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.


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?

    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
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.

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

- Jack’s Version

MY YELLOW DOG

body body body
body body body
head
head
head
EYE EYE EYE EYE
head
nose
nose
nose
nose
nose
nose
nose
nose
nose
nose
nose

snif snif snif
wag wag wag wag

tail tail tail tail
low low low low
body body body body

yellow yellow yellow yellow
body body body body

w yellow yellow yellow yellow
o yellow yellow yellow yellow

I o o o o o o o
body body body body

w l w l w l w l
body body body body

w e w e w e w e
body body body body

wag wag wag wag

leg leg leg leg leg
leg leg leg leg leg

leg leg leg leg leg

leg leg leg leg leg

leg leg leg leg leg

leg leg leg leg leg

leg leg leg leg leg

paw paw paw paw paw

paw paw paw paw paw
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!”