**["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 timeI caught a little rhymeI set it on the floorbut it ran right out the doorI chased it on my bicyclebut it melted to an icicleI scooped it up in my hatbut it turned into a catI caught it by the tailbut it stretched into a whaleI followed it in a boatbut it changed into a goatWhen I fed it tin and paperit became a tall skyscraperThen it grew into a kiteand 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.**