

Birdfoot's Grampa

-Joseph Bruchac III

The old man
must have stopped our car
two dozen times to climb out
and gather into his hands
the small toads blinded
by our lights and leaping,
live drops of rain.

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The rain was falling,
a mist about his white hair
and I kept saying
you can't save them all,
accept it, get back in
we've got places to go.

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But, leathery hands full
of wet brown life,
knee deep in the summer
roadside grass,
he just smiled and said
they have places to go to too.

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A Choice of Weapons

-Phyllis McGinley

Sticks and stones are hard on bones,
Aimed with angry art,
Words can sting like anything,
But silence breaks the heart.

Giant Thunder

-James Reeves

Giant Thunder, striding home,
Wonders if his supper's done.

"Hag wife, hag wife, bring me bones!"
They are not done," the old hag moans.

"Not done? Not done?" the giant roars,
And heaves the old wife out of doors.

Cries he, "I'll have them, cooked or not!"
And overturns the cooking pot.

He flings the burning coals about'
See how the lightning flashes out!

Upon the gale the old hag rides,
The clouded moon for terror hides.

All the world with thunder quakes;
Forest shudders, mountain shakes.

From the cloud the rainstorm breaks;
Village ponds are turned to lakes;
Every living creature wakes.

Hungry giant, lie you still!
Stamp no more from hill to hill—
Tomorrow you shall have your fill.

The Porcupine

Any hound a porcupine nudges
Can't be blamed for harboring grudges,
I know one hound that laughed all winter
At a porcupine that sat on a splinter.

Jabberwocky

-Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought--
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Particle man

By John Linnell (TMBG)

Particle man, particle man
Doing the things a particle can
What's he like? It's not important
Particle man

Is he a dot, or is he a speck?
When he's underwater does he get wet?
Or does the water get him instead?
Nobody knows, Particle man

Triangle man, Triangle man
Triangle man hates particle man
They have a fight, Triangle wins
Triangle man

Universe man, Universe man
Size of the entire universe man
Usually kind to smaller man
Universe man

He's got a watch with a minute hand,
Millenium hand and an eon hand
When they meet it's a happy land
Powerful man, universe man

Person man, person man
Hit on the head with a frying pan
Lives his life in a garbage can
Person man

Is he depressed or is he a mess?
Does he feel totally worthless?
Who came up with person man?
Degraded man, person man

Triangle man, triangle man
Triangle man hates person man
They have a fight, triangle wins
Triangle man

