

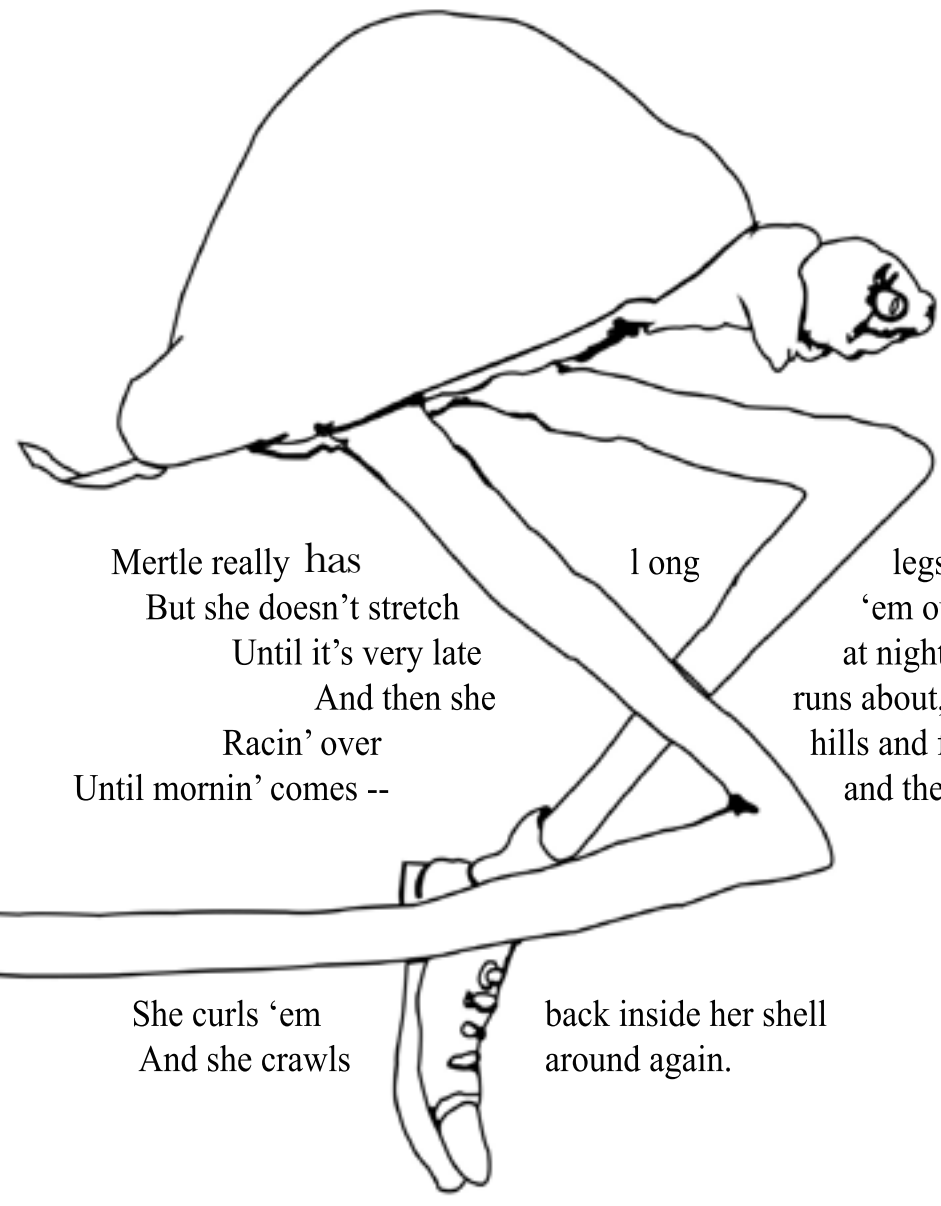
The **EBRATIONS**



BY KYLEE BARKER

Mertle

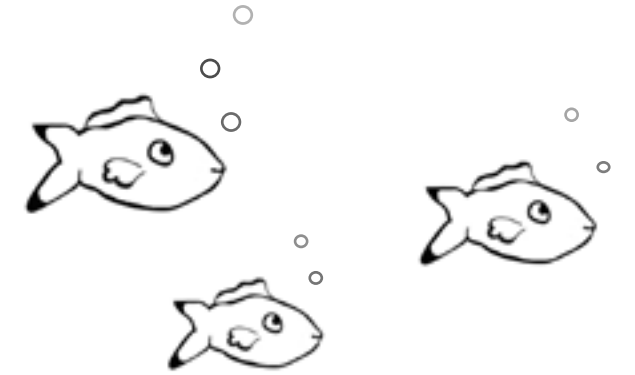
THE TRUTH ABOUT A TURTLE



Mertle really has
But she doesn't stretch
Until it's very late
And then she
Racin' over
Until mornin' comes --

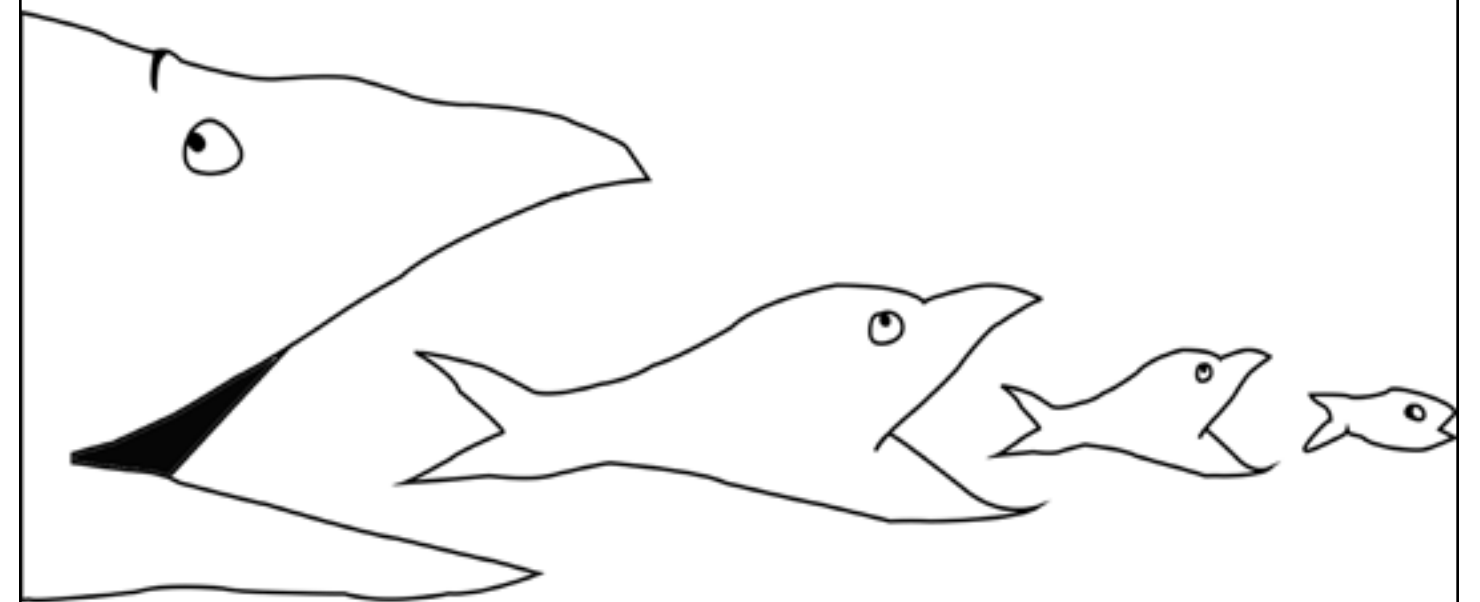
long legs
'em out
at night,
runs about,
hills and fields,
and then

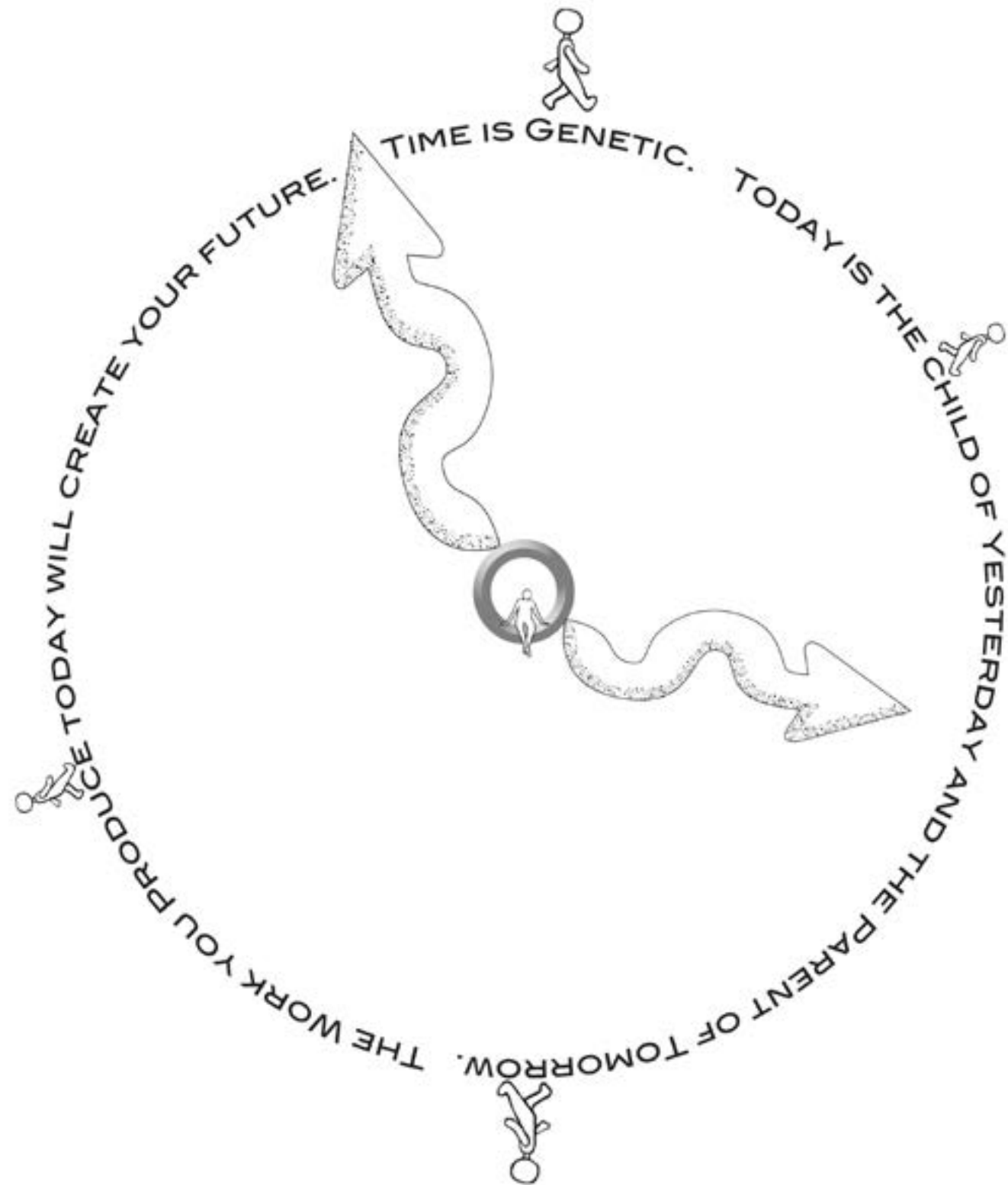
She curls 'em
And she crawls
back inside her shell
around again.



FISH?

THE LITTLE FISH EATS THE TINY FISH,
THE BIG FISH EATS THE LITTLE FISH--
So only the biggest fish get fat.
DO YOU KNOW ANY FOLKS LIKE THAT?





THE *DEADLY* EYE

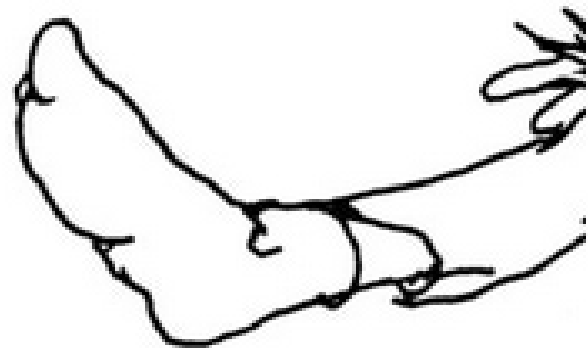
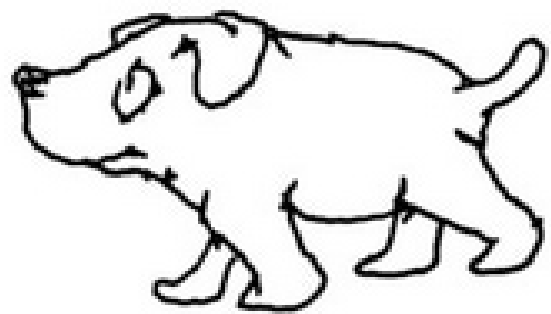


It's the deadly eye
Of poogly-Pie
Look away, look away,
As you walk by,
'Cause whoever looks right at it
Surely will die.
It's a good thing you didn't...
You did??

Good-bye!

HOUSEBROKEN

The puppy's housebroken at last?
Lord only knows he was needin' it.
You've trained him to go
On the newspaper? FINE!
But please--not while I'm readin' it!



IF

**If I had wheels instead
of feet
and roses stead of eyes
Then I could drive to the
flower show
And maybe win a prize.**



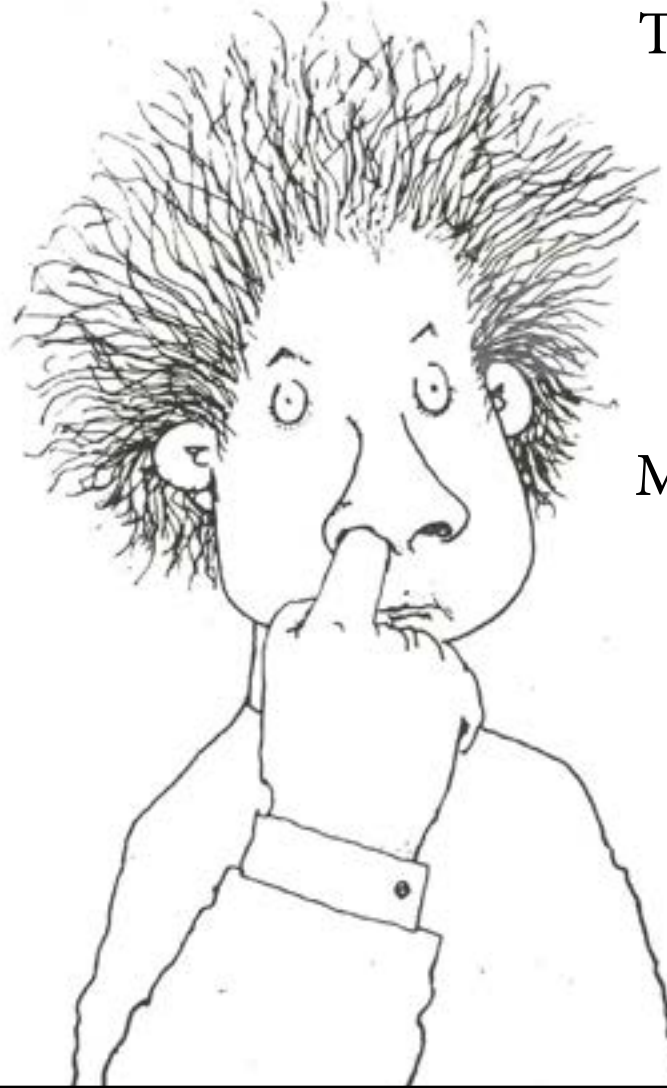
SOMETHING MISSING

I remember I put on my socks,
I remember I put on my shoes.
I remember I put on my tie
That was painted
In beautiful purples and blues.
I remember I put on my coat,
To look perfectly grand at the dance,
Yet I feel there is something
I may have forgot—
What is it? What is it? . . .



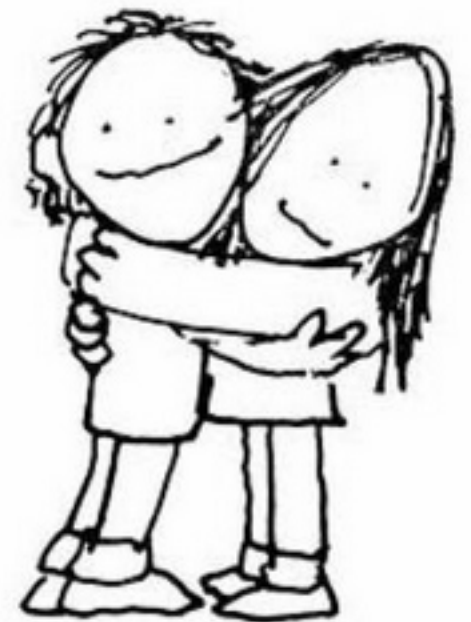
WARNING

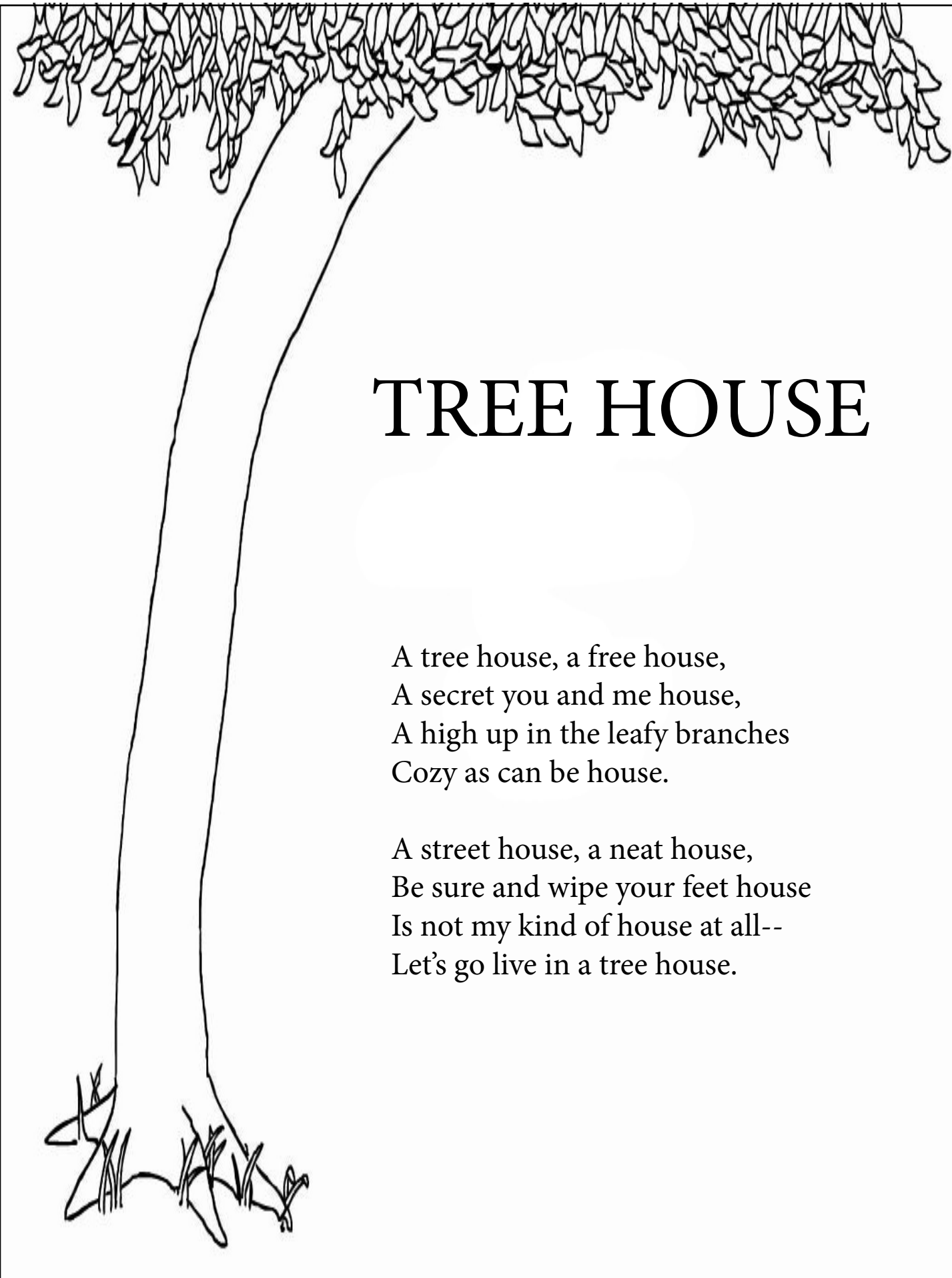
Inside everybody's nose
There lives a sharp-toothed snail.
So of you stick your finger in,
He may bite off your nail.
Stick it farther up inside,
And he may bite your ring off.
Stick it all the way, and he
May bite the whole darn thing off.



HUG O' WAR

I will not play at tug o' war.
I'd rather play at hug o' war,
Where everyone hugs
Instead of tugs,
Where everyone giggles
And rolls on the rug,
Where everyone kisses,
And everyone grins,
And everyone cuddles,
And everyone wins.





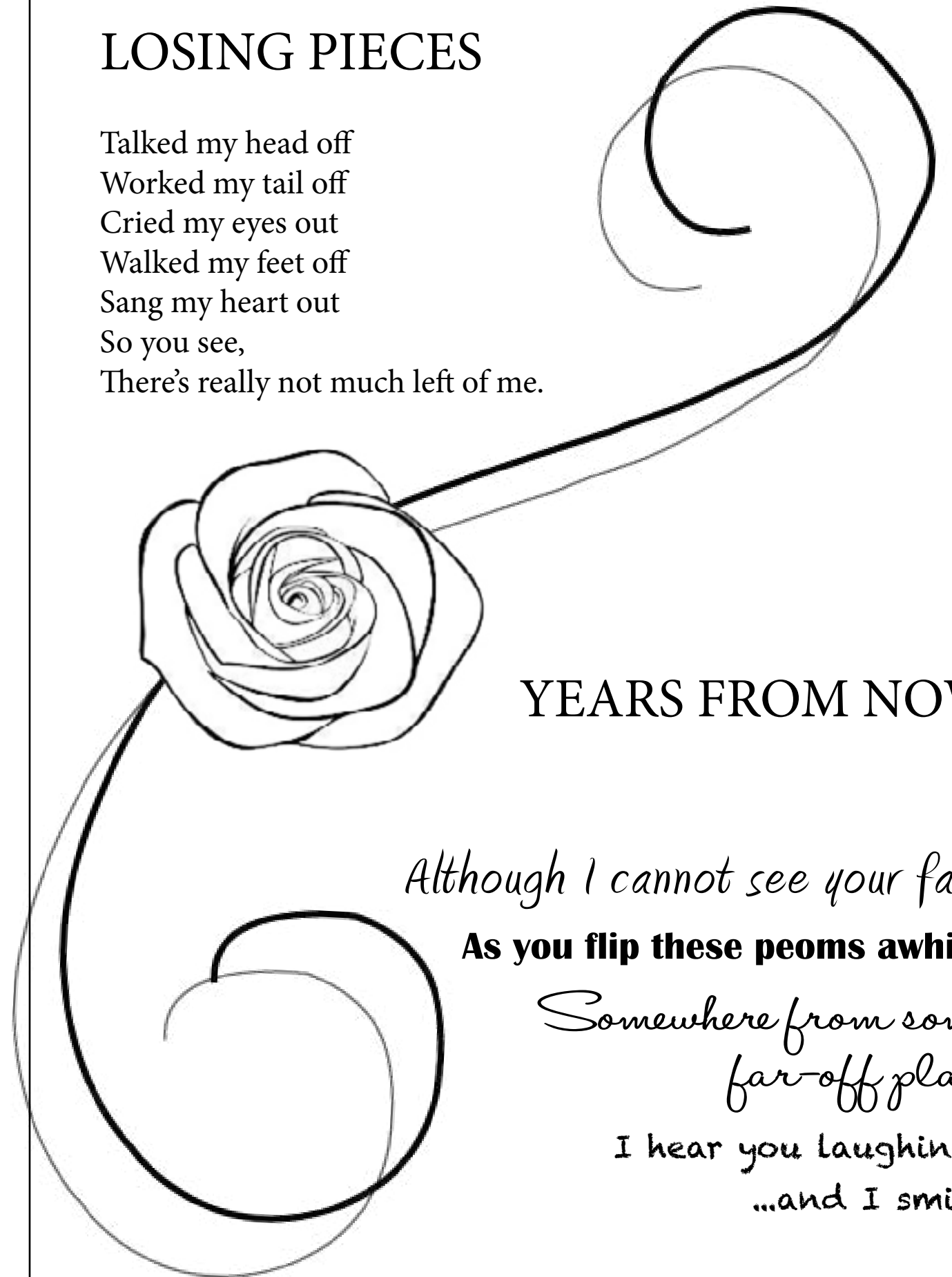
TREE HOUSE

A tree house, a free house,
A secret you and me house,
A high up in the leafy branches
Cozy as can be house.

A street house, a neat house,
Be sure and wipe your feet house
Is not my kind of house at all--
Let's go live in a tree house.

LOSING PIECES

Talked my head off
Worked my tail off
Cried my eyes out
Walked my feet off
Sang my heart out
So you see,
There's really not much left of me.



YEARS FROM NOW

Although I cannot see your face

As you flip these poems awhile,

*Somewhere from some
far-off place*

I hear you laughing...

...and I smile.

DON'T TELL ME

Please don't tell me I should hug,
Don't tell me I should care.
Don't tell me just how grand I'd feel
If I just learned to share.
Don't say, "It's all right to cry,"
"Be kind," "Be fair," "Be true."
Just let me see **YOU** do it,
Then I just might do it too.

ZOMBIE CAT

I WISH I HAD A **ZOMBIE CAT**
I'D FEED HIM BRAINS TILL HE WAS FAT
I WOULDN'T MIND HIS LEAKY EYE
CAUSE **ZOMBIE CAT** WOULD NEVER DIE

AND WHEN HE BITES THE NEIGHBOR'S CAT
I'LL HAVE ANOTHER **ZOMBIE CAT**
ROTTING CLOTTING SPOTTING KITTIES
TAKING OVER, INFECTING CITIES

AND WHEN HIS LIMBS FALL OFF AT NIGHT
I'LL SEW THEM ON AND MAKE IT RIGHT
AND IF MY **ZOMBIE CAT** SHOULD BITE ME
IT WON'T MATTER;

HE'S JUST LIKE ME

Reeeoorw

