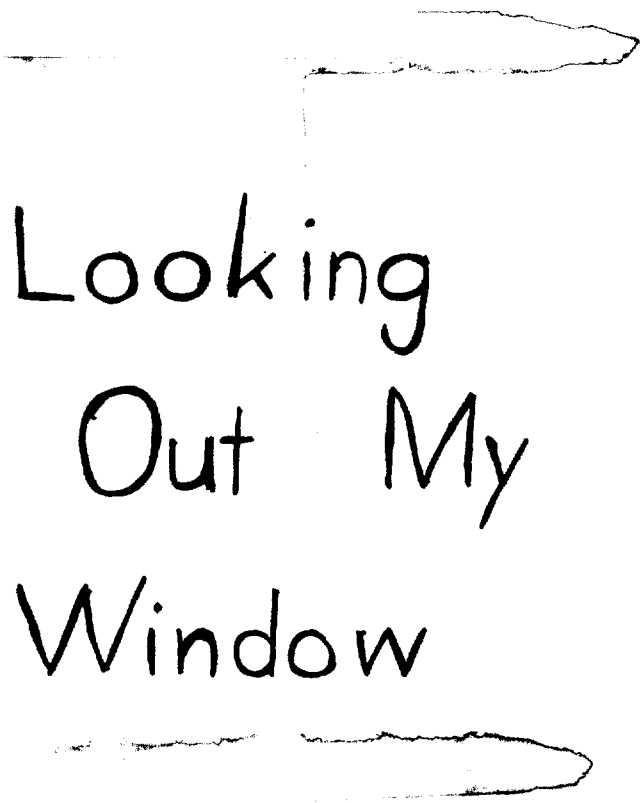


QUACKENBUSH, BARB
Looking out my window



Looking
Out My
Window

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Barb Quackenbush
Honors Project

February 24, 1972

I

See...

Looking out my window

I see

sidewalks, crosswalks,
taxicabs, new pre-fabs,
herds of people, old church steeple,
neon lights, blasting cities,
hurrying, scurrying,
rushing, gushing,
city.



Looking out my window

I see

cornstalks, haystacks,
winter wheat, horses feet,
barnyard busy, cow named Lizzy,
fresh-laid eggs, storing kegs,
lazy, hazy,
easy, breezy,
fields.

Looking out my window

I see

windmills, landfills,
billboard signs, dusty mines,
sandy beaches, fresh ripe peaches,
grassy hills, concrete drills,
dizzy, busy,
world.

I have a place
that's just
for me
to live in very secretly
away from all reality.

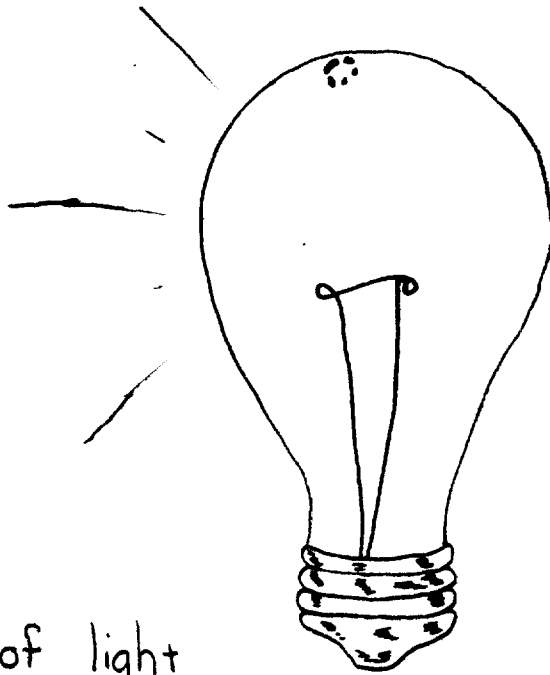
I'm not afraid
to laugh
or cry
or scream at the sky
as a bird sweeps by.

And if I want
to stop
and think,
or catch a drink
from the rivers brink,

No one's there
to say
I can't
to stand and rant
and say I shan't.

Here I know
that I
can be
anything, especially
just me.





A sack of light
turned upside down
keeping brightness
tightly bound.

A metal hand
around the end
making sure
the light stays in.

This man-made marvel
that's never dull
the all-electric
bright light bulb.

"Wash your hands, Jeffery!"
They always scream at me.
"And be sure to get them clean."
Why must they make a scene?

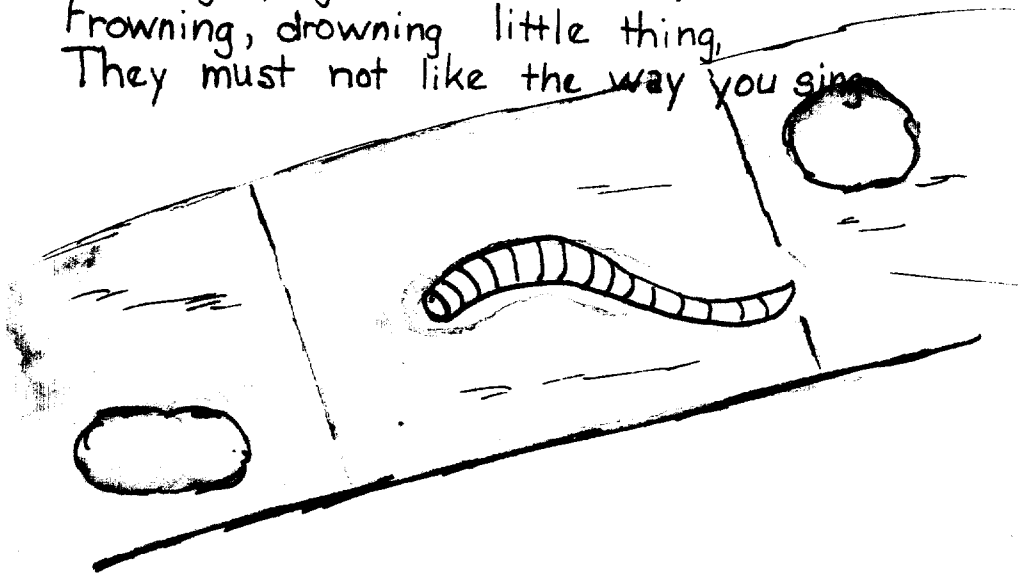
Before I ever touch a thing,
Someone's there to shrilly sing,
And away I go to wash again,
Though I know it's all in vain.

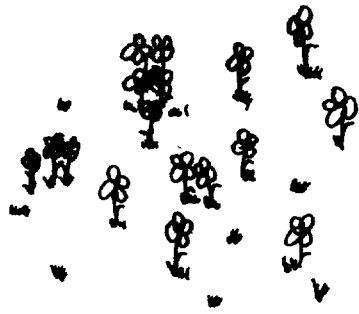
They think they've learned to cope
With my great dislike for soap.
But don't they know it yet?
I only get them wet.



Lovely
squirmy, irmy worm.
Crawling, sprawling on the ground,
making such an awful sound.
Grasping, rasping you pull along,
Never knowing you sing a song.

Poor old
squirmy, irmy worm.
Raining, staining sidewalks wet,
Making progress hard I bet.
Frowning, drowning little thing,
They must not like the way you sing.





Dancing through warm
sunlight,
Sliding through daisy
fields,
and always,
always laughing at air.

Swimming through soft
snow
Slithering on slushy
ice
and singing
Singing soft and silent.





Spots of light stab the night
As fireflies fly
Yellow spots like polka dots
Across a darkened sky.

Blinking bright, dark then light,
They glide from here to there,
Quietly, delightfully,
Invisible as air.

Crispy, crunchy autumn days,
Crackle with sunlight fire,
Lighting brightly colored leaves
As golden flames reach higher.

Wispy, brisky October winds
Usher the winter in
Bringing softly singing
To bury autumn's



And when I see
waves roll in
one
after
another
smashing against rocks,
sending white water high,
the wildness stirs in
me.



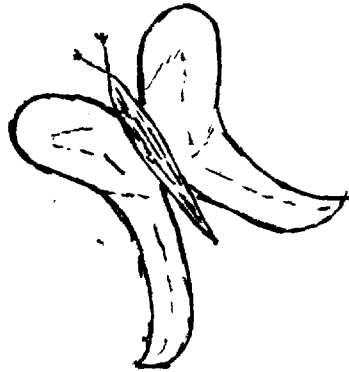
And when I see
wind bend trees
until
they
break
forcing leaves to the ground
and sending stones running
across fields
I envy
the power.

And when I see
birds cover the sky
swooping,
gliding,
never still,
and horses galloping through woods,
jumping streams without breaking pace
I long
for freedom.





Caterpillar crawling by
Soon becomes a butterfly.
Ugly duckling when its born,
Grows into a lovely swan.
So its logical, you see,
To be, someday, a lovely me.



I

Saw A

Hermaphroditus

I saw a hermaphotomus
Whose top was where his bottom was.
You always looked from foot to head,
If backwards, head to foot instead.

And two blue horns grew out behind,
On which a green canary dined.
And then along his scaly back
A bird played with a ball and jack.

And high upon his noble nose
There sat a kangaroo with bows.
And all around his toes and feet.
A rhythm band of ants would beat.

His body was the hue of yeast,
Oh, what a mixed up homely
beast!



There was a young man from Crockett,
Who had a small hole in his pocket.
So every thin dime
Was lost in no time,
This unfortunate man from Crockett.





There was an old woman so cruel,
She beat all the children in school.
Til one day she found
Herself on the ground.
The children had borrowed her rule.

There was a young woman from Zeckles,
Who had a million or so freckles,
She tried lots and lots
To remove all her spots
But just added more and more speckles.





"Snap," said, the Krispie.

"Snap, snap.

Out of my way, now

Move, move!

Got to get going

Snap, snap!

Get to the spoon quick

Spoon, spoon!

Want to be eaten

Me next!

Getting too soggy

Pulp, pulp!

See the de' spoon now

Yes, yes!

Finally it's my turn

Gulp! gulp!

A plum once grew
on an apple tree.
Oh what an apple
That plum could be!

Then came the man
from the factory
that makes the jello
for you and me.

He needed something,
that would be wow!
I'd be the greatest
new thing and how!

He took that plum
from the apple tree,
and made a flavor
for you and me.

