

# LOVE THAT DOG

The poems from *Love That Dog* that were assigned to Jack to study by his teacher, Mrs. Stretchberry, and the Jack's version.

In: <http://bit.ly/gsnaOR>

## 1. "The Red Wheelbarrow" by William Carlos Williams

so much depends  
upon

a red wheel  
barrow

glazed with rain  
water

beside the white  
chickens.

- **Jack's Version**

So much depends  
upon  
a blue car  
splattered with mud  
speeding down the road.

## 2. "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

- **Jack's Version**

What was up with the snowy woods poem  
you read today?

Why doesn't the person just  
keep going if he's got  
so many miles to go  
before he sleeps?

### 3. "The Tiger" by William Blake

TIGER, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread  
feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their  
spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make  
thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

- **Jack's Version**

Blue car, blue car, shining bright  
In the darkness of the night:  
who could see you speeding by  
like a comet in the sky?

I could see you in the night  
blue car, blue car, shining bright.  
I could see you speeding by  
like a comet in the sky.

#### 4. "Dog" by Valerie Worth

Under a maple tree  
The dog lies down,  
Lolls his limp  
Tongue, yawns,  
Rests his long chin  
Carefully between  
Front paws;  
Looks up alert;  
Chops, with heavy  
Jaws, at a slow fly,  
Blinks, rolls  
On his side,  
Sighs, closes  
His eyes: sleeps  
All afternoon  
In his loose skin.

## 5. "The Pasture" by Robert Frost

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I sha'n't be gone long. You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,  
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.  
I sha'n't be gone long. You come too.

- **Jack's Version (combined #4 & #5)**

We were going for a drive  
and my father said  
*We won't be gone long-*  
*You come too*  
and so I went  
and we drove and drove  
until we stopped at a  
red brick building  
with a sign  
in blue letters  
ANIMAL PROTECTION SHELTER.

And inside we walked  
down a long cement path  
past cages  
with all kinds of  
dogs  
big and small  
fat and skinny  
some of them  
hiding in the corner  
by most of them  
bark-bark-barking and  
jumping up  
against the wire cage  
as we walked past  
as if they were saying  
*Me! Me! Choose me!*  
*I'm the best one!*

And that's where we saw  
the yellow dog  
standing against the cage  
with his paws curled  
around the wire  
and his long red tongue  
hanging out

and his big black eyes  
looking a little sad  
and his long tail  
wag-wag-wagging  
as if he were saying  
*Me me me! Choose me!*

And we did.  
We chose him.

And in the car  
he put his head against my chest  
and wrapped his paws around my arm  
as if he were saying  
*Thank you thank you thank you.*

And the other dogs  
in the cages  
get killed dead  
if nobody chooses them.

6. "Street Music" by Arnold Adoff

This city:  
the  
always  
    noise  
g r i n d i n g  
up from the  
subways  
under  
    ground:  
slamming from bus tires  
and taxi horns and engines  
of cars and trucks in all  
  
v o c a b u l a r i e s  
of  
clas  
flash  
screeching  
hot metal language  
c o m b i n a t i o n s:  
as planes  
overhead  
    r o a r  
an  
orchestra  
of rolling drums  
and battle blasts  
assaulting  
    my ears  
with  
the  
always  
    noise of  
this city:

street music.

- **Jack's Version**

My street is not  
in middle  
of the city  
so it doesn't have  
that LOUD music  
of horns and trucks  
clash  
flash  
screech.

My street is  
on the edge  
of a city  
and it has  
quiet music  
most of the time  
whisp  
meow  
swish.

My street is a THIN one  
with house on both sides  
and my house is the white one  
with the red door.

There is not too much traffic  
On my street –  
Not like in the middle of a city.

We play in the yards  
and sometimes in the street  
but only if  
a grown-up  
or the big kids  
are out there, too,  
and they will shout  
*Car!*  
if they see a car  
coming down our street.

At both ends of our street  
are yellow signs  
that say  
*Caution! Children at Play!*  
but sometimes  
the cards



pay no attention  
and speed down  
the road  
as if  
they are in a **BIG** hurry  
with miles to go  
before they sleep.



## 8. "Love that Boy" by Walter Dean Myers

Love that boy,  
like a rabbit loves to run  
I said love that boy  
like a rabbit loves to run  
Love to call him in the morning  
love to call him  
"Hey there, son!"

- **Jack's Version**

Love that dog,  
like a bird loves to fly  
I said love that dog  
like a bird loves to fly  
Love to call him in the morning  
love to call him  
"Hey there, Sky!"