

# SCARECROW

~ Alice Schertle ~

Last night, alone, he saw the rising moon  
set silver fires among his stalks of corn  
and watched the tassels burn like candlewicks.

At dawn he saw the noisy crows return.  
They know him for a friend, this man of sticks  
in boots that dangle just above the dirt,  
the handle of a rake shoved through his shirt.

On summer days when grass around him sways  
like wave that fat follows wave upon the ocean,  
I've seen him shake, a dancer on a stake,  
as if he feels a music in the motion.

And once I saw his round astonished eyes  
observe with more than painted-on surprise  
a black snake flow like water down a hole,  
and heard him sigh upon his wooden pole.

# In the Almost-Light

~ Joyce Sidman ~

In the dark,  
in the night,  
in the almost-light,  
in the leaf-crisp air just before sunlight,  
sprouts a secret, silent, sparkling sight;  
berries grown on the vines of night.

On the grass,  
on the buds,  
on the bark of trees,  
on the small clear wings of the bumblebees,  
on the spiderwebs (and the spiders' knees),  
come the jewels of the dawn  
in the cool night's breeze.

And the sun  
when it comes  
through the purple haze  
touches each clear gem with its sidelong gaze,  
fingers each clear drop with its lazy rays,  
gather each one back for the summer's days.

# STORY

~ Eloise Greenfield ~

I step into the story.  
I leave my world behind.  
I let the walls of story  
Be the walls of my mind.

New faces and new voices.  
I listen and I see,  
and people I have never met  
mean everything to me.

I worry when they worry,  
I quake when danger's near,  
I hold my breath and hope  
that all their troubles disappear.

I don't know what will happen,  
I never know what I'll find,  
when I step into a story  
and leave my world behind.