

## Bear In There

from the book "A Light in the Attic" (1981)

There's a Polar Bear  
In our Frigidaire--  
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.  
With his seat in the meat  
And his face in the fish  
And his big hairy paws  
In the buttery dish,  
He's nibbling the noodles,  
He's munching the rice,  
He's slurping the soda,  
He's licking the ice.  
And he lets out a roar  
If you open the door.  
And it gives me a scare  
To know he's in there--  
That Polary Bear  
In our Fridgitydaire.

## The Dream Keeper

Bring me all of your dreams,  
You dreamer,  
Bring me all your  
Heart melodies  
That I may wrap them  
In a blue cloud-cloth  
Away from the too-rough fingers  
Of the world.

Langston Hughes

## Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me Too

Shel Silverstein in "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1974)

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too  
Went for a ride in a flying shoe.  
"Hooray!"  
"What fun!"  
"It's time we flew!"  
Said Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle was captain, and Pickle was crew  
And Tickle served coffee and mulligan stew  
As higher  
And higher  
And higher they flew,  
Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,  
Over the sun and beyond the blue.  
"Hold on!"  
"Stay in!"  
"I hope we do!"  
Cried Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle too  
Never returned to the world they knew,  
And nobody  
Knows what's  
Happened to  
Dear Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

# Recuerdo

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

We were very tired, we were very merry—  
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.  
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—  
But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,  
We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon;  
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.

We were very tired, we were very merry—  
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry;  
And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear,  
From a dozen of each we had bought somewhere;  
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,  
And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry,  
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.  
We hailed, “Good morrow, mother!” to a shawl-covered head,  
And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;  
And she wept, “God bless you!” for the apples and pears,  
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

Ode to a morning in Brazil  
BY PABLO NERUDA

This is morning  
in Brazil. I'm living  
inside a blazing diamond,  
the world's transparency  
has materialized  
above  
my head.

The fringed greenness  
scarcely quivers,  
this murmuring belt  
of jungle:  
there's a breadth of brightness, like a ship  
of heaven, triumphant.

Everything grows--  
trees,  
water,  
insects,  
day itself.  
Everything ends in leaves.  
All  
the cicadas  
that have ever lived  
and died

Ode to Peace and Quiet  
BY PABLO NERUDA

Deep  
restfulness,  
still  
water,  
bright peaceful shade:  
emerging  
from the fray, the way  
lakes emerge from waterfalls,  
merciful reward,  
perfect petal.  
I lie  
face up  
and watch  
the sky stream by.  
Its deep blue mass  
slides past.  
Where is it headed,  
with its fish, its islands  
and estuaries?  
Above me  
the sky,  
below me  
the rustling  
of a desiccated rose.

## **This Is Just To Say**

By [William Carlos Williams](#)

I have eaten  
the plums  
that were in  
the icebox

and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

## **I'm Nobody! Who are you? (260)**

By [Emily Dickinson](#)

I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you – Nobody – too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!  
How public – like a Frog –  
To tell one's name – the livelong June –  
To an admiring Bog!

# My Shadow

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.