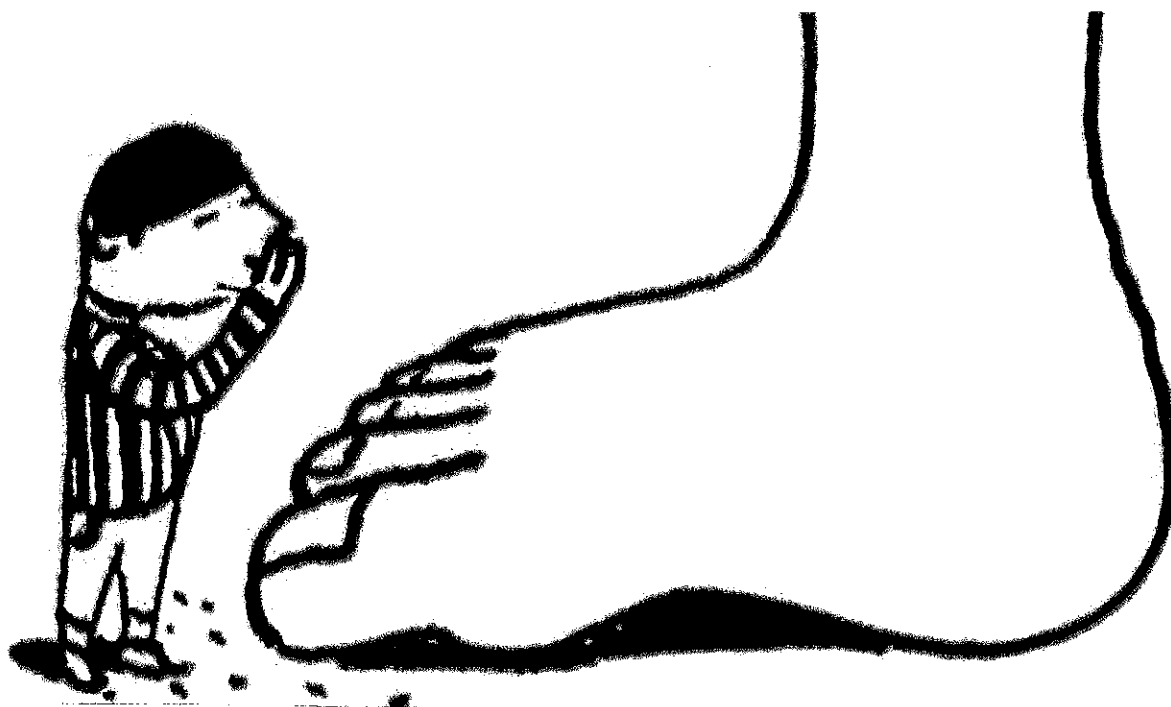


BIGFOOT

By Douglas Florian



BIG FOOT

I searched for **BIGFOOT** for seventeen years.

I searched for **BIGFOOT** despite all my fears.

I searched for **BIGFOOT** through mountains
and valleys.

I searched for **BIGFOOT**

Down back roads and alleys.

I searched for **BIGFOOT**

In rain, snow, and sleet.

But when I found **BIGFOOT**

He had stinking feet!

Charles Waters – Watery Blue Ceiling

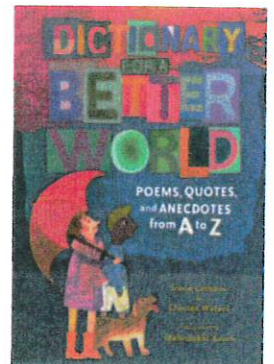
Watery Blue Ceiling

My grandfather with his almond colored
belly protruding out from his burnt orange
swimming trunks stands on the diving board.

Our family is gathered around like baby
calves
as we cheer him on chanting, "Go Pop Go!"
He cannonballs into the pool.

I've never seen him do anything remotely
athletic before.

As he emerges from the watery blue ceiling
we cheer
his smile – wider than the Amazon.



David L. Harrison – Toothy Grin (Kit Fox)

©2020 David Harrison from *After Dark, Poems About Nocturnal Animals*

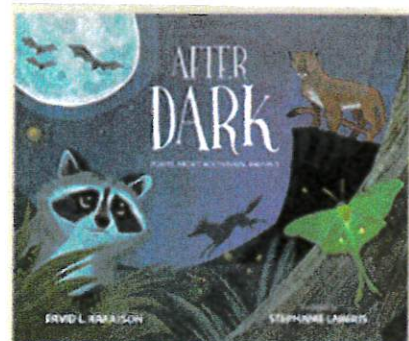
Toothy Grin (Kit Fox)

If you are mouse,
bird, rabbit ...
If you are squirrel,
grasshopper, rat ...

Beware when fox
emerges from the dark.
First you'll see the black berry nose,
then the grin
that hides stiletto teeth.

Above the teeth,
luminous eyes,
ears like antennae turned to you.
Behind the teeth,
luxurious coat,
glorious bushy tail.

But all you'll see
of fox in the dark
are teeth,
teeth,
teeth.



(video and poem ©Adam Rex. All rights reserved.)

<http://gottabook.blogspot.com/2020/04/adam-rex-47.html>

What's this, you ask? It's a masterful, two person performance of Adam Rex's poem 47, that's what it is. You gotta watch. Seriously.

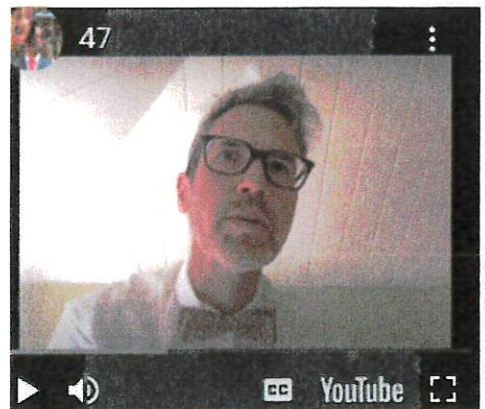
And then...what about making your own list poem (or as Adam said more specifically... a Crazy List poem)? There's a lot of freedom in creating one, and you can use that freedom to rhyme (or not!) wild things together.

To get you started, here's a prompt straight from the poet himself:

“Go and clean your room – I want it spotless!” Father said.
Here's a list of things that I can fit beneath my bed:

Example:

Boxes and glasses and footballs and keys.
Tangerines. Sandwiches. What was once cheese.
Legos and homework. And monsters. And cars!
Trains and two spaceships. Planets and stars.
Candies that last for one hundred eight uses.
Magically powerful perfect excuses.
Atomically accurate future-time clocks.
Unicorns! Ogres! Dragons!
And socks.



Kenn Nesbitt – Dizzy Dottie’s Dog Salon

Dizzy Dottie’s Dog Salon

At Dizzy Dottie’s Dog Salon

we’ll fix your fido’s fur:

We will clip and comb his canine coat
and color his coiffure.

We will primp your Pomeranian
and gussy up your pug.

We will brush your beagle’s back
and scrub his scruffy little mug.

Could your poodle use a crewcut?

Does your boxer need a bob?

Want an afro for your spaniel?

Come let Dottie’s do the job.

Get your setter new extensions.

Send your shepherd for a shave.

Bring your harrier for highlights
or your whippet for a wave.

From a bouffant to a beehive,
from a buzz-cut to a bun,
all the hair-dos here at Dottie’s
are affordable and fun.

Drive your doggy down to Dottie’s
for our groomings and shampoos,
where we don’t do cuts for kitties
but we do do doggy dos.

Julie Larios – What Did I See?

What Did I See?

I went for a walk –
what did I see?
I saw a bicycle up in a tree.

I saw a butterfly
Made of chalk –
that's what I saw when I went for a walk.

I saw a prayer wheel,
spun it around,
jumped in a hopscotch drawn on the ground.

I saw some pea vines
starting to grow,
and little green carrot tops all in a row.

I saw two crows,
they scolded each other.
Two baby squirrels, one squirrel mother,
and over the fence,
an apple tree –
I'm pretty sure that it saw me.

If you go for a walk
When the day is new –
Hey! Wait up! I'll go too!



(Draw a picture of what you saw on your walk.)

Kristine O'Connell George – Seagull Comments

SEAGULL COMMENTS

Yesterday was –

flap – flap – flap like crazy.

Headwinds from here to there,
Headwinds *everywhere*.

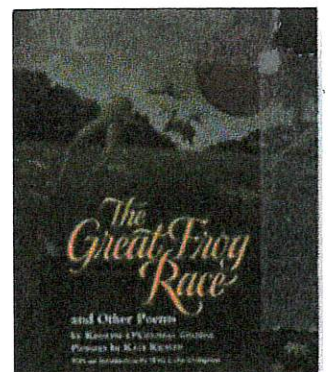
Yet, today –

glide – soar – glide lazy.

Tailwinds and thermals from there to here –
all I have to do is steer.

Isn't it amazing how Kristine O'Connell George makes you feel a seagull's point of view? Like... I totally believe this is what a seagull would think and say.

(And... here's a prompt: write a point of view poem. Maybe it's an animal's point of view... or choose any item, really, or anything that isn't you.)



Kathi Appelt – Quarantine

Quarantine

Maybe a dozen times
or more each day – I’ve never counted –
the train rolls by, the whistle blows.

The cat in the afternoon sun
raises her sleepy head,
swipes her whiskers with her paw.

Were I to walk
beside those tracks,
that whistle might lift me
right out of my shoes,
a worn-out pair of joggers,
leave them there for
some wanderer to find
and wonder

where I went,
into air so blue
it might ache –

But I’ve lived nearby
For such a long time – years—
(not counting) if someone said,
“Hear that?”
I’d say, “Hear what?”
While underneath it all
The whistle blew like crazy
Every hour, every day.

Nancy Bo Flood – Go Fish

Go Fish

Jump in

Duck

Under

Mask on

Blow bubbles out your snorkel

Flutter kick with webbed feet

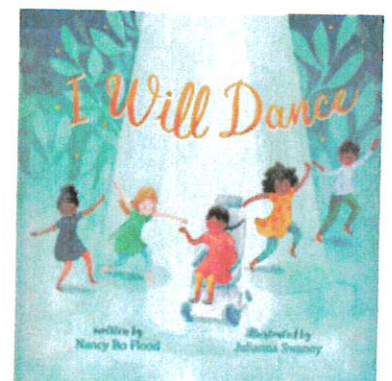
Gaze at turtles, sharks – look, a whale!

A bathtub can be

As big

As the deep blue sea

I am going to go to the tub tonight, I tell you, and see if I can experience what Nancy Bo Flood imagines. I love the whole idea of there being huge worlds contained where we wouldn't expect them... and where it's up to us to find them.



Greg Pincus – Still

STILL

By Greg Pincus

We still our cities, still our schools.
We still and watch with shock.
We still our bodies, still our minds.
We still... and we take stock.

We still have earth beneath our feet.
We still have sky above.
We still have art and friends and joy.
We still have hope and love.

We feel the world still spinning around –
Each night still yields to day.
We still don't know the path ahead ...
Still – we'll find our way.

