

Arvin Marvin Lilliesbee Fitch

A poem by John Ciardi

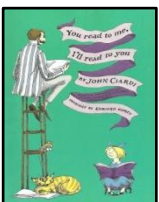
Arvin Marvin Lilliesbee Fitch
Rode a broomstick like a witch.
Out the window, over the trees,
Above the hills, across two seas,
And up and up on a wild moonbeam
Till he came to the other side of his dream,
Where he bumped his head a terrible thump
On the top of the dark, and fell *ker-flump!*-
Down,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