**Unit 2**

**John Ciardi**

***Summer’s Song***

By the sand between my toes,

By the waves behind my ears,

By the sunburn on my nose,

By the little salty tears

That make rainbows in the sun

When I squeeze my eyes and run,

By the way the seagulls screech,

Guess where I am? At the . . .!

By the way the children shout

Guess what happened? School is . . .!

By the way I sing this song

Guess if summer lasts too long:

You must answer Right or . . .!

**John Ciardi**

***My Horse, Jack***

My horse, Jack, ran off to sea.

In ten years he came back to me

With a smell of salt and a smell of tar

And three little sea-horses swimming in a jar.

He ate my oats and he ate my hay

And he did no work and all he’d say

Was “met my love when the sea was blue.

I loved her. She loved me true.

I lost my love when the sea was black.

She swam away and she never swam back.

So I tucked my babies into a jar

And here I am and here they are.”

And he ate my oats and he ate my hay

And he did no work, and that’s all he’d say.

**Rachel Field**

***If Once You Have Slept on an Island***

If once you have slept on an island

You’ll never be quite the same;

You may look as you looked the day before

And go by the same name,

You may bustle about in street and shop:

You may sit at home and sew,

But you’ll see blue water and wheeling gulls

Wherever your feet may go.

You may chat with the neighbors of this and that

And close to your fire keep,

But you’ll hear ship whistle and light house bell

And tides beat through your sleep.

Oh, you won’t know why, and you can’t say how

Such change upon you came,

But – once you have slept on an island

You’ll never be quite the same!

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

***Sea Memories***

Often I think of the beautiful town

That is seated by the sea;

Often in thought go up and down

The pleasant streets of that dear old town,

And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song

Is haunting my memory still:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,

And catch, in sudden gleams,

The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,

And islands that were the Hesperides

Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,

It murmurs and whispers still:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the ships,

And the sea tides tossing free;

And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,

And the beauty and mystery of the ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song

Is singing and saying still:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”