POEMS FOR WEE ONES

by MaryAnn Diorio

HANDS

Hands can do so many things. They comb the hair and wear fine rings and wash the face and blow the nose and brush the teeth and touch the toes.

. . .

TODAY I SAW A SUNBEAM

Today I saw a sunbeam

And chased it all through town.

I followed it right up a tree,

Then followed it back down

Today I saw a rainbow Stretched out across the sky. I followed it from end to end, Then waved a grand good-bye.

BELIEVE AND SEE

Bumblebees, In the sky, Do not now They cannot fly.

If you tell them, They will say, They can do it Anyway.

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