CHILDHOOD POEMS

By Verna Kwiatkowski

I have in my possession 4 sheets of 2-ring $8"x10-\frac{1}{2}"$ notebook paper on which are written, in faded pencil, "Poems by Verna Ziegler." I am sure that most of the poems were written when I was 9 years old and in third and fourth grade. That includes the time my family lived on a farm, and some of the poems reflect the farm setting. I am also sure that the copy I have is not the original, but a later compilation of the poems, probably made when I was in the fifth or sixth grade. The set concludes with a picture I drew of a girl sitting and looking out of a window. Here are the poems, with very little editing – just some spelling and punctuation changes.

1. The Chickens



When the chickens are hungry, They run up to the feed house. But when they hear a noise they run, Because they think it is a mouse.

2. Winter



Now the winter days are here; The cold winds are blowing. Now we're going to have some fun Because it is snowing.

3. I'll Be Lonely

"I'll soon be moving to the city," Barbara says to the pony. "I won't like moving away from you. Without you I'll be very sad and lonely."

4. The Chickadee's Song

The chickadee is singing Up in the tree. Such a cheerful song -Chickadee-dee-dee.

5. The Sunny Day



Come, come, let's play Out in the sun today. We'll hop and we'll run, We'll have lots of fun Out in the sun today.

Come, come, skip and run Out in the sun today. We'll gather the flowers That grow in the bowers, Out in the sun today.

6. Thanksgiving



Now Thanksgiving is very near, But we're sorry that it only comes once a year.

7. Playing With Clay

'Tis a very nice day To play with our clay. We'll make a clay zoo And a little farm, too. We'll make a parrot Eating a carrot. And a monkey named Johnny Doing his tricks so funny.

8. The Roses



I like to see the roses, Red, yellow, pink and white. They look so pretty in the garden, And they stay nice over night.

9. My New Dress

One day my mother made me a dress. It was red, yellow and blue. I liked my dress very much, And the others liked it, too.

10. The Circus

When I saw the circus I saw lions, tigers and bears. I saw monkeys and elephants And a little family of hares.

11. Sewing



Patsy likes to sew. So every nice, cool day She sits out on the porch And sews away!

12. Our Pet

Jean and Patty have a pet dog. They like it very much. He does lots of tricks Like rollling and begging and such.

13. The Moonlight Ride

Hold on! Here we go Over the hills and through the snow. Over the hills tonight When the moon is shining bright With shadows dancing here and there And high piles of snow everywhere. Then over the hills and back again. Every night we'll go again.

14. Cold Weather

It's snowing today And I'm going to coast. But it's cold out today. So first I'll eat hot toast.

15. Christmas Day



Every Christmas morning Eve gets up when the sun rises. For underneath the Christmas tree Are boxes of surprises.

Eve opens one box And guess what's there? Not a doll, not a dress, But a teddy bear!

She opens another And takes a look. In it lays -A Christmas book!

Eve was so happy She played with them all day. Not once did she leave them To got out to play.

16. The Airplane



As the airplane flies through the sky, The children always watch it As it passes by.

17. Our Kitten



We have a little kitten. It's as playful as can be! She rolls a ball and climbs a fence, And she's always climbing a tree.

18. The Field of Flowers



Every summer we have a field of flowers – Pretty, bright, colored and fair. In the winter the flowers die, Leaving our field brown and bare. Every spring the children wait For the spring air To bring back our flowers fair To the field that was once bare. Then once again the children dance And play 'round the field of flowers In the bright and happy Summer hours.

19. The Toy Village

Bobby likes to play with blocks. He build a little mountain of rocks And on it puts a cardboard fox.

He built a block house. In it ran a little mouse Trying to take cheese from the little house!

Bobby says he'll try and try To build a skyscraper as tall as the sky. If it breaks, Bobby will cry.

20. Day Before Valentine's Day

With pencil, paper, and paste, And crayons, too, I'll make valentines – One for me and one for you.



I'll put yours in the mailbox. It's signed "From Guess Who." When Jane gets it, she'll laugh, "Ha! It's from Sue!"

21. The Marbles' Story

On the floor we are rolled
Until we are almost dead.
As soon as we are put on the floor
Along comes our master and steps on
our heads.

"Ouch, my poor head," we cry, But no one cares Until he slips and falls All the way down the stairs.

The doctor may come
To look at his hurt knee,
But they blame no one
But poor little me.

Then again we are rolled And rolled on the floor. When he gets tired of us (as he did me) He throws us out the door.

Then we start a new life,
More pleasant than the first.
We watch the children slide on ice.
When they fall, we laugh until we nearly burst!

22. What We Do In School

I think school is lots of fun.
You work and work at arithmetic, and at last it's done.
Next we have geography.
We learn about countries far away.
The thing I don't like is history
When you learn of brave men.
In penmanship class you learn to use a pen.
In spelling class you learn to spell.
In reading you learn to read well.
In music class you sing songs
About your country.
I think art is fun, really!
Of English, there's plenty.

23. Observation

When the morning's very rainy And you don't know what to do, The afternoon's often very sunny And the sky is nice and blue.

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That's the end of my childhood poetry collection. In going over them, I can see that they mostly are products of my imagination, rather than autobiographical, except the one about school. I really did like school, but was never fond of history. The names in the poems are fictitious, even "Bobby." My brother Bob was not born until I was 13 years old. It seems to me that rhythm and rhyme were important to me at the time.

When I was in eleventh grade I decided to try to write poetry again. My English teacher, Mr. Overstreet, agreed to read whatever I would write. The project was short-lived, however. All I can recall is the beginning of the first poem:

Poetry is hard to write; Of this there is no doubt. It did not take me very long To find this statement out!

With this background (not very spectacular!) I find it interesting that when I was 20 years old, on the day in June, 1953 that the Lord saved me, he got my attention with poetry! As I was walking across a baseball field on my way home from work for lunch, I looked up to admire the picture-perfect sky, and all of a sudden an original poem popped into my head! I realized in a flash not only that God existed, but that I was his and he was mine for all eternity! Here is the poem that was "given" to me – in my opinion, the greatest poem ever written:

Nature proves there is a God. Look at the sky and the trees; Feel the warm sun and the breeze. There is a God!

Watch a brook bubble by, sparkling and clean, Feel nature's carpet of velvety green:
There <u>is</u> a God.

Hear the birds singing as only they could, Smell the fragrance of flowers in the wood; There <u>is</u> a God.

Look at the mountains and the valley below, See the footprints of a rabbit in the snow: There <u>is</u> a God.

How could you look at a full moon And say there is no God? How could you watch a sunset, over too soon, And say there is no God?

Watch the seeds develop into plants, Observe the industry of a colony of ants: There <u>is</u> a God.

Feel the freshness of the air after rain, Watch a pheasant rise from a field of grain: My friend, there <u>is</u> a God

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