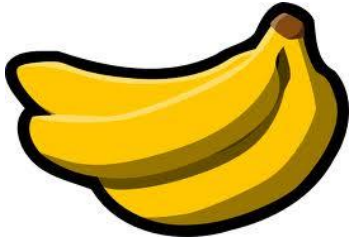


March for Drum, Trumpet, and Twenty-One Giants (C.S. Lewis)

With stumping stride in pomp and pride
We come to thump and floor ye:
We'll bump your lumpish head to-day
And tramp your ramparts into clay
And as we stamp and romp and play
Our trump'll blow before us—
Oh tramp it, tramp it, tramp it trumpet, trumpet blow before us.



My Banana

(Apologies to R.L.S.)

I have a small banana
that has come to lunch with me,
but what can be the use of it
is more than I can see.

I'll mash it and I'll smash it
and I'll smush it in my cup;
I'll pour my Pepsi on it,
and then I'll drink it up.

War
Bloody, deadly
Fighting, killing, bombing
Destruction, devastation, harmony, unity
Collaborating, cooperating, helping
Serene, calm
Peace



Overdues (Shel Silverstein)

What do I do?
What do I do?
This library book is 42
Years overdue.
I admit that it's mine
But I can't pay the fine—
Should I turn it in
Or hide it again?
What do I do?
What do I do?

Oranges (Jean Little)

I peel oranges neatly.
The sections come apart cleanly, perfectly, in my hands.

When Emily peels an orange, she tears holes in it.
Juice squirts in all directions.

“Kate,” she says, “I don’t know how you do it!”

Emily is my best friend.
I hope she never learns how to peel oranges.

Annabel Lee (Edgar Allan Poe)

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love-
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me-
Yes!- that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.



Rainy Day Bop

Breath
Fogging,
Feet jogging,
Wet street,
Wetter feet,
Diving,
Down
Puddle sounds
Sloshing, washing
Rain falls causing
Rainbow slick,
Get home
Quick.

Hiding in the Bathroom (Kalli Dakos)

I'm hiding in the bathroom,
There's no one here to see,
I'm tired of my classroom,
And I wish they'd set me free.

Free of all those noisy kids
Rattling around the room,
And calling me such awful names—
I'll never last till June!



Free of that darn substitute
Who screeches and who yells...
The bathroom is the nicest place
To sit and wait for bells.

Trimming the Tree

my
spruce,
my little
evergreen, deep
green, black green:
plumped and decked in snow.
two cardinals,
two scarlet puffs
of warmth, apple red,
cranberry red: ornaments on
the
bough.



Why? (Douglas Florian)

*Why did the ghastly ghost say boo?
It got a closer look at you.
Why did the monster screech and scream?
It saw your face inside a dream.
Why did the witch fly on her broom?
She took a peek inside your room.
What gave all the ghouls a scare?
They saw you in your underwear.*

Fire and Ice
Robert Frost

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold to those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

*I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.*

*How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog.*

- Emily Dickinson