



Seeing Objects with Fresh Eyes

Grass

By Valerie Worth

Grass on the lawn
says nothing:
Clipped, empty,
Quiet.



Grass in the fields
whistles, slides,
casts up a foam
of seeds,

Tangles itself
With leaves: hides
Whole rustling schools
Of mice.



From all the small poems and fourteen more

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.



From all the small poems and fourteen more

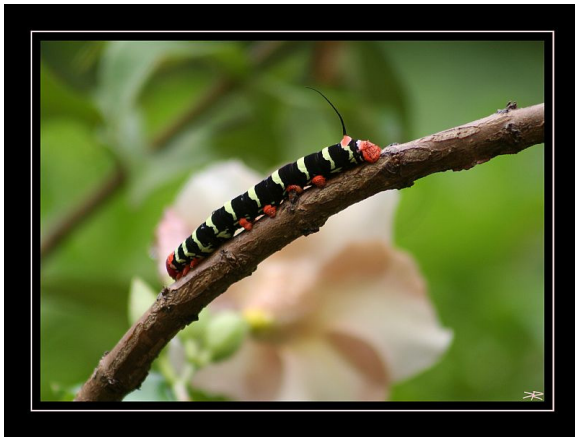
Marbles

By Valerie Worth

Marbles picked up
Heavy by the handful
And held, weighed,
Hard, glossy,
Glassy, cold,
Then poured clicking,
Water-smooth, back
To their bag, seem
Treasure: round jewels,
Slithering gold.

From all the small poems and fourteen more





Caterpillar

By Valerie Worth

The feet of the
Caterpillar
Do not patter
As he passes
Like the clever
Quick paws
Of the squirrel,
But they ripple,
Stepping one pair
After another
And another,
And they travel
With his whole
Long caravan
Of bristels
Down the brown
Twig, to a
Greener midsummer
Dinner.



From all the small poems and fourteen more

Coat Hangers

By Valerie Worth

Open the closet

And there they

Wait, in a

Trim obedient row;

Stirred by the

Air, they only

Touch wires with

A vacant jangle;

But try to

Remove just one,

And they suddenly

Clash and cling,

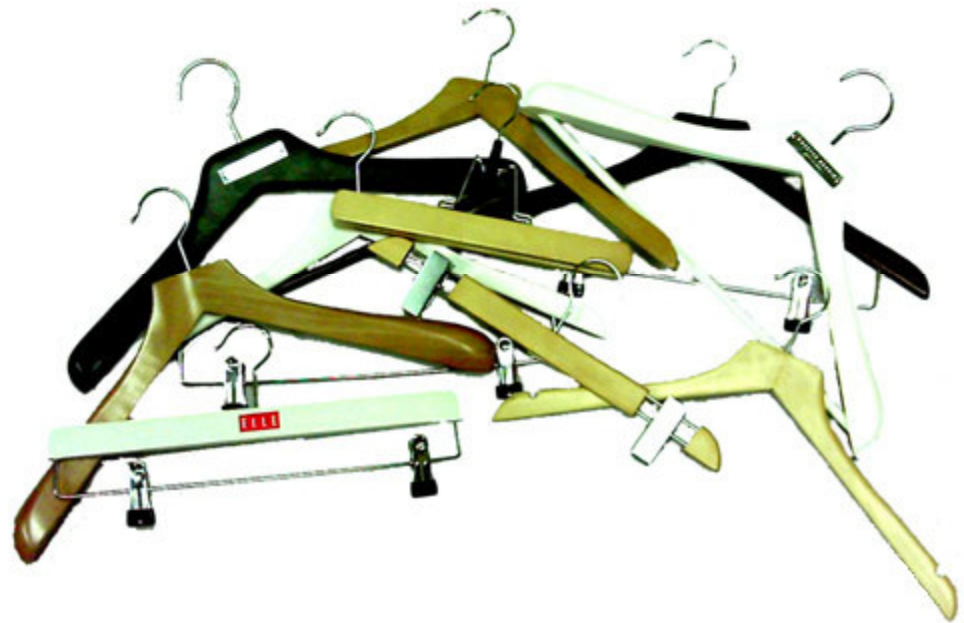
And fling them-

Selves to the

Floor in an

Inextricable tangle.

From all the small poems and fourteen more

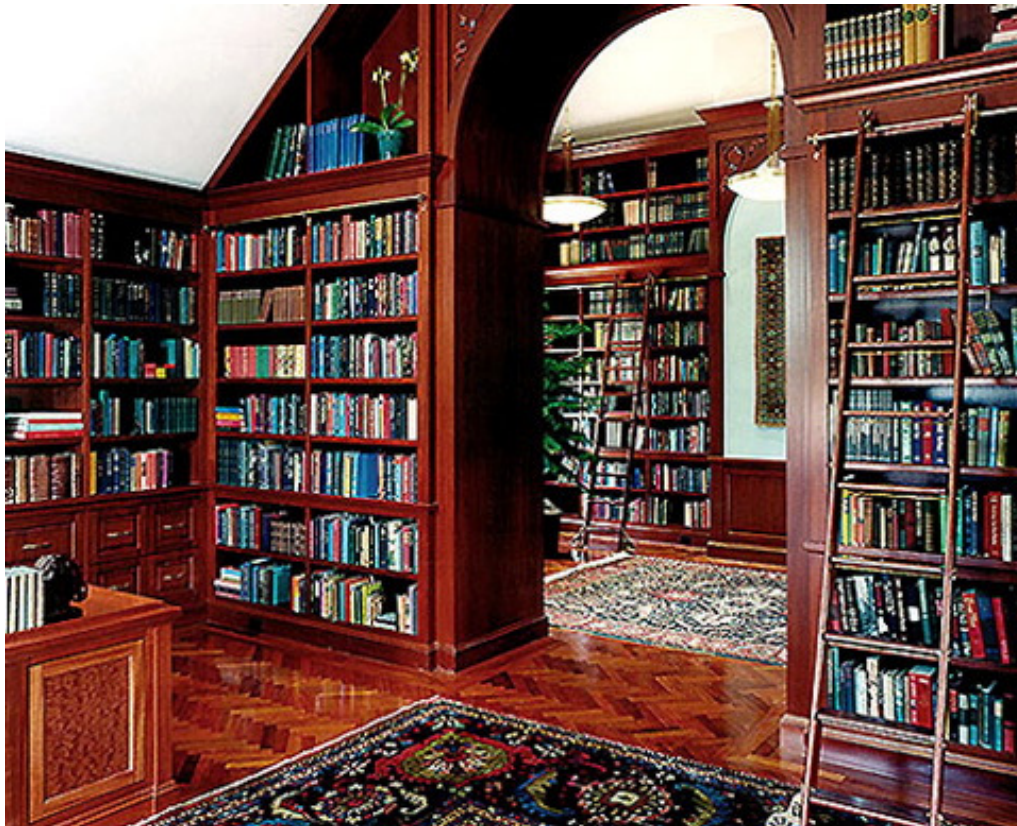




Library

By Valerie Worth
No need even
To take out
A book: only
Go inside
And savor
The heady
Dry breath of
Ink and paper,
Or stand and
Listen to the
Silent twitter
Of a billion
Tiny busy
Black words.

From all the small poems and fourteen more

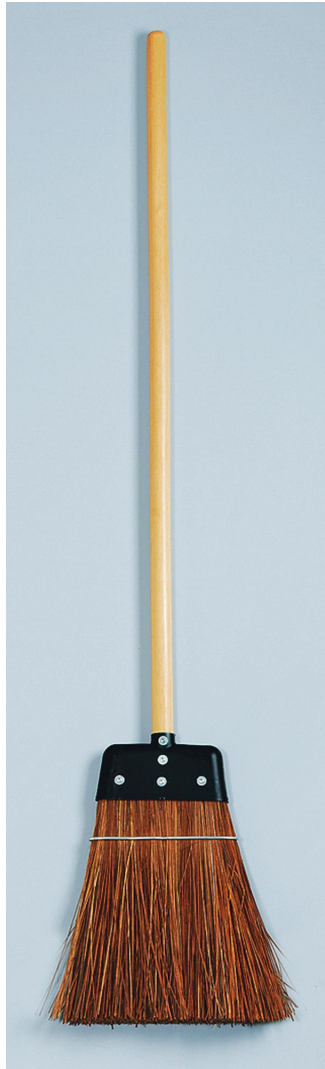


Broom

By Valerie Worth

It starts
Out so well,
Its fresh
Gold straws
Cut square,
Flared wide,

But so often
Ends otherwise,
With weary
Wan bristles
All stubbed
To one side.



From all the small poems and fourteen more



String

By Valerie Worth

A ball
Of string
Is neat
But dull:

Beginning,
Middle,
And end
Are all

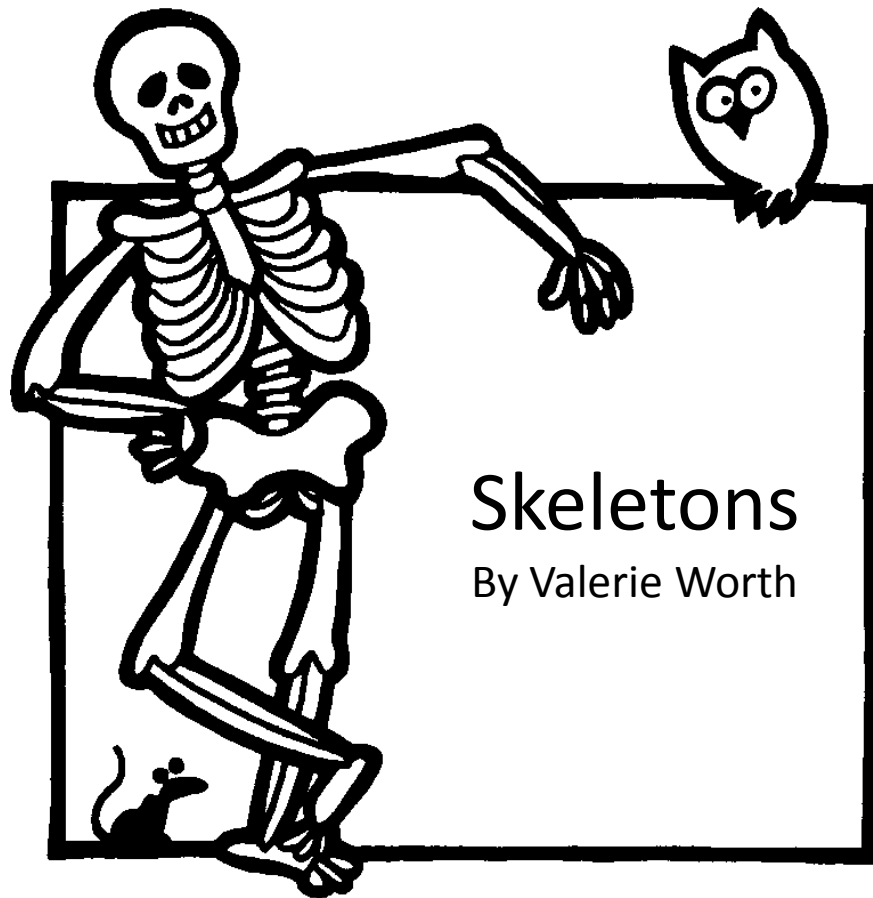
The same
Thing,
Thin
And pale,

Until,
Unrolled,
It wriggles
Into

Tangles—
Hinting at
Knotted
Parcels,

Birds'
Nests, and
Cats'
Cradles.

From all the small poems and fourteen more

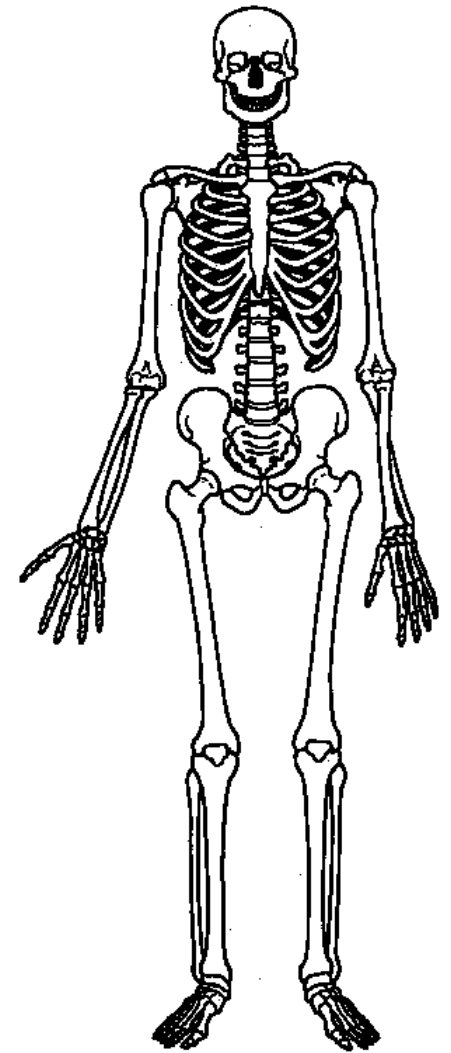


It is the
Curve of their
Breezy ribs, the
Crook of their
Elegant fingers,

Their eyeless
Eyes, so wide
And wise,
Their silent
Ivory laughter,

The frisk and
Prance of their
Skittering dance
With never a
Pause for breath,

That fills us
With such
Delicious delight,
While scaring us
Half to death?



From all the small poems and fourteen more

A pair of dark trousers hangs from a string, suspended in the air. The background is a light-colored surface covered with numerous small, scattered objects, including what appear to be sea stones, knitted circles, and other small items. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Pocket

By Valerie Worth

These things
Might go
Into the pocket:
Sea-stones,
A bright
Beetle,
Knitted circles
Of Queen Anne's
Lace;

These things
Come out
Of the pocket:
Sand, splinters,
Scraps
Of paper creased
And soft
As an old
Face.

From all the small poems and fourteen more