

Ages 9-11: A Poem and Story Starter

Spring Street

On Spring Street, we have magic matchstick lamps,
Lamps that glow as fireflies and leap as lambs,
Lamps wearing halo hats from dusk 'til dawn,
Lamps standing as knights at our castle's door.

This sun rise the clouds are cozy white-flames,
The birds sing of warm days and play sky games,
Petals glow, raindrops sow, rivers flow so strong,
A marshmallow breeze whispers we belong.

Grass grows tall as velveteen rabbit ears,
Ears gently waving in giggles and tears,
Hearing the sunny dapples as jazz notes,
Notes of light, notes of sound in joyous coats.

Bonny birdsong as Time's most divine dime,
Is spent freely by angel-birds sublime,
Their song notes are courageous heart-flame motes,
Long camouflaged in long winter storm rotes.

Yet primrose pollen motes rise as sun dots,
As seeds of holy love to melt ice clots,
To eat the gloom and to consume the cold,
Gnawing warm nibbles into the wind's fold.

Bravery is reborn from melting snow,
Blazing brighter at Winter's tail flash flow,
Honey light kindling slumbering passions,
Harp chord rain quenching dreams without rations.

Spring Street's bonny trees have silent brown bark,
Blessed guardians of day, twilight and dark,
Of legendary grace and keepers of heart-wood rings,
Rings born of Sun's syrup, not bitter things.

Warm breezes bustle as kite-ribbon streams,
Warmer birdsong weaves as lost kite-string dreams,
As each green flame-flute sweet-symphony sows,
Vivid petal cellophane-velvet glows.

How Spring's light and puddle halos say, "Hi!"
Greeting the childish soul's innocent eye,
Folding dreams within warm wonder to grow,
To sprout as acorns to oak-marshmallow.

Story Starter: **Spring Street**

It was a grey day on Spring Street. Winter was done, but spring was still a quiet song. The light was a lullaby. Low clouds owned the sky, rolling as a pencil drawn pebble beach. The rain wondered about becoming warm, but was still cool. Yet the trees brought happiness as the most merry of crowds, clowning like fantastic fools. How the rain and wind tickled them. How in great windy gusts they only giggled louder. How the memory of the storm's stop was their soul sugar, their pride, their bravado-fuel. What was a little grey glaze to these giants? The trees are arboreal amour, love with deep roots and lofty limbs. Then the casual street forest that were my friends lowered their branches. "Hop on. Come on. We've been waiting for a human of pure heart to join our magical world."

Prompt questions:

- How does the poet use musical imagery to show that the season is changing from the silence of winter to the energy of spring?
- Why does the narrator describe the trees as "bravado-fuel" and "clowning giants" instead of just ordinary plants?
- What qualities do you think a person needs to have a "pure heart" in order to be invited into the magical forest world?
- If the sunshine creates "honey light" and "puddle halos," how might the world look and feel different once you step onto the branches?