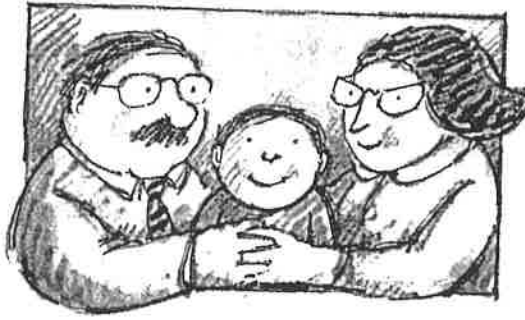
What is it about homework
That makes me pick up socks
That stink from days and days of wear,
Then clean the litter box?

What is it about homework
That makes me volunteer
To take the garbage out before
The bugs and flies appear?

What is it about homework
That makes me wash my hair
And take an hour combing out
The snags and tangles there?

What is it about homework?
You know, I wish I knew,
'Cause nights when I've got homework
I've got much too much to do!

Jane Yolen



The Middle of the Night

This is a song to be sung at night
 When nothing is left of you and the light
 When the cats don't bark
 And the mice don't moo
 And the nightmares come and nuzzle you
 When there's blackness in the cupboards
 And the closet and the hall
 And a tipping, tapping, rapping
 In the middle of the wall
 When the lights have one by one gone out
 All over everywhere
 And a shadow by the curtains
 Bumps a shadow by the chair
 Then you hide beneath your pillow
 With your eyes shut very tight
 And you sing
 "There's nothing sweeter than
 The middle of the night.
 I'm extremely fond of shadows
 And I really must confess
 That cats and bats don't scare me.
 Well, they couldn't scare me less
 And most of all I like the things
 That slide and slip and creep."
 It really is surprising
 How fast you fall asleep.

Karla Kuskin



Two People

She reads the paper,
 while he turns on TV;
 she likes the mountains,
 he craves the sea.

He'd rather drive,
 she'll take the plane;
 he waits for sunshine;
 she walks in the rain.

He gulps down cold drinks,
 she sips at hot;
 he asks, "Why go?"
 She asks, "Why not?"

In just about everything
 they disagree,
 but they love one another
 and they both love me.

Eve Merriam

Our House

Our house is small—
 The lawn and all
 Can scarcely hold the flowers,
 Yet every bit,
 The whole of it,
 Is precious, for it's ours!

From door to door,
 From roof to floor,
 From wall to wall we love it;
 We wouldn't change
 For something strange
 One shabby corner of it!

The space complete
 In cubic feet
 From cellar floor to rafter
 Just measures right,
 And not too tight,
 For us, and friends, and laughter!

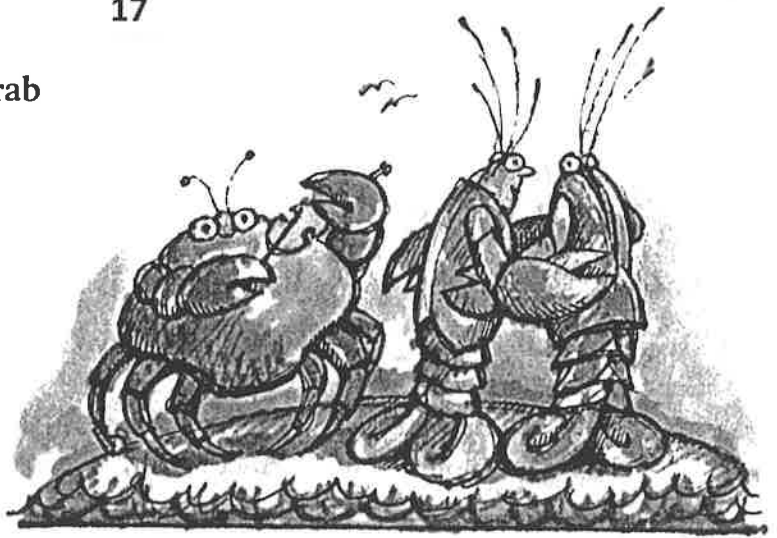
Dorothy Brown Thompson

The Lobsters and the Fiddler Crab

The lobsters came ashore one night
 In the merry month of June,
 And coaxed the fiddler crab to play
 A rollicking tango tune.

The lobsters danced, the fiddler played
 Till morning, rosy red,
 Chased the dancers into the sea
 And the fiddler home to bed!

Frederick J. Forster



The Common Cormorant

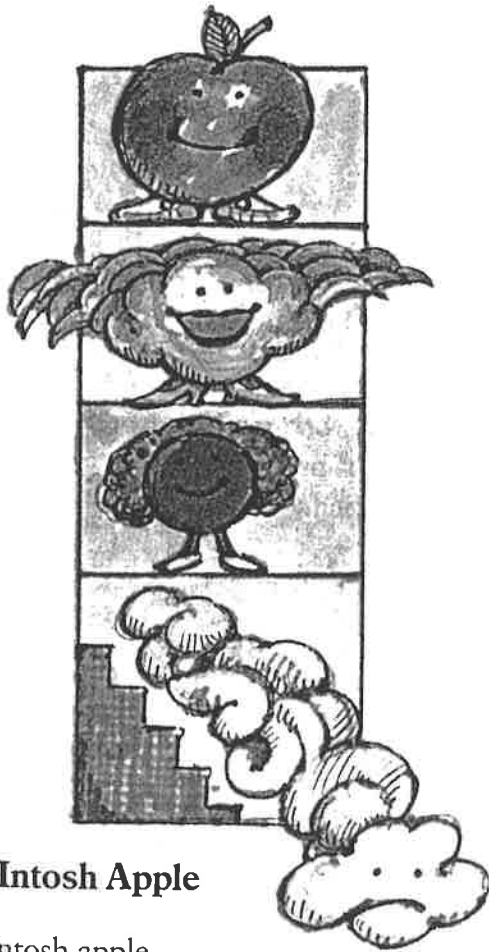
The common cormorant or shag
 Lays eggs inside a paper bag
 The reason you will see no doubt
 It is to keep the lightning out.
 But what these unobservant birds
 Have never noticed is that herds
 Of wandering bears may come with buns
 And steal the bags to hold the crumbs.

Christopher Isherwood

On the Ning Nang Nong

On the Ning Nang Nong
 Where the Cows go Bong!
 And the Monkeys all say Boo!
 There's a Nong Nang Ning
 Where the trees go Ping!
 And the tea pots Jibber Jabber Joo.
 On the Nong Ning Nang
 All the mice go Clang!
 And you just can't catch 'em when they do!
 So it's Ning Nang Nong!
 Cows go Bong!
 Nong Nang Ning!
 Trees go Ping!
 Nong Ning Nang!
 The mice go Clang!
 What a noisy place to belong,
 Is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong! !

Spike Milligan



McIntosh Apple

McIntosh apple
 Has nice rosy cheeks
 Romaine lettuce
 Turns green when she speaks
 Cherry tomato
 Has gorgeous red hair
 But I'm mashed potatoes
 And fall down the stairs.

Steven Kroll

Alligator Pie

Alligator pie, alligator pie,
If I don't get some I think I'm gonna die.
Give away the green grass, give away the sky,
But don't give away my alligator pie.

Alligator stew, alligator stew,
If I don't get some I don't know what I'll do.
Give away my furry hat, give away my shoe,
But don't give away my alligator stew.

Alligator soup, alligator soup,
If I don't get some I think I'm gonna droop.
Give away my hockey-stick, give away my hoop,
But don't give away my alligator soup.

Dennis Lee



Did You Ever Go Fishing?

Did you ever go fishing on a bright sunny day—
Sit on a fence and have the fence give way?
Slide off the fence and rip your pants,
And see the little fishes do the hootchy-kootchy dance?

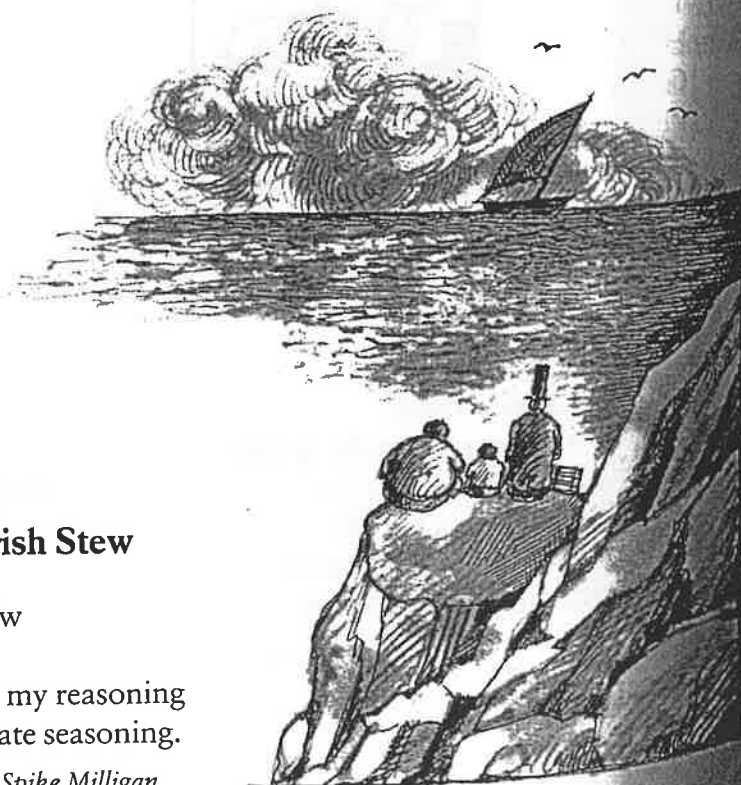
Anonymous

Beela by the Sea

Catch a floater, catch an eel,
Catch a lazy whale,
Catch an oyster by the heel
And put him in a pail.

There's lots of work for Uncle Ike,
Fatty Ford and me
All day long and half the night
At Beela by the sea.

Leroy F. Jackson



You Must Never Bath in an Irish Stew

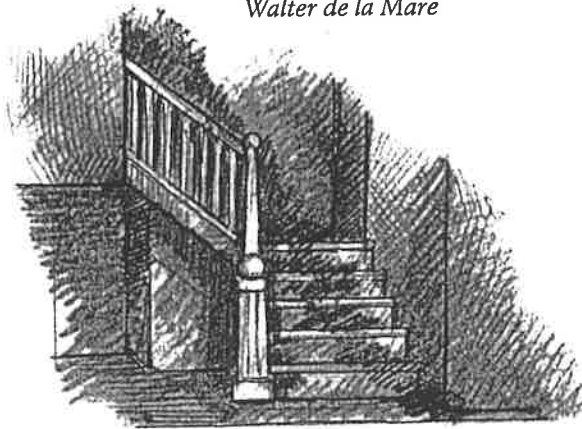
You must never bath in an Irish Stew
It's a most illogical thing to do
But should you persist against my reasoning
Don't fail to add the appropriate seasoning.

Spike Milligan

✓ **Some One**

Some one came knocking
 At my wee, small door;
 Some one came knocking,
 I'm sure—sure—sure;
 I listened, I opened,
 I looked to left and right,
 But naught there was a-stirring
 In the still dark night;
 Only the busy beetle
 Tap-tapping in the wall,
 Only from the forest
 The screech-owl's call,
 Only the cricket whistling
 While the dewdrops fall,
 So I know not who came knocking,
 At all, at all, at all.

Walter de la Mare



Ghosts

A cold and starry darkness moans
 And settles wide and still
 Over a jumble of tumbled stones
 Dark on a darker hill.
 An owl among those shadowy walls,
 Gray against the gray
 Of ruins and brittle weeds, calls
 And soundless swoops away.
 Rustling over scattered stones
 Dancers hover and sway,
 Drifting among their own bones
 Like webs of the Milky Way.

Harry Behm



Something Is There

Something is there
 there on the stair
 coming down
 coming down
 stepping with care.
 Coming down
 coming down
 slinkety-sly.

Something is coming and wants to get by.

Lilian Moore

The Horseman

I heard a horseman
 Ride over the hill;
 The moon shone clear,
 The night was still;
 His helm was silver,
 And pale was he;
 And the horse he rode
 Was of ivory.

Walter de la Mare

✓ **The Creature in the Classroom**

It appeared inside our classroom
at a quarter after ten,
it gobbled up the blackboard,
three erasers and a pen.
It gobbled teacher's apple
and it bopped her with the core.
"How dare you!" she responded.
"You must leave us . . . there's the door."

The Creature didn't listen
but described an arabesque
as it gobbled all her pencils,
seven notebooks and her desk.
Teacher stated very calmly,
"Sir! You simply cannot stay,
I'll report you to the principal
unless you go away!"

But the thing continued eating,
it ate paper, swallowed ink,
as it gobbled up our homework
I believe I saw it wink.
Teacher finally lost her temper.
"OUT!" she shouted at the creature.
The creature hopped beside her
and GLOPP . . . it swallowed teacher.

Jack Prelutsky



Dinky

O what's the weather in a Beard?
It's windy there, and rather weird,
And when you think the sky has cleared
—Why, there is Dirty Dinky.

Suppose you walk out in a Storm,
With nothing on to keep you warm,
And then step barefoot on a Worm
—Of course, it's Dirty Dinky.

As I was crossing a hot hot Plain,
I saw a sight that caused me pain,
You asked me before,
I'll tell you again:
—It *looked* like Dirty Dinky.

Last night you lay a-sleeping?
No! The room was thirty-five below;
The sheets and blankets turned to snow.
—He'd got in: Dirty Dinky.

You'd better watch the things you do,
You'd better watch the things you do.
You're part of him; he's part of you
—You may be Dirty Dinky.

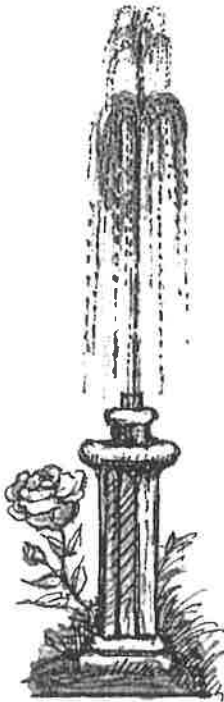
Theodore Roethke

Arithmetic

Arithmetic is where numbers fly
 like pigeons in and out of your head.
 Arithmetic tells you how many you lose or win
 if you know how many you had
 before you lost or won.
 Arithmetic is seven eleven all good children
 go to heaven—or five six bundle of sticks.
 Arithmetic is numbers you squeeze from your
 head to your hand to your pencil to your paper
 till you get the right answer. . . .
 If you have two animal crackers, one good and one bad,
 and you eat one and a striped zebra
 with streaks all over him eats the other,
 how many animal crackers will you have
 if somebody offers you five six seven and you say
 No no no and you say Nay nay nay
 and you say Nix nix nix?
 If you ask your mother for one fried egg
 for breakfast and she gives you
 two fried eggs and you eat
 both of them, who is better in arithmetic,
 you or your mother?

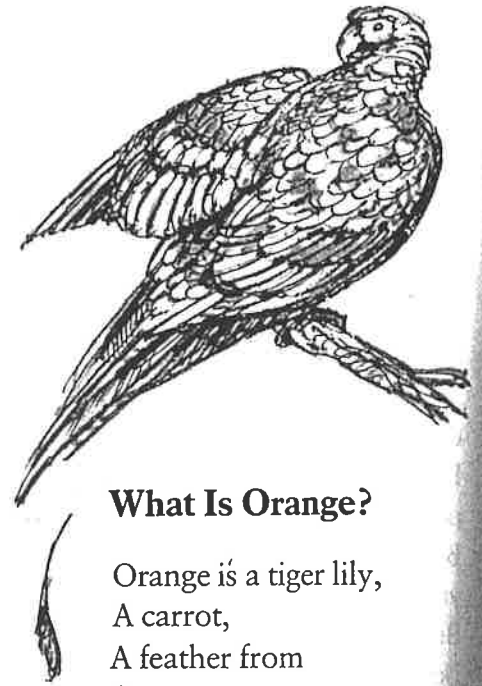
Carl Sandburg

✓ What Is Pink?



What is pink? A rose is pink
 By the fountain's brink.
 What is red? A poppy's red
 In its barley bed.
 What is blue? The sky is blue
 Where the clouds float through.
 What is white? A swan is white
 Sailing in the light.
 What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
 Rich and ripe and mellow.
 What is green? The grass is green,
 With small flowers between.
 What is violet? Clouds are violet
 In the summer twilight.
 What is orange? Why, an orange,
 Just an orange!

Christina Rossetti



What Is Orange?

Orange is a tiger lily,
 A carrot,
 A feather from
 A parrot,
 A flame,
 The wildest color
 You can name.
 Orange is a happy day
 Saying good-by
 In a sunset that
 Shocks the sky.
 Orange is brave
 Orange is bold
 It's bittersweet
 And marigold.
 Orange is zip
 Orange is dash
 The brightest stripe
 In a Roman sash.
 Orange is an orange
 Also a mango
 Orange is music
 Of the tango.
 Orange is the fur
 Of the fiery fox,
 The brightest crayon
 In the box.
 And in the fall
 When the leaves are turning
 Orange is the smell
 Of a bonfire burning. . . .

Mary O'Neill

The Library



It looks like any building
When you pass it on the street,
Made of stone and glass and marble,
Made of iron and concrete.

But once inside you can ride
A camel or a train,
Visit Rome, Siam, or Nome,
Feel a hurricane,
Meet a king, learn to sing,
How to bake a pie,
Go to sea, plant a tree,
Find how airplanes fly,
Train a horse, and of course
Have all the dogs you'd like,
See the moon, a sandy dune,
Or catch a whopping pike.
Everything that books can bring
You'll find inside those walls.
A world is there for you to share
When adventure calls.

You cannot tell its magic
By the way the building looks,
But there's wonderment within it,
The wonderment of books.

Barbara A. Huff

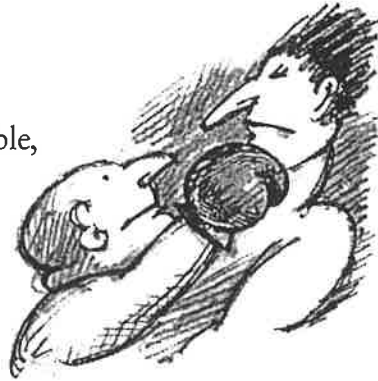
Yellow

Green is go,
and red is stop,
and yellow is peaches
with cream on top.

Earth is brown,
and blue is sky;
yellow looks well
on a butterfly.

Clouds are white,
black, pink, or mocha;
yellow's a dish of
tapioca.

David McCord



The Knockout

The shortest fight
I ever saw
Was a left to the body
And a right to the jaw.

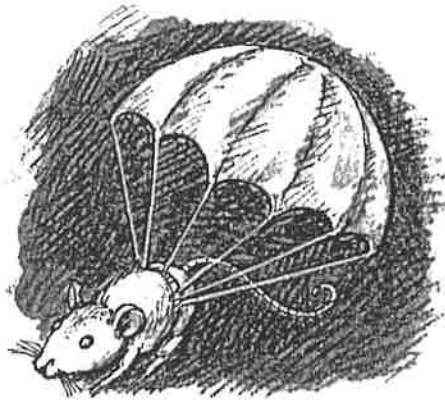
Lillian Morrison

Foul Shot

With two 60's stuck on the scoreboard
And two seconds hanging on the clock,
The solemn boy in the center of eyes,
Squeezed by silence,
Seeks out the line with his feet,
Soothes his hands along his uniform,
Gently drums the ball against the floor,
Then measures the waiting net,
Raises the ball on his right hand,
Balances it with his left,
Calms it with fingertips,
Breathes,
Crouches,
Waits,
And then through a stretching of stillness
Nudges it upward.

The ball slides up and out.
Lands,
Leans,
Wobbles,
Wavers,
Hesitates,
Exasperates,
Plays it coy
Until every face begs with unsounding
screams—
And then
And then,
And then,
Right before ROAR-UP,
Dives down and through.

Edwin A. Hoey



✓ **Message from a Mouse,
Ascending in a Rocket**

Attention, architect!
Attention, engineer!
A message from mouse,
Coming clear:

“Suggest installing
Spike or sprocket
Easily turned by
A mouse in a rocket;
An ejection gadget
Simple to handle
To free mouse quickly
From this space-age ramble.
Suggest packing
For the next moon trip
A mouse-sized parachute
Somewhere in the ship,
So I can descend
(When my fear comes strong)
Back to earth where I was born.
Back to the cheerful world of cheese
And small mice playing,
And my wife waiting.”

Patricia Hubbell



From a Railway Carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!

Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

Robert Louis Stevenson

✓ **The Toad**

In days of old, those far off times
Of high romance and magic,
A toad was an enchanted prince,
A transformation tragic.

Today the toad is studied as
A scientific topic—
No prince is found, although we look
With vision microscopic.

And yet, the prince is there—he's there
As clearly as can be.
Forget your microscope, my friend,
And use your mind to see!

Robert S. Oliver

A Football Game

It's the might, it's the fight
 Of two teams who won't give in—
 It's the roar of the crowd
 And the "Go, fight, win!"

It's the bands, it's the stands,
 It's the color everywhere.
 It's the whiff, it's the sniff
 Of the popcorn on the air.
 It's a thrill, it's a chill,
 It's a cheer and then a sigh;
 It's that deep, breathless hush
 When the ball soars high.

Yes, it's more than a score,
 Or a desperate grasp at fame;
 Fun is King, win or lose—
 That's a football game!

Alice Van Eck



Maps

High adventure
 And bright dream—
 Maps are mightier
 Than they seem:

Ships that follow
 Leaning stars—
 Red and gold of
 Strange bazaars—

Ice floes hid
 Beyond all knowing—
 Planes that ride where
 Winds are blowing!

Train maps, maps of
 Wind and weather,
 Road maps—taken
 Altogether

Maps are really
 Magic wands
 For home-staying
 Vagabonds!

Dorothy Brown Thompson

If Once You Have Slept on an Island

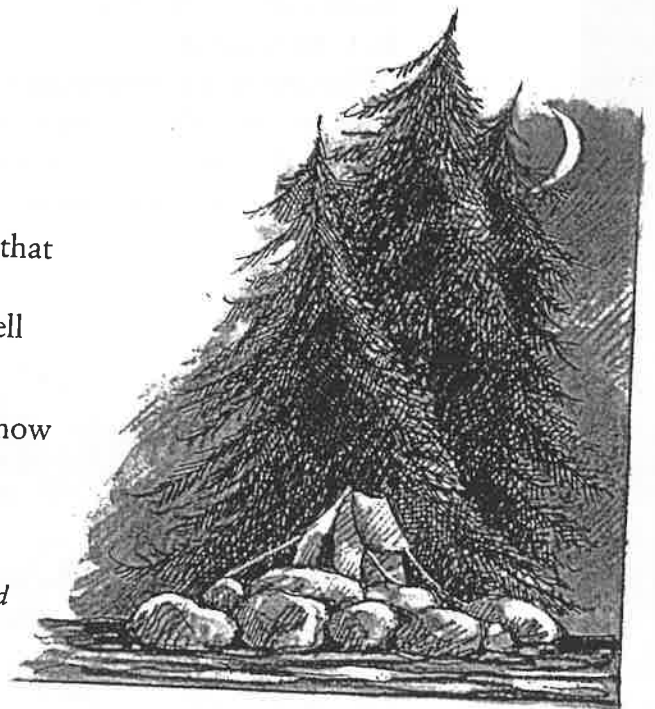
If once you have slept on an island
 You'll never be quite the same;
 You may look as you looked the day before
 And go by the same old name,

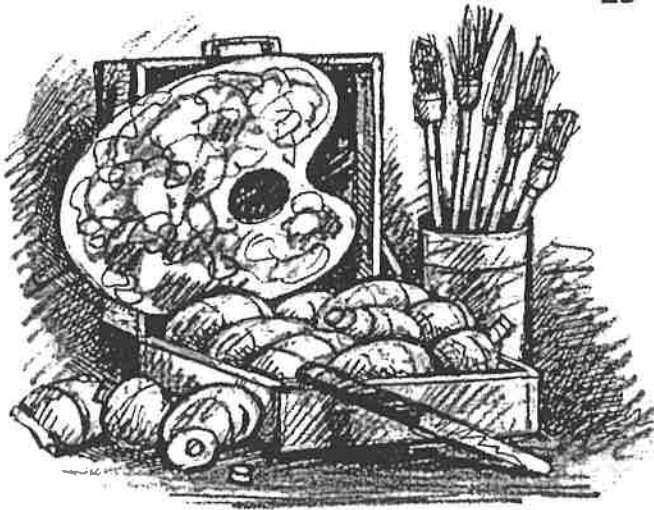
You may bustle about in street and shop;
 You may sit at home and sew,
 But you'll see blue water and wheeling gulls
 Wherever your feet may go.

You may chat with the neighbors of this and that
 And close to your fire keep,
 But you'll hear ship whistle and lighthouse bell
 And tides beat through your sleep.

Oh, you won't know why, and you can't say how
 Such change upon you came,
 But—once you have slept on an island
 You'll never be quite the same!

Rachel Field





The Paint Box

“Cobalt and umber and ultramarine,
Ivory black and emerald green—
What shall I paint to give pleasure to you?”
“Paint for me somebody utterly new.”

“I have painted you tigers in crimson and white.”
“The colors were good and you painted aright.”
“I have painted the cook and a camel in blue
And a panther in purple.” “You painted them true.

“Now mix me a color that nobody knows,
And paint me a country where nobody goes.
And put in it people a little like you,
Watching a unicorn drinking the dew.”

E. V. Rieu

✓ Keep a Poem in Your Pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket
and a picture in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you
the little picture bring to you
a dozen dreams to dance to you
at night when you're in bed.

So—

Keep a picture in your pocket
and a poem in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

To Dark Eyes Dreaming

Dreams go fast and far
these days.
They go by rocket thrust.
They go arrayed
in lights
or in the dust of stars.
Dreams, these days,
go fast and far.
Dreams are young, these days,
or very old,
They can be black
or blue or gold.
They need no special charts,
nor any fuel.
It seems, only one rule applies,
to all our dreams—
They will not fly except in open sky.
A fenced-in dream
will die.

Zilpha Keatley Snyder

