

WINDOW

Hope makes itself every day
springs up from the tiniest places
No one gives it to us
we just notice it
quiet in the small moment
The 2-year-old
“kissing the window” he said
because someone he loved
was out there

NAOMI SHIHAB NYE

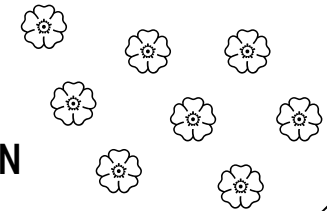


FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE



Once I spoke the language of the flowers,
Once I understood each word the caterpillar said,
Once I smiled in secret at the gossip of the starlings,
And shared a conversation with the housefly in my bed.
Once I heard and answered all the questions of the crickets,
And joined the crying of each falling dying flake of snow,
Once I spoke the language of the flowers. . . .

How did it go?
How did it go?



SHEL SILVERSTEIN

WHY I WAKE EARLY

Hello, sun in my face.
Hello, you who make the morning
and spread it over the fields
and into the faces of the tulips
and the nodding morning glories,
and into the windows of, even, the
miserable and crotchety—

best preacher that ever was,
dear star, that just happens
to be where you are in the universe
to keep us from ever-darkness,
to ease us with warm touching,
to hold us in the great hands of light—
good morning, good morning, good morning.

Watch, now, how I start the day
in happiness, in kindness.

MARY OLIVER



REMEMBER

Remember the sky that you were born under,
know each of the star's stories.
Remember the moon, know who she is.
Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the
strongest point of time. Remember sundown
and the giving away to night.
Remember your birth, how your mother struggled
to give you form and breath. You are evidence of
her life, and her mother's, and hers.
Remember your father. He is your life, also.
Remember the earth whose skin you are:
red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth
brown earth, we are earth.
Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their
tribes, their families, their histories, too. Talk to them,
listen to them. They are alive poems.
Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the
origin of this universe.
Remember you are all people and all people
are you.
Remember you are this universe and this
universe is you.
Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.
Remember language comes from this.
Remember the dance language is, that life is.
Remember.

JOY HARJO



LAUGHING OUT LOUD, I FLY

Laughing out loud, I fly, toward the good things,
to catch Mamá Lucha on the sidewalk, after
school, waiting for the green-striped bus,
on the side of the neighborhood store, next to almonds,
José's tiny wooden mule, the wiseboy from San Diego,
teeth split apart, like mine in the coppery afternoon
it's about 3, the fly smears my ear, but I jump
I am a monkey cartoon or a chile *tamal*, crazy
with paisley patches, infinite flavors cinnamon &
banana ice cream, it's 3 in the afternoon, no, at 5
my mother says she will call me
& arrive, a rainbow.

JUAN FELIPE HERRERA



the butterfly poems

No one believes me when I tell them
I am writing a book about butterflies,
even though they see me with the *Childcraft* encyclopedia
heavy on my lap opened to the pages where
the monarch, painted lady, giant swallowtail and
queen butterflies live. Even one called a buckeye.

When I write the first words
Wings of a butterfly whisper . . .

no one believes a whole book could ever come
from something as simple as
butterflies that *don't even*, my brother says,
live that long.

But on paper, things can live forever.
On paper, a butterfly
never dies.

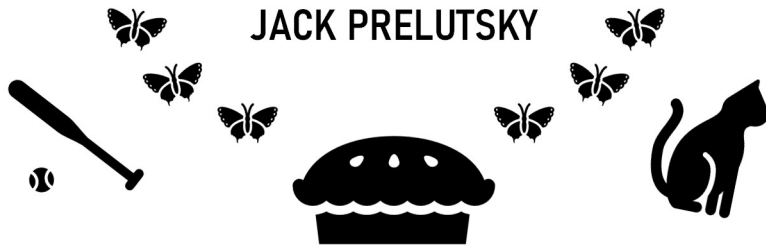


JACQUELINE WOODSON

IF BUTTERFLIES BAKED CHERRY PIES

If butterflies baked cherry pies,
And lemons were not sour,
If baseball bats turned into cats,
And seconds took an hour,
If bumblebees made cottage cheese,
And ice cream was red-hot,
I doubt that I would wonder why
I was confused a lot.

JACK PRELUTSKY



COOL LIKE THAT

I bip I bop	I blat and bap
I hip I hop	those snares I tap
I play and sway	while rappers rap
these drums	'cause I'm cool
all day	like that

VANESSA BRANTLEY-NEWTON



BUDDING SCHOLARS



Welcome, Flowers.
Write your name on a name tag.
Find a seat.



Raise your leaf if you've taken a class here before.
Let's go around the room.
Call out your colors.



I see someone's petal has fallen—
please pick it up and put it in your desk
where it belongs.



Sprinklers at recess,
fertilizer for lunch,
and you may snack on the sun throughout the day.

Excuse me . . .
what's that in your mouth?
A bee?



Did you
bring enough
for everyone?

APRIL HALPRIN WAYLAND

APRIL IS A DOG'S DREAM

april is a dog's dream
the soft grass is growing
the sweet breeze is blowing
the air all full of singing feels just right
so no excuses now
we're going to the park
to chase and charge and chew
and I will make you see
what spring is all about

MARILYN SINGER



THE ROBIN MAKES A LAUGHING SOUND

The robin makes a laughing sound.
It makes me stop and look around
to see just what the robin sees—
fresh new leaves on twigs of trees,
a strong, high branch on which to rest,
a safe dry ledge to hold its nest.
The robin makes a laughing sound.
I stop. I always look around.



SALLIE WOLF

MY ROCK

Summer's ending.

I sit on my desert rock, listen
to the world's hum.
Crows and ravens caw,
finches and sparrows chirp. A dog barks.

Can I face
the halls of judgments?

A breeze strokes my face,
brings me back to spiders
and lizards busy at their chores,
private conversations—
sights and sounds I savor.
This earth, my home.

High on the vast blue canvas,
clouds curl, float.

Taking a deep breath, I gather myself.
I bring what I am.

PAT MORA

