

FEELIN'S

A fox, an ox, and a crocodile
All met to visit for a while
They each were sad, and shared their grief
Of being judged by wrong belief

The fox said, "Everyone I know
Says I am sly, and it's not so
It makes me feel, like I'm a sneak
When really, I am kind and meek

The ox then slowly cleared his throat
"You know what really get's my goat?"
The goat said, "Hey don't judge me man!"
(He'd just walked up and joined the clan)

The ox replied, "I'm sorry dude
It's just that people are so rude"
"He's dumber than an ox", they say
It hurts me - 'cause that's not okay

The Croc just nodded, and agreed
"You're right, it really hurts, indeed!
They say my tears are all just fake
And when I cry, it's hard to take!"

Now sticks and stones can make you sore
But words can hurt you even more
The things we say become so real
They either hurt - or help us heal!

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Unseen by Amber Smith

I walk down the hall,
and all I see,
are people I know,
but they don't know me.
I am unseen.
I say "HI", they say nothing.
When I walk, we bump shoulders,
when I turn they are gone.
Why does this happen to me?
It is because I am unseen,
but it is not so bad being unseen,
you see, there are more just like me.
We stay, out of the way, for fear of laughter.
We do our best to fit in,
and end up in the same place.
So who do we hang out with?
It is the people we are,
we are The Unseen.

BEAUTY AND UGLY

By David H. Scott

Beauty and Ugly went out for a swim
They put all their clothes on a low hanging limb

Soon Ugly climbed out (he was ready for bed)
He reached for his clothes but grabbed Beauty's instead

When Beauty got out, she had nothing to wear
So she grabbed Ugly's clothes that were still hanging there

Now Ugly gets praised, and poor Beauty abused
'Cause too many times, people get them confused

So Ugly looks good 'till he's fully exposed
And Beauty, sometimes, is disguised by her clothes

MIRACLES

With a little imagination, you can always find miracles in what seems most ordinary and plain. Whitman uses one of his favorite poetic devices here, the catalogue, to demonstrate just how many miracles we encounter every day.

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love, or sleep in the bed at night with any one I love,
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—the ships with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

