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.

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

6. "Street Music" by Arnold Adoff

```
This city:
t h e
always
     noise
grinding
up from the
subways
under
 ground:
slamming from bus tires
and taxi horns and engines
of cars and trucks in all
vocabularies
of
clas
flash
screeching
hot metal language
combinations:
as planes
overhead
      roar
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.

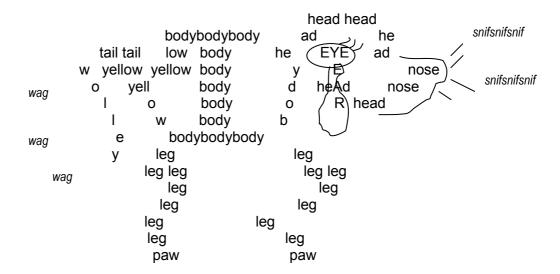
7. "The Apple" by S. C. Rigg

t e

m apple apple apple apple apple yum apple yum apple yum apple juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy juicy crunchy crunchy crunchy crunchy crunchy red yellow green red yellow green red yellow green red apple yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious yum delicious yum apple red yellow green red yellow crunchy crunchy crunchy juicy juicy juicy apple apple

Jack's Version

MY YELLOW DOG



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!"