

# *Train of Thought*

Come and ride the train of thought,  
it doesn't matter where.  
To ride you simply close your eyes  
or pick a spot and stare.

Sometimes you'll be the engineer,  
sometimes you're on the ride,  
and on this train you'll be amazed  
at whom you'll sit beside.

You'll sit with former presidents,  
you'll fly with astronauts,  
you'll venture with magicians  
as you travel through your thoughts

You'll wander in the mountains,  
and you'll daydream by the shore,  
and often when you board the train,  
you won't know what's in store.

Stop to read good writers  
who are witty and are fun,  
'cause that's the kind of fuel  
on which your train of thought will run.

And if traveling makes you tired  
your sleeping car includes a bed,  
and your train sets off to dream land,  
for more adventures in your head.

**- Mister Lemur**

# *When I Grow Up*

When I grow up,  
I think I'll be  
A detective  
With a skeleton key.

I could be a soldier  
And a sailor too;  
I'd like to be a keeper  
At the public zoo.

I'll own a trumpet  
And I'll play a tune;  
I'll keep a space ship  
To explore the moon.

I'll be a cowboy  
And live in the saddle;  
I'll be a guide  
With a canoe and a paddle.

I'd like to be the driver  
On a diesel train;  
And it must be fun  
To run a building crane.

I'll live in a lighthouse  
And guard the shore;  
And I know I'll want to be  
A dozen things more.

For the more a boy lives  
The more a boy learns-  
I think I'll be all of them  
By taking turns.

**-William Wise**

# *The Garden Year*

January brings the snow,  
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,  
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes, loud and shrill,  
To stir the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,  
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs  
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,  
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,  
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,  
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit;  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant;  
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast;  
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

**-Sara Coleridge**