

# Arvin Marvin Lilliesbee Fitch

A poem by John Ciardi

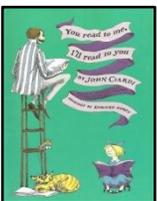
Arvin Marvin Lilliesbee Fitch  
Rode a broomstick like a witch.  
Out the window, over the trees,  
Above the hills, across two seas,  
And up and up on a wild moonbeam  
Till he came to the other side of his dream,  
Where he bumped his head a terrible thump  
On the top of the dark, and fell *ker-flump!*-  
Down, down, down, down like a piece of lead,  
Till he landed-*thud!*-in his very own bed.

He didn't cry. He didn't scream  
He simply said, "When next I dream,  
It seems to me it might be wise  
To keep my dreams a smaller size."

So saying, he went back to sleep  
And dreamed about such things as sheep,  
And birthday parties, and buttercups,

And toothpaste tubes, and spotted pups-  
Good proper dreams, and none so tall  
That he ran any risk of a fall.

Arvin's dreams were beautiful,  
But perhaps a little dull.  
In fact, but for the birthday cake  
He might as well have stayed awake.  
And in his sleep I heard him sigh,  
"It was more fun when I dreamed high!"



Ciardi, J. (1962) *You read to me, I'll read to you*. Hong Kong:  
The Curtis Publishing Company