**Every Time I Climb a Tree**

*By David McCord*



Every time I climb a tree

Every time I climb a tree

Every time I climb a tree

I scrape a leg

Or skin a knee

And every time I climb a tree

I find some ants

Or dodge a bee

And get the ants

All over me.

And every time I climb a tree

Where have you been?

They say to me

But don't they know that I am free

Every time I climb a tree?

I like it best

To spot a nest

That has an egg

Or maybe three.

And then I skin

The other leg

But every time I climb a tree

I see a lot of things to see

Swallows, rooftops and TV

And all the fields and farms there be

Every time I climb a tree

Though climbing may be good for ants

It isn't awfully good for pants

But still it's pretty good for me

Every time I climb a tree.

**Raindrops**

*By Harry Behn*



They tap like fingers on the window pane,

But they aren't fingers, they are only rain.

They fall the way bees do into a flower,

But they aren't bees; they're pieces of a shower.

They jump in puddles just like little men,

Then they aren't ever even rain again,

They're simply water wrinkled by the motion

Of streams and rivers till they're only ocean.

But ocean turns to waves, and waves to sprays

And mist, and sometimes on a sunny day

Mist sails up to the sky above the shrouds

Of ships and there wind blows it into clouds.

Then raindrops fall again. Unless they're snow.

My teacher told me this, and so it's so.

**What is Orange?**

*By Mary O’Neill*

The brightest stripe

In a Roman sash.

Orange is an orange

Also a mango

Orange is music

Of the Tango.

Orange is the fur

Of the fiery fox,

The brightest crayon

In the box.

And in the fall

When leaves are turning

Orange is the smell

Of a bonfire burning…

Orange is a tiger lily,

A carrot,

A feather from

A parrot,

A flame,

The wildest color

You can name.

Orange is a happy day

Saying good-by

In a sunset that

Shocks the sky.

Orange is brave

Orange is bold

It’s bittersweet

And marigold.

Orange is zip

Orange is dash

**Coloring**

*By Harry Behn*

A rake, a coat, a meadow, a mill,

A cake, a boat, a house on a hill,

A kite, a spade, and a ball of string,

A wind in the leaves, and the song birds sing-

 It's Spring!

We're outdoors coloring

Every bright beautiful wonderful thing.

Under a lilac bush we've made

A studio with walls of shade,

And in our painting books we spread

Pools of yellow, blue, and red-

 Carefully,

Though it doesn't matter

Terribly much unless we spatter.

Green and red, and there's a tree

With apples and cherries, and here's a sea

With a wave and a sky and a gull in flight,

And this is the sun splashing light-

 It's Spring!

We're coloring, and all the birds sing

Of every bright beautiful wonderful thing!