

Kids and poems

Posted on Jul 11, Posted by [Lois Lowry](#) Category [Uncategorized](#)

Yesterday...after the exterminator was here (powder-post beetles on the underside of the barn)...I drove about 15 miles to a lovely lakeside house that friends of mine from Massachusetts have rented for three weeks. They'd invited me for lunch.

Granddaughter, Emma, age 9, was visiting, and so I looked for a book to take Emma, who is a bit of a bookworm. I settled on (pictured) "This is Just to Say: Poems of Apology and Forgiveness"



by Joyce Sidman. Emma settled right in with it.

That would have been me, at her age: outside, woods and trees and water and boats and sunshine...and me curled in a couch with a book (and usually my mother saying, "Wouldn't you like to go OUT on such a nice day?") But she was a sympathetic mom, and preferred a good book to a brisk walk herself.

While the exterminator was here, he gave it one more try with the mice, and that made me re-write my annual mouse poem:

You're so darling, little mouse;
I love to have you in my house.
Lunch or dinner? Take your pick:
Cyanide, or arsenic?

I suppose what I really need is a cat.

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