

*HOME POEMS for young Readers*

*HOMESAFE*

When I am walking home at night  
Light cuts through bright  
Through the dark-gone world  
Tossing shadows at day's unfurl  
    Hissing traffic snarls and spit  
    And screams at stoplights that they hit  
    Warning the wearying on their way  
    Rudely ends this unkind day  
Orange squares shine where windows were  
And some are blue where TVs blur  
Grimming, tall buildings higher rise  
Glooming below the homeward sigh  
    Ghoulish glow the phonedlit faces  
    With no body in their places  
    Whine to no one who is here  
    With their buds deep in their ear  
Above in high sky, gray buildings done  
Then vanish black, with night as one  
Devoured in darkness, my own two feet  
Eaten by the grimming street

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Sudden monster eyes see white  
Slice at me through starving night  
Honking beasts will run me down  
And I'm cold sure I'll not be found  
I've lost my home in fullest glooming  
And lost myself, my fear is dooming  
I am gone and won't be right  
Til I can tell myself from night  
A warmth familiar ticks inside  
Keeping me from night's dark ride  
Moving me I pick up pace  
Showing me my every place  
Gathered from hope, here appears in sight  
Made from nothing and the night  
Front door opens with welcoming swells,  
Tight mom hugs, warm homey smells  
Fill the empty lost I'd roam  
Breathe on me the breath of home  
My fear retreats and sure grows thinner  
Nothing loves me now like dinner

**WHAT IS MY DOG THINKING?**

What is my dog thinking when he barks at thin air?  
Or when he's in a ball of sleep  
    Paws out running nowhere?  
Or when he growls at my pal Dan,  
    Who comes to my party, ribboned gift in han'?  
Or licks my face with wet towel tongue?  
Or howls and yeowls while I've sung?

Could be a bad smell in the air,  
    Far beyond what my nose knows  
    And so my doggy's warning Ya-ooooos  
    To let me know foul air is there?  
        Yes, I think it must be true,  
        And so bad air gets a bark or two.

His sleeping paws, they run for rabbit,  
    That is his dog hunting dreams of habit.

He growls at Dan  
    And at Kathy Gee and Carey Ho.  
        My dog he snarls at all I know;  
I think that in his doggy way  
    He has to say:  
        Kids are here to snack and play  
        But I'm the one who'll stay and stay.

And he grunts at postman Wills,  
    Who must have brought a ton of bills.  
And when he howls out at my song,  
    It's not because I'm singing wrong,  
I think my dog would sing along.  
    He licks my face for love of me,  
    And hopes that I his doglife see.

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What does my dear dog think of me,  
When I laugh at our TV,  
Where no one smells or offers treat?  
He must think my mind's deplete.

When I weeping sleep in midnight sprawl,  
And often for my mom, I call,  
Cuz from a monster I am runny,  
And have not one dream of a bunny;  
He must think this sad, not funny.

Or when I read a crummy book,  
And for hours and hours I look  
At rows of black bugs on white sheet,  
He must think I'm dumb, but sweet.

What does he think? I pause anew  
Give my fur a scratch or two  
Let a howl out, Rrrar – arooo!  
Holding a stick that dribbles blue  
Which is my pen,  
To write of him, I do;  
He must think it is all for love of him  
Which of course is true.

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*FALLing*

Here comes fall.

The coming leaves my throat too small  
Without summer's wide and happy hoots.  
Feet stuck stiff in rubber boots  
Not bare-fast for games of tag.

Turtle packs of homework, books in bag,  
I go so slow, I limp, I lag,  
Shuffling hunchy off to class,  
Cross the brunt of summer grass,  
How'd it get so cold so fast?  
I was sure summer would last.

Wasn't I just wiping off  
Ice cream drips from my shirt cuff?  
Wasn't it just summer?  
Fall is such a total bummer

Here comes fall.

And I don't like wool clothes all.  
They itch and kritch at every stitch  
While mungo leaves rot in the ditch.  
Stray ones kick up as I go,  
Breaking down my fallen foe,  
Crunching twigs upon my way,  
Through slanting light of autumn day.  
Where once my backyard pool did lay  
Where shouted down was every cloud  
That took our sun, and fun did shroud  
Or was it just that we just loud...?

I'm miss my plaid best bathingsuit  
With yellow dots, it was a bute...

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Now I think not even cute.  
My summer messes very fast,  
Can't sort the mem'ries so they last  
Or hang around at all  
Into fall.

Here comes fall.

Its school supplies pack full the mall  
With glimmery tape and gleaming pencil  
I don't need but want it all!

By the park plods my pal Doone  
Whom I haven't seen since June.  
And there too is my friend Jim  
I sigh and laugh how I have missed them.

I wave and give my full report  
"Summer's always way too short."

We quiet mourn, no need to talk,  
While jumping leafstains on our walk,  
Hopping gold on fallen glory

Share we our bestest summer story:

How I ate ice cream, slurpy lick,  
Till I fell down all woozy sick!

And once stayed swimming in the park,  
And would not leave till after dark --

My suit was lost and I was stark!

We find our laughter now comes fast,  
For our summer that is past  
For that of which will never last  
All through fall.

Giggles splutter suddenly,  
As we gasp at tops of tree,

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Burning crimson awes we three.  
My boots I now stamp gratefully  
They romp and clomp to keep me warm  
Neath grand sky framed by bare branchform  
We laughing in our gleaming smiles,  
    Shuffle gold though leafy piles  
    Then jump a lump of leaves.  
    Beneath them summer heaves  
    A few green leaves and sighs  
        I take their crackles as goodbyes.

Off to burnt wood spicy smell,  
Of pencils sharpened very well.  
Of to new boots clicking the floor  
To mark our moves. How I adore  
The cracking back of my new book,  
And waving out a welcome look  
To the new kid next to me.  
I look around and hear and see  
The newest screech of board chalk,  
Whisper-giggles as teachers talk  
    As we school us all together  
    In this golden change of weather,  
    While I cuddle in wooly sweater,  
    While old leaf musk hangs in hair,  
    While fall is falling every where.

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**LIFESIGNS**

I love how cats roll in a ball  
Just orange fur silk and nose that's all  
How my Mom's hugs smell sweet of pies  
And how somehow she knows my lies  
    From my blushing look of shame?  
    How she forgives me all the same  
How Dad can toss me to the skys  
    No matter how great big my size  
The cracking back of a brandnew book  
The big ka-splat of a wet dog shook  
The empty pack on Friday's back  
Gold peaking stars in night's deep black  
My birthday cake with candles blazing  
    My friends agrin through the candlehazing  
Hearing Christmas on my roof  
    In the tapping of a hoof  
A heavy bag of trickortreats  
The clicking of new soccer cleats  
Reading at night by my flashlight  
The vanishing tail of a milehigh kite  
Gramp's tales of war and wise  
Any kind of good surprise  
The I-missed-you look in my friend's eyes



*TALK TO ME LIKE THE RAIN*

Talk to me like the rain,  
Wash your words over me in your tears  
In sighs you speak  
    But still I hear you say  
    You've been too long away  
    In a strange and far off place  
    With not one familiar face  
    Now not even your own  
You've lost you  
    to the too much and too new  
But I'll bring you back  
Hugging you hard in my arms  
    Until you're all and safe at home in me

Whisper to me like the wild wind  
In a long rustling sigh  
In a sound unknown to words  
But blows out the longhot bonetired

Done

But what's next is not yet here  
We felt like ghost for staying near  
    And so we became long on longing  
    How we used to wish  
    On every found penny in a wishing well  
    Snaped wishbone and ringing bell  
Willing ourselves away from here from anywhere from a wilting august hot day  
To our winter fancy where we were snow angels at play  
But we'll do it now and roll around down in the white sands  
    And turn hope over into a playful powdery beach  
    of summer snow  
How to wish we know

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Give me your secrets in a giggle  
Yours crushes your favorites your hatefuls  
Always you'd tell me half  
  the other wiggles  
      Into the palm of your hand  
But I've always saved your secrets and  
Even if I didn't know them  
Not a word, saying nothing  
      Yet knowing in your silent stares  
      They say dad's not there  
      In a hurt sigh  
      Say why, why did mom forgot something, my lunch,  
                                  everything  
That awkward laugh that's way too high  
      That weird answer that's far too long  
In it you say  
                                  You feel all wrong  
                                  It's too hard to be you today

We can get to that Other Place  
      Here or there  
      Together  
My friend,  
      In silence  
      In everywhere,  
I have you in my heart,  
Where I hear you always  
      Always near.