**Love That Boy - Poem by Walter Dean Myers**

Love that boy,  
like a rabbit loves to run  
I said I love that boy  
like a rabbit loves to run  
Love to call him in the morning  
love to call him  
'Hey there, son!'  
  
He walk like his Grandpa,  
Grins like his Uncle Ben.  
I said he walk like his Grandpa,  
And grins like his Uncle Ben.  
Grins when he's happy,  
When he sad, he grins again.  
  
His mama like to hold him,  
Like to feed him cherry pie.  
I said his mama like to hold him.  
Like to feed him that cherry pie.  
She can have him now,  
I'll get him by and by  
  
He got long roads to walk down  
Before the setting sun.  
I said he got a long, long road to walk down  
Before the setting sun.  
He'll be a long stride walker,  
And a good man before he done.

**Summer - Poem by Walter Dean Myers**

I like hot days, hot days  
Sweat is what you got days  
Bugs buzzin from cousin to cousin  
Juices dripping  
Running and ripping  
Catch the one you love days  
  
Birds peeping  
Old men sleeping  
Lazy days, daisies lay  
Beaming and dreaming  
Of hot days, hot days,  
Sweat is what you got days.

# Harlem: A Poem - by Walter Dean Myers

They took the road in Waycross, Georgia  
Skipped over the tracks in East St. Louis  
Took the bus from Holly Springs  
Hitched a ride from Gee's Bend  
Took the long way through Memphis  
The third deck down from Trinidad  
A wrench of heart from Goree Island   
A wrench of heart from Goree Island   
To a place called  
Harlem  
  
Harlem was a promise  
Of a better life,  
of a place where a man  
Didn't have to know his place  
Simply because  
He was Black  
  
They brought a call  
A song  
First heard in the villages of  
Ghana/Mali/Senegal  
Calls and songs and shouts  
Heavy hearted tambourine rhythms  
Loosed in the hard city  
Like a scream torn from the throat  
Of an ancient clarinet  
  
A new sound, raucous and sassy  
Cascading over the asphalt village  
Breaking against the black sky over  
1-2-5 Street  
Announcing Hallelujah  
Riffing past resolution  
  
Yellow, tan, brown, black, red  
Green, gray, bright  
Colors loud enough to be heard  
Light on asphalt streets  
Sun yellow shirts on burnt umber  
Bodies  
Demanding to be heard  
Seen  
Sending out warriors  
  
From streets known to be  
Mourning still as a lone radio tells us how  
Jack Johnson  
Joe Louis  
Sugar Ray  
Is doing with our hopes.

**Blossom by Walter Dean Myers**

I never dreamt

that tender blossoms

would be brown

Or precious angels

could come down

to live in the garden

of my giving heart

But here you are

brown angel