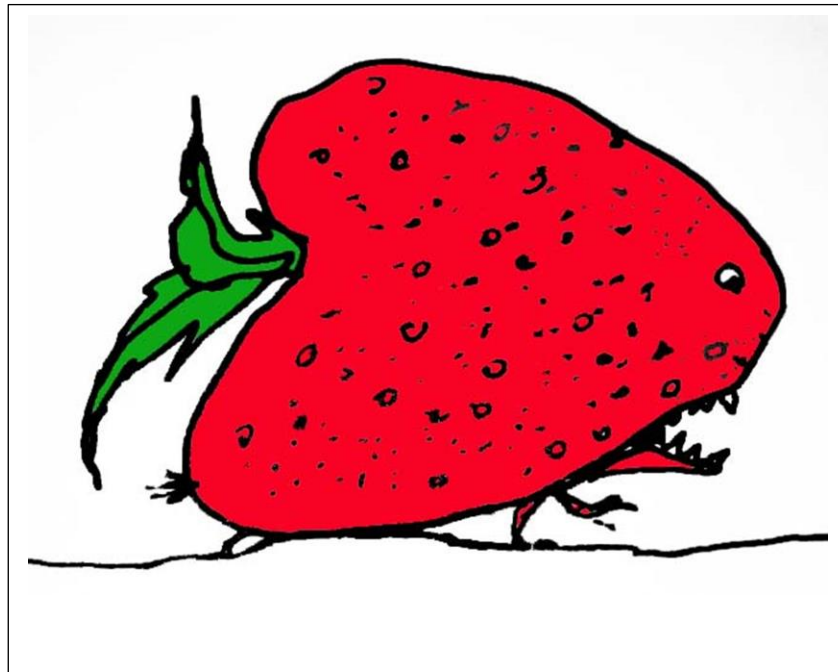


Wild Strawberries

by Shel Silverstein

Are Wild Strawberries really wild?
Will they scratch an adult, will they snap at a child?
Should you pet them, or let them run free where they roam?
Could they ever relax in a steam-heated home?
5 Can they be trained not to growl at the guests?
Will a litterbox work or would they leave a mess?
Can we make them a Cowberry, herding the cows,
Or maybe a Muleberry, pulling the plows,
Or maybe a Huntberry, chasing the grouse,
10 Or maybe a Watchberry, guarding the house,
And though they may curl up at your feet oh so sweetly,
Can you ever feel that you trust them completely?
Or should we make a pet of something less scary,
Like the Domestic Prune or the Imported Cherry,
15 Anyhow, you've been warned and I will not be blamed,
If your Wild Strawberry cannot be tamed.



Bear in There

by Shel Silverstein

There's a Polar Bear
In our Frigidaire--
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.
With his seat in the meat
5 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,
10 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
15 To know he's in there--
That Polary Bear
In our Fridgitydaire.



Night Funeral in Harlem

Langston Hughes

Night funeral
In Harlem:

Where did they get
Them two fine cars?

5 Insurance man, he did not pay -
His insurance lapsed the other day -
Yet they got a satin box
for his head to lay.

10 Night funeral
In Harlem:

Who was it sent
That wreath of flowers?

15 Them flowers came
from that poor boy's friends -
They'll want flowers, too,
When they meet their ends.

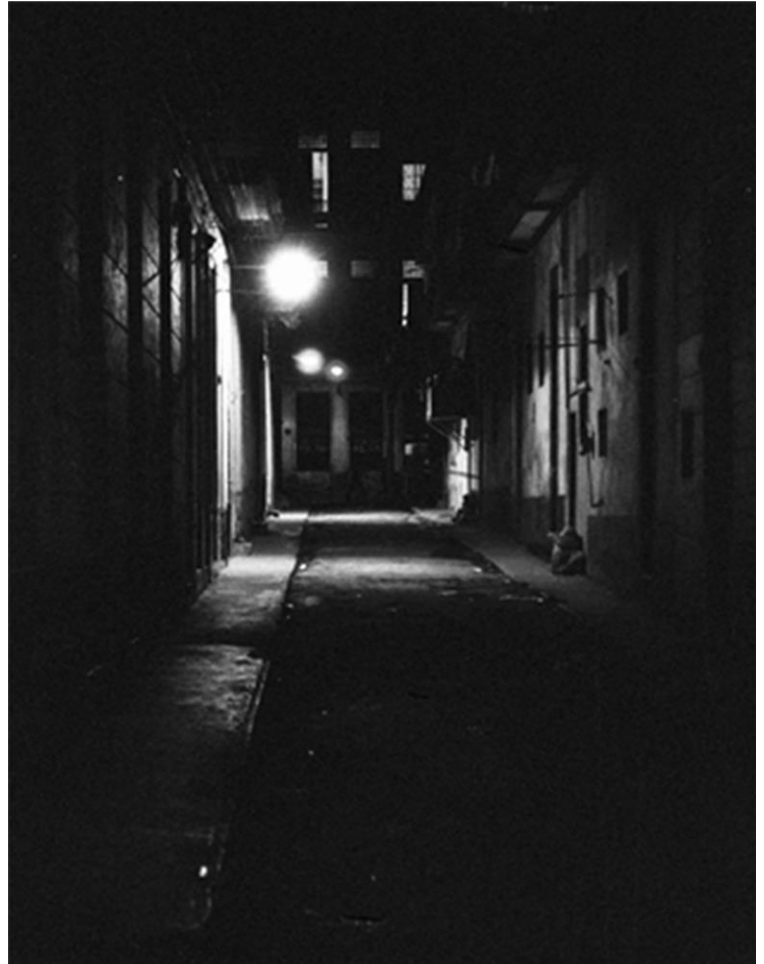
Night funeral
in Harlem:

20 Who preached that
Black boy to his grave?

Old preacher man
Preached that boy away -
Charged Five Dollars
His girlfriend had to pay.

25 Night funeral
In Harlem:

30 When it was all over
And the lid shut on his head
and the organ had done played
and the last prayers been said
and six pallbearers



Carried him out for dead
And off down Lenox Avenue
That long black hearse done sped,

35 The street light
At his corner
Shined just like a tear -

That boy that they was mournin'
Was so dear, so dear
40 To them folks that brought the flowers,
To that girl who paid the preacher man -
It was all their tears that made

That poor boy's
Funeral grand.

45 Night funeral
In Harlem.

From Blossoms

By Li-Young Lee

From blossoms comes
this brown paper bag of peaches
we bought from the boy
at the bend in the road where we turned toward
5 signs painted Peaches.

From laden boughs, from hands,
from sweet fellowship in the bins,
comes nectar at the roadside, succulent
peaches we devour, dusty skin and all,
10 comes the familiar dust of summer, dust we eat.

O, to take what we love inside,
to carry within us an orchard, to eat
not only the skin, but the shade,
not only the sugar, but the days, to hold
15 the fruit in our hands, adore it, then bite into
the round jubilation of peach.

There are days we live
as if death were nowhere
in the background; from joy
20 to joy to joy, from wing to wing,
from blossom to blossom to
impossible blossom, to sweet impossible blossom.

