

## Table of Contents

A Writer's Delight	1
Pecking Chicken	2
Dogs	3
The Noisiest Place	4
A Toothless Woodchuck	5
To Hold a Dream	6
Your Shadow Understands	7
Me, a Star	8
The Costume	9
Save Us from the Substitute	10
The Halloween Bizarre	11
The Shower Stall Song	12
Lost Relatives	13
Love Litter	14
Bubble Gum	15
Mismatched Socks	16
Treasure Walk	17
Where Do Teachers Sleep?	18
The Poa Tree	19
Words Hurt	20
I Shall Be a Leader	21
Trouble with Spelling	22
Seasons	23
Chicken Pox	24
Santa's Summer	25
The Buffet	26
Lowrider	27
A Delicious Poem	28
Homicide	29
My Poem	30
The Waiting Star	31
The Restroom Blues	32
Southwest Pollo (Southwest Chicken, Spanish)	34
Na 'ahóóhai Yázhí (Chicken Little, Navajo)	35
Motherhood	36



## BUBBLE GUM

We all love bubble gum.  
Yes, indeed we do.

And we love to blow the most enormous bubbles  
As we chew and chew and chew.

But remember not to swallow your bubble gum.  
Please, I beg you do not,  
For bubble gum that has been swallowed  
Can be a very surprising lot.

I mean, it is quite possible,  
If you swallow your bubble gum by chance,  
That someday you just might end up  
Blowing bubbles out your pants.

Sigmund A. Boloz

## TROUBLE WITH SPELLING

I hate spelling.  
There are so few dependable rules,  
Except that there will be another spelling list  
Each week in school.

I mean, is it **color** or **colour**?  
It all depends on **your** country, where **you're** from.  
Is it **there**, or **they're**, or **their**?  
And why don't we pronounce **home** like **come**?

Why are **kicked** and **placed**  
spelled without that **t**,  
while **comb** and **dumb**  
are spelled with a **b**?

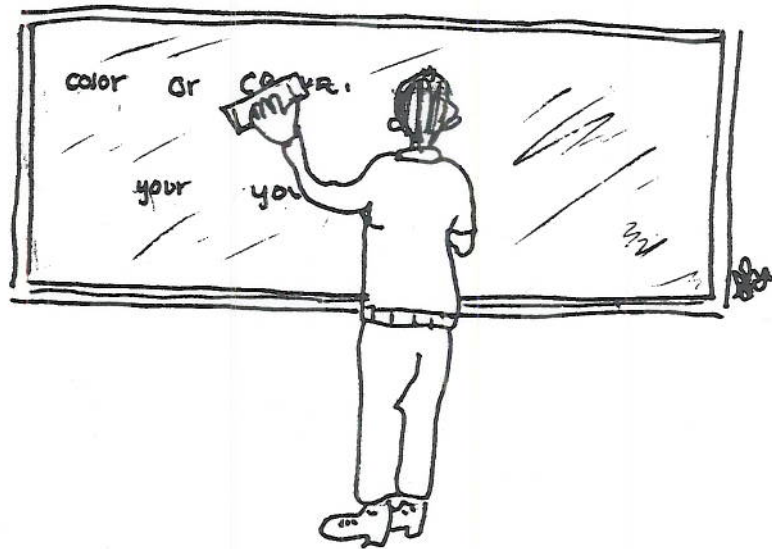
Why does **knight** have so many silent letters?  
Why do **buy**, **by** and **bye** have the same name  
While **crow**, **dough**, **foe**, **sew**, **bureau** and **depot**  
All end different but all sound the same?

Why does **farm**  
start like **pharmacy**?  
Why **are** the first vowels long  
In only **some** words that **have** a silent **e**?

Why is the past tense of **is**, **was**,  
When **died** follows **dead**?  
I don't **know**, I don't think I ever **knew**,  
And it all just **hurted** this kid's head.

And that's why I hate spelling  
Because there are so few dependable rules,  
Except that there is another spelling list  
This **Wednesday** in school.

Sigmund A. Boloz



# SANTA'S SUMMER

It was 105 in the shade that day  
And only slightly cooler at the beach, on that crowded Saturday,  
When what to my wondering eyes did appear  
But a jolly old man with twelve elves and reindeer

And that cheerful grandfather in red trunks and red cap,  
Was wearing sunglasses when he laid down for a nap,  
While these elves they sang and played in the sand,  
Each looking well oiled and awfully well tanned,  
All the time singing their happy jingle songs  
While building toy sand castles, both tall and long.

And time and again this breaded fellow would say,  
"Hurry up. Take a dip. You know we can't stay.  
Work to do and it's too hot here.  
Go buy me some nachos and cold root beer."

Then quick as a flash into the ocean they all ran,  
The twelve little elves with their reindeer caravan.  
Then the old man whistled and cracked his whip,  
"Time to get back. We've got a long trip!"

But as they departed, before they did go,  
He smiled, "Six months to Christmas. Be good, you know.  
Happy summer! And to all a good night!  
Here's hoping that your summers are less humid and bright."  
Then he wiped his sunburned brow and cleaned his moustache.  
"Ho! Ho! Hose me down!" And they were gone in a flash.

Sigmund A. Boloz



# MOTHERHOOD

My mother has a whole bunch of headaches,  
Cause she says so every day,  
When she bundles me up so extra warm  
And sends me out to play,

After she tells me to be nice to the neighbors,  
After she reminds me not to touch anything,  
After she says not to dig in her garden again,  
And after she says, "Just go out and swing."

But she always seems to be so much better  
When I return from playing outside,  
Cause she always wants to play with me,  
She tells me to go and hide.

But she never seems to find me.  
Perhaps I just hide so good,  
Or maybe it's because she's just allergic  
To something called motherhood.

Sigmund A. Boloz

