

Lengths of Time  
by Phyllis McGinley

Time is peculiar  
And hardly exact.  
Though minutes are minutes,  
You'll find for a fact  
(As the older you get  
And the bigger you grow)  
That time can  
Hurrylikethis  
Or p l o d, p l o d, s l o w.  
Waiting for your dinner when your hungry?  
Down with the sniffles in your bed?  
Notice how an hour crawls along and crawls along  
Like a snail with his house upon his head.  
But when you are starting  
A game in the park,  
It's morning,  
It's noon,  
And suddenly dark.  
And hours like seconds  
Rush blurringly by,  
Whoosh!  
Like a plane in the sky.

**Dreams by Langston  
Hughes**

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.  
Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.

**The Ingenious  
Little Old Man by  
John Bennett**

A little old man of the sea  
Went out in a boat for a sail:  
The water came in  
Almost up to his chin  
And he had nothing with which to  
bail.  
But this little old man of the sea  
Just drew out his jack-knife so  
stout,  
And a hole with its blade  
In the bottom he made,

**Windy Nights by  
Robert Louis  
Stevenson**

Whenever the moon and stars are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out,  
Why does he gallop and gallop about?  
Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And ships are tossed at sea,  
By, on the highway, low and loud,  
By at the gallop goes he.  
By at the gallop he goes, and then  
By he comes back at the gallop again.

## **Song of the Witches - Shakespeare (Macbeth)**

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.  
Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the caldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and bling-worms sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.  
Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

## **Superstitious - Shel Silverstein**

If you are superstitious you'll never step on  
cracks.  
When you see a ladder you will never walk  
beneath it.  
And if you ever spill some salt you'll throw some 'cross  
your back,  
And carry' round a rabbit's foot just in case you need it.  
You'll pick up any pin that you find lying on the ground,  
And never, never, ever throw your hat upon the bed,  
Or open an umbrella when you are in the house.  
You'll bite your tongue each time you say  
A thing you shouldn't have said.  
You'll hold your breath and cross your fingers  
Walkin' by a graveyard,  
And number thirteen's never gonna do you any good.  
Black cats will all look vicious, if you're superstitious,  
But I'm not superstitious (knock on wood).

## **The Wind -**

**Robert Louis Stevenson**

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' **skirts** across the  
grass--  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all--  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!