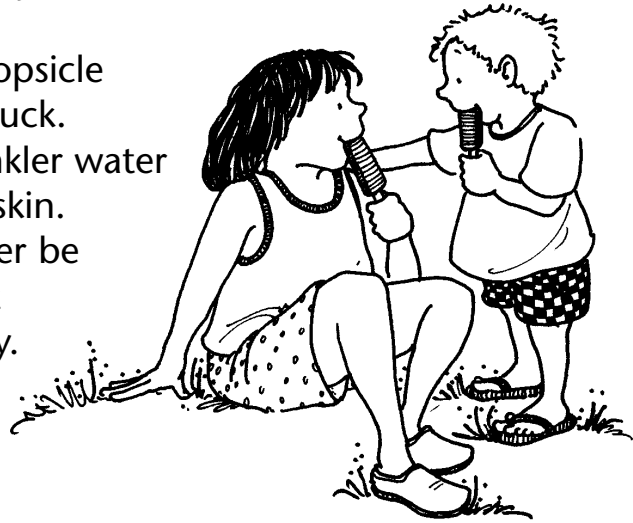




Ramona Street on a Hot Summer Day

You can hear the whack
of a tennis ball against the plastic bat.
You can smell Mrs. Lowry's
honeysuckle bush.
You can lick an ice cold popsicle
from Pete's ice-cream truck.
You can feel Mr. Garcia's sprinkler water
tingling on your warm skin.
There's no place I'd rather be
than Ramona Street
on a hot summer day.

Betsy Franco



Summer Cooking

July is steaming the world today
People and places are cooking away. . .
Sizzling, baking, boiling, roasting,
Can't you feel that your toes are toasting?

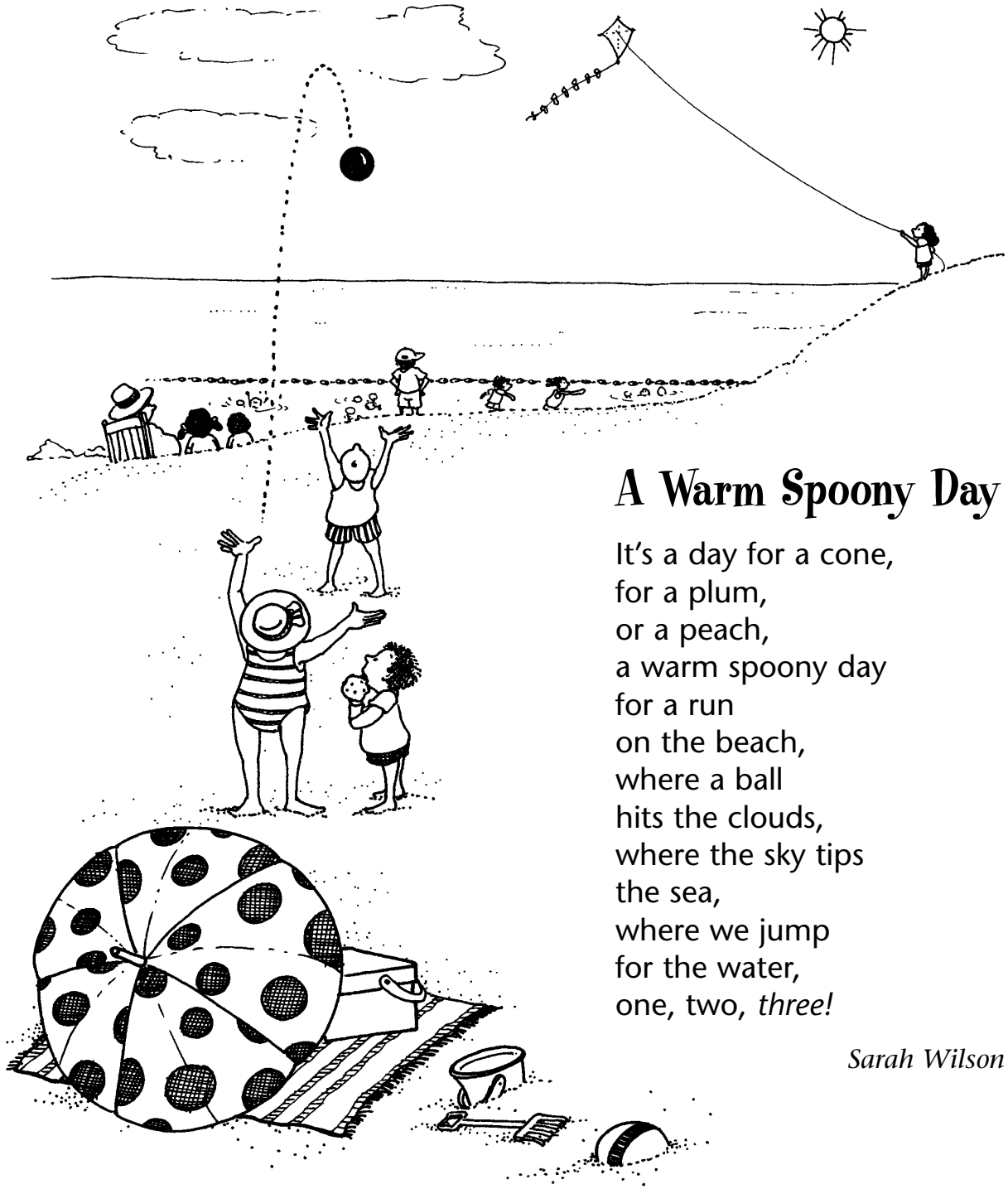
Sandra Liatsos



Cooling Off

On summer days I like to eat
cold watermelon, juicy, sweet,
and feel it dripping on my feet.

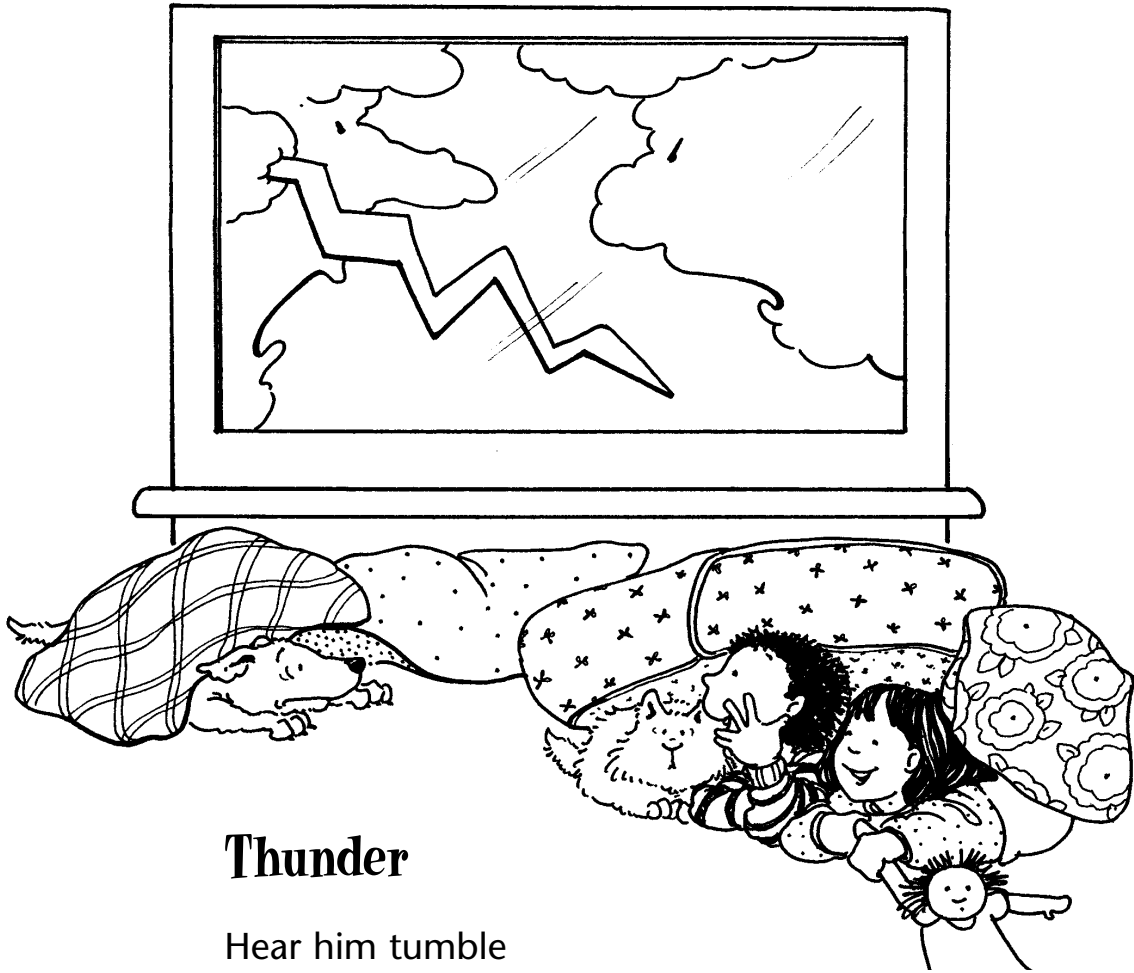
Leslie Danford Perkins



A Warm Spooky Day

It's a day for a cone,
for a plum,
or a peach,
a warm spooky day
for a run
on the beach,
where a ball
hits the clouds,
where the sky tips
the sea,
where we jump
for the water,
one, two, three!

Sarah Wilson



Thunder

Hear him tumble

grumble

rumble...

Bash, crash, blunder—

old grouch thunder!

Always in a mood to fight—

morning, afternoon, or night.

Lightning quickly answers back

with a zig-zag

flashing

crack!

Bobbi Katz