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TWENTY LITTLE MUNCHKINS:
A DAY AT THE ZOO

Twenty little munchkins, an assorted little crew,
Hopped off the bus for a day at the zoo,
For a day with the animals, an endangered species review,
A little theme study, their teacher had planned to pursue.
"Now hold on to your partner, while we're here at the zoo.
And don't wander off!" he reminded. " You'll get lost if you do!"

Then twenty little munchkins with name tags secure,
Stepped through the gate and began their tour
With one brand-new teacher leading the way,
Carrying his plan book in full display.

Down through the big cats and past nesting birds
Into beautiful exhibits with lots of big words.
Back to the monkeys and across a large bridge,
Up by the flamingos to the top of a ridge,
Through numerous displays, past the elephant show,
Mingling with other munchkin groups, as munchkins do go.

With the teacher all the time pointing and clearing his throat,
Leading while talking or making some note.
Then finally, exhausted, he had them sit upon the grass,
When suddenly he screamed, " Holy cow! I've got the wrong class!"

And off he went running down throughout the zoo,
Back up and over and around and through.
But to his distress, he found not a one,
And spent his time crying in the hot noon sun.

So he went looking for a policeman, not knowing what else to do.
He had lost twenty little munchkins in but one day at the zoo.

When suddenly twenty little munchkins, all in a row,
Came marching his way, as munchkins do go.
"Where've you been, teacher? We've been looking for you.
You don't wander off, while we're here at the zoo!"

Then twenty little munchkins with their teacher in tow,
Went marching out as munchkins do go.
And twenty little munchkins with his name tag secure,
Stepped through the gate and went home from their tour.

Sigmund A. Boloz

WATERMELON

I love watermelon,
Yes, I do!
I can eat it all day
And the whole night through.

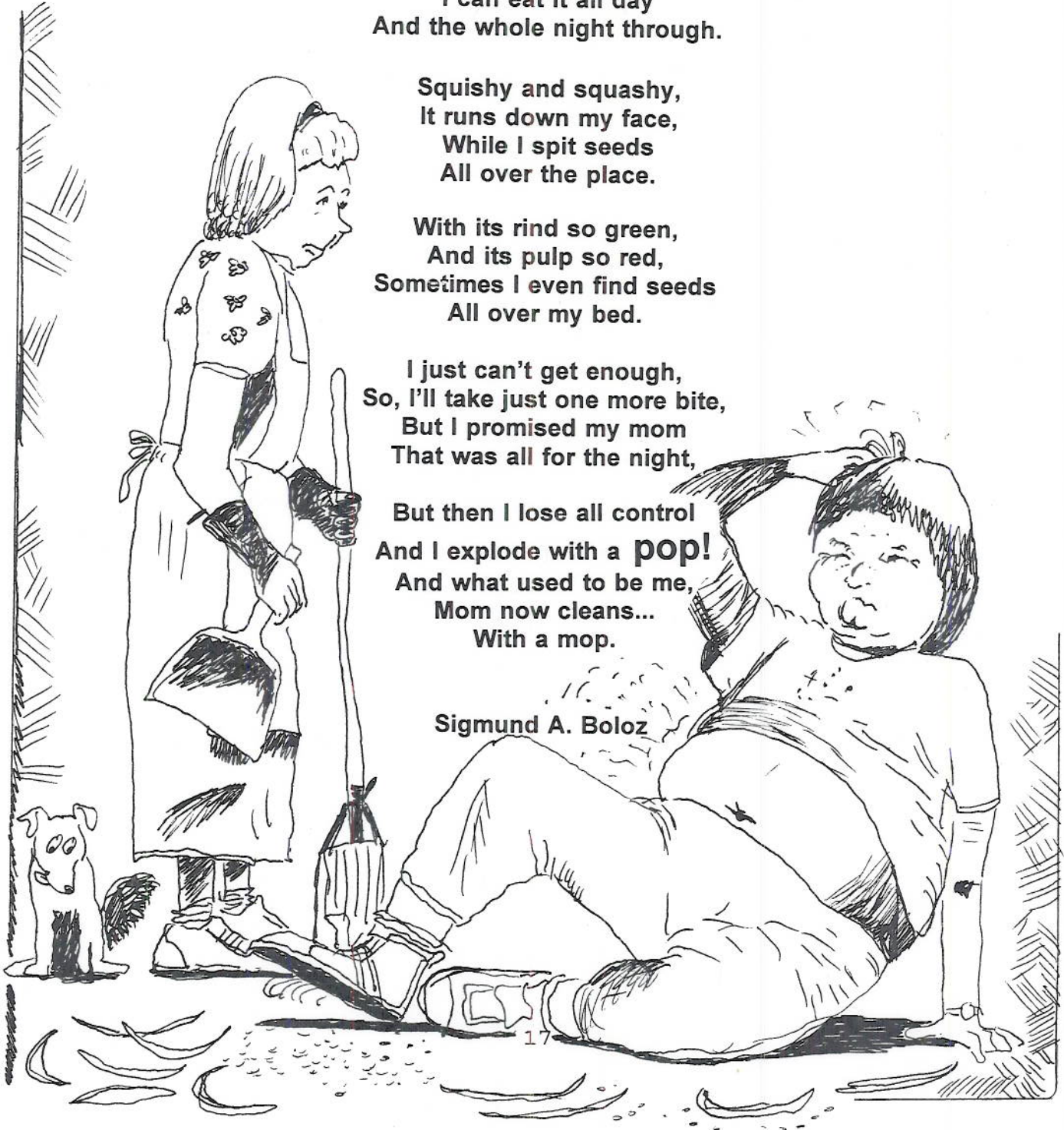
Squishy and squashy,
It runs down my face,
While I spit seeds
All over the place.

With its rind so green,
And its pulp so red,
Sometimes I even find seeds
All over my bed.

I just can't get enough,
So, I'll take just one more bite,
But I promised my mom
That was all for the night,

But then I lose all control
And I explode with a **pop!**
And what used to be me,
Mom now cleans...
With a mop.

Sigmund A. Boloz



WRITERS WRITE EVEN WHEN THEY ARE WRONG

You find yourself sitting
With nothing to say
As you edit every word before it reaches
The page that day.

Write!
Write whatever comes to your mind.
Write!
Write the words that you find.

You worry about finding the right words, the best words
And you get no words instead,
So why are you surprised when just any old words
Refuse to flow from your head?

Write!
Write whatever comes to your mind.
Write!
Write the words that you find.

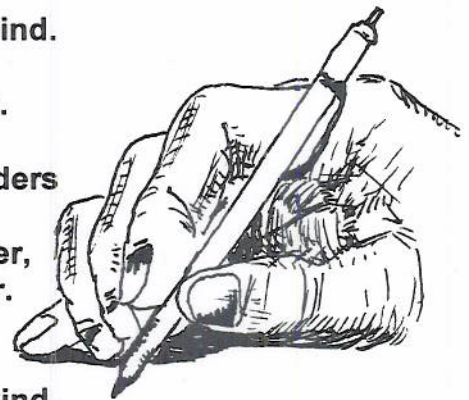
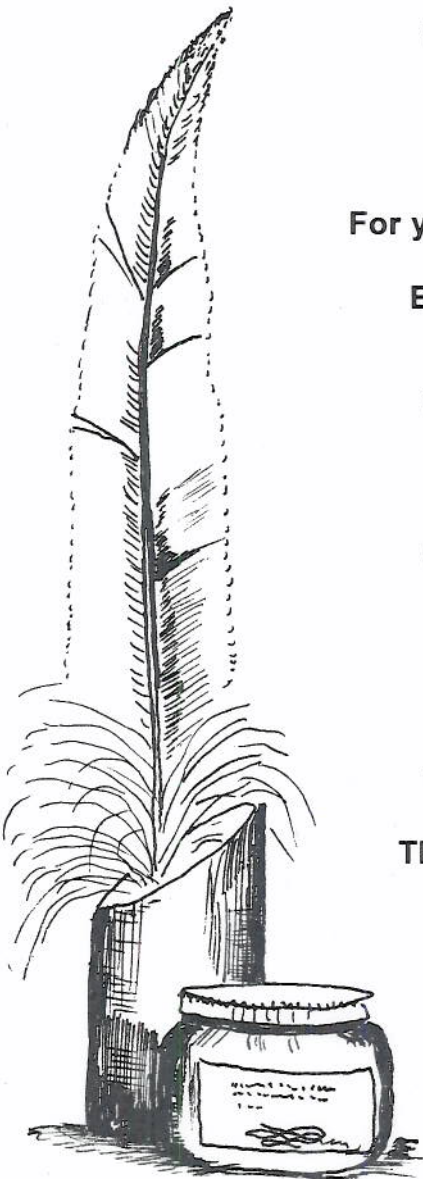
Learn to trust your words
For you can not polish what you do not write.
Learn to trust your ideas
Before you value them wrong or right.

Write!
Write whatever comes to your mind.
Write!
Write the words that you find.

What separates writers from readers
Is the writer's lack of fear
Of the words that find the writer,
Of the words that may appear.

So, write!
Write whatever comes to your mind.
If you want to be a writer
Then write the first words that you find.

Sigmund A. Boloz





THOUSANDS OF LITTLE PUMPKINS

**Thousands of little pumpkins
In a pumpkin patch
And no two little pumpkins
Will ever exactly match.**

**For no two little pumpkins
Will ever be the same within,
Even though they may appear to match
In the color of their skin.**

**Yes, thousands of little pumpkins
Even from the same pumpkin batch
And no one can find two little pumpkins
That will ever exactly match.**

**And no two little pumpkins
Will ever be the same,
Even if they carry
The same last pumpkin name.**

Sigmund A. Boloz

