**["I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD"](http://www.bartleby.com/145/ww2600.html)**

**By William Wordsworth**

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,

Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay: 10

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,

Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:

I gazed--and gazed--but little thought

What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood, 20

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

1804.

“Eating While Reading” by Gary Soto

video from [watchknowlearn](http://www.watchknowlearn.org/Video.aspx?VideoID=36330&CategoryID=10488)

**Skyscrapers**

**By Rachel Field**

**Do skyscrapers ever grow tired  
Of holding themselves up high?  
Do they ever shiver on frosty nights  
With their tops against the sky?  
  
Do they feel lonely sometimes  
Because they have grown so tall?  
Do they ever wish they could lie right down  
And never get up at all?**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Catch a Little Rhyme |  |
| by [Eve Merriam](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/159) | |
|  | |
| Once upon a time  I caught a little rhyme  I set it on the floor  but it ran right out the door  I chased it on my bicycle  but it melted to an icicle  I scooped it up in my hat  but it turned into a cat  I caught it by the tail  but it stretched into a whale  I followed it in a boat  but it changed into a goat  When I fed it tin and paper  it became a tall skyscraper  Then it grew into a kite  and flew far out of sight... |  |

# Barefoot Days

*by Rachel Field*

In the morning, very early,  
That’s the time I love to go  
Barefoot where the fern grows curly  
And the grass is cool between each toe,  
On a summer morning – O!  
On a summer morning!  
  
That is when the birds go by  
Up the sunny slopes of air,  
And each rose has a butterfly  
Or a golden bee to wear;  
And I am glad in every toe –  
Such a summer morning – O!  
Such a summer morning!

THE GRASS. By Emily Dickinson

The grass so little has to do, --  
A sphere of simple green,  
With only butterflies to brood,  
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes  
The breezes fetch along,  
And hold the sunshine in its lap  
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,  
And make itself so fine, --  
A duchess were too common  
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass  
In odors so divine,  
As lowly spices gone to sleep,  
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,  
And dream the days away, --  
The grass so little has to do,  
I wish I were the hay!

"Spring Grass"  
Poem by Carl Sandburg

Spring grass, there is a dance to be danced for you.  
Come up, spring grass, if only for young feet.  
Come up, spring grass, young feet ask you.

Smell of the young spring grass,  
You're a mascot riding on the wind horses.  
You came to my nose and spiffed me.  
This is your lucky year.

Young spring grass just after the winter,  
Shoots of the big green whisper of the year,  
Come up, if only for young feet.  
Come up, young feet ask you.

**The Grass on the Mountain**

**Paiute American Indian, transcribed by Mary Austin**

**Oh, long, long  
The snow has possessed the mountains.  
  
The deer have come down and the big horn,  
They have followed the Sun to the south  
To feed on the mesqyuite pods and the bunch grass.  
Loud are the drums  
In the tents of the mountains.  
  
Oh, long, long  
Have we eaten *chia* seeds  
And dried deer's flesh of the summer killing.  
We are wearied of our huts  
And the smoky smell of our garments.  
  
We are sick with desire of the sun  
And the grass on the mountain.**