

Porches by Valerie Worth

On the front porch
Chairs sit still'

The table will receive
Summer drinks;

They wait, arranged,
Strange and polite.

On the back porch
Garden tools spill;

An empty basket
Leans to one side;

The watering can
Rusts among friends.

Nine

Nine is fine
Without a doubt
A wonderful age to be
I know that's what I thought
About eight, seven, six,
Five and four
(Did I think it, too, about three?)
But nine is really fine
Me and these friends of mine
Walk all over the neighborhood
Yes, our parents said we could
We're not babies anymore
We're old enough to know the score
WE don't toe that same old line
Now that we're nine

Missing Mama

last year when Mama died
I went to my room to hide
from the hurt
I closed my door
wasn't going to come out
no more, never
but my uncle he said
you going to get past
this pain

 you going to
push on past this pain
and one of these days
you going to feel like
yourself again
I don't miss a day
remembering Mama
sometimes I cry
but mostly
I think about
the good things
now

Duck by Valerie Worth

When the neat white
Duck walks like a toy
Out of the water
On yellow rubber-skinned feet,

And speaks wet sounds,
Hardly opening
His round-tipped wooden
yellow-painted beak,

And wags his tail,
Flicking the last
Glass water drops
From his flat china back,

Then we would like
To pick him up, take
Him home with us, put him
Away, on a shelf, to keep

Calendar

By Myra Cohn Livingston

January shivers,
February shines,
March blows off
the winter ice,
April makes the
mornings nice,
May is hopscotch lines.

June is
deep blue swimming,
Picnics are July,
August is
my birthday,
September whistles by.

October is
for roller skates,
November is
the fireplace,
December is
the best because
of sleds
and snow
and Santa Claus.

Harriet Tubman

Eloise Greenfield

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And wasn't going to stay one either

"Farewell!" she sang to her friends one night
She was mighty sad to leave 'em
But she ran away that dark, hot night
Ran looking for her freedom
She ran to the woods and she ran through the woods
With the slave catchers right behind her
And she kept on going till she got to the North
Where those mean men couldn't find her

Nineteen times she went back South
To get three hundred others
She ran for her freedom nineteen times
To save Black sisters and brothers
Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And didn't stay one either

And didn't stay one either.

Where Do I Find Poetry?

I open my eyes and what do I see?
Poetry spinning all around me!

In small ants trailing over the ground,
bulldozing dry earth into cave and mound.

In a hundred grains of ocean sand,
that I cradle in the palm of my hand.

In a lullaby of April rain,
tapping softly on my window pane.

In trees dancing on a windy day,
when sky is wrinkled and elephant gray.

Poetry, poetry! Can be found
in, out, and all around.

But take a look inside your heart,
that's where a poem truly likes to start.

—Georgia Heard