

POEMS (*Samples*)

Drawing

Papers of white and paints galore
With colors like fire, the sun knocks on the door.
A field of gold with six strokes of the brush
At the bend in the road, olive trees so lush.

I take another sheet and paint a house of red
A well and a pail, a hen to be fed.
A-cluck cluck clucking the hen does go
But the drawing is small and the egg doesn't show.

More sheets of paper and five big cranes
Ships and trucks, smokestacks and trains.
A railway station, a car with a poodle
Parks, trees, birds, the whole kit and caboodle!

But without some people what'd all of this be?
The towns and the houses, the streets of the city?

The Mosquito

Oh mosquito, tiny little thing
In the thick dark you ready your sting.
Like an airplane you fly around
Making your fiercely buzzing sound.

Oh mosquito, let me be
I want to sleep my fill.
You'll get a little bite of me
I promise you, you will.

I turn on the light
To catch you if I may
Jump with all my might
But there! You flit away!

The Pirate

In the straits of Haiti
An old pirate matey
With his spyglass he searches
For buccaneers as he lurches

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Yo ho ho here I come!
Yo ho ho I hobble on my crutch!
Yo ho ho I've stories to tell and such!

With a ring in your ear
Oh poor pirate dear
You sailed the seas ablaze
To the very end of your days

RIDDLES (*Samples*)

JANUARY

In a sky of green
A sun in good measure
In the freezing scene
A wondrous golden treasure.

What am I?
(AN ORANGE)

APRIL

My name always leaps
And so does my heart.
I don my pretty dress
From hillsides waters depart.

What am I?
(SPRING)

MAY

In the breeze I do blow

My position never changes
From a single one I grow
A thousand color ranges.

What am I?
(A FLOWER)

NOVEMBER

Myriad voices of the sky
So small and yet so true.
We sing a song on high
Falling down and all around you.

What are we?
(RAINDROPS)