

# Words

Now, speech is very curious:  
You never know what minute  
A word will show a brand-new side,  
With brand-new meaning in it.  
This world could hardly turn around,  
If some things acted like they sound.

Suppose the April flower beds,  
Down in the garden spaces,  
Were made with green frog-blanket spreads  
And caterpillar cases;  
Or oak trees locked their trunks to hide  
The countless rings they keep inside!

Suppose from every pitcher plant  
The milkweed came a-pouring;  
That tiger lilies could be heard  
With dandelions roaring,  
Till all the cattails, far and near,  
Began to bristle up in fear!

What if the old cow blew her horn  
Some peaceful evening hour,  
And suddenly a blast replied  
From every trumpet flower,  
While people's ears beat noisy drums  
To "Hale the Conquering Hero Comes!"

If barnyard fowls had honeycombs,  
What should we think, I wonder?  
If lightning bugs should swiftly strike,  
Then peal with awful thunder?  
And would it turn our pink cheeks pale  
To see a comet switch its tail?

*Nancy Byrd Turner*