

Crayzee Aayzee

A Poetry Alphabet Book

By Marcia Camino

Applenora Applebee Addresses Ace and Abby

Our names are Ace and Abby
And we have an interesting aunt.
Her name is Applenora Applebee.
We wrote her a letter, and she wrote back.

You see, we were a little nervous
Asking for her advice
About things that mean a lot to us
Like school and friends and games
For she lives a busy life
Traveling here and there
But we wanted to ask her anyway
And this is what she said:

“Dear Ace and Abby,
Thanks for writing to me.
I was away these last few days
But I’m back, and it’s already August!
I’m so happy to be writing to you.
Here is my advice: School

And friends and games are fine.
You need it, you love them, you play.
But what carries your heart away
Are the things to do every day
Or keep tucked in as tomorrow plans
Should a day prove awfully busy.

I hope you this won't make you dizzy
But allow me to give some examples.

Aunt Applenora Applebee, as you might guess
Approves of activities aligning
The silly and the glad.
This would include
Apple butter in April
Appearing as an apparition
And alighting in alabaster sand.

Photographing alligators in Arkansas is fine
But why not build Aristotle an A-frame?
Or tell everyone you're the entire state of Alaska?
Or an astronomical array?

Keep a notebook on animals, Ace and Abby
For they are nature's ace:

Arrange to manage an ant farm.
Go masked like an armadillo.
Make friends with an abstract aardvark
And don't be taken aback.

Antelopes made from adobe
Are so easily amused.
They ascend and remain quite agile
And will never abandon you.

And when you think of yourself aligning
The 'silly' and the 'glad'

Don't forget things besides animals
That make you feel so grand:

Applaud an adamant astronaut!
Say 'Amigo' and 'Amour' each day!
Write using asterisks and apostrophes
With growing frequency as you age!

If you would but give me your hands--
Please do come for a visit--
I could acquaint you with an aquarium
Where admirals are actually abalone.
That's worth the admission, eh?

Now, Ace and Abby, I must make haste.
Good luck, and keep me apprised
Of all that carries your hearts away!"

And that is the letter from our aunt.

Bug

There once was a bug.
This is its biting story.

A bug bug bug
Bit a book book book.
The book book book
Bit the bug right back.

The book bit a balloon
That bit a box of badges
That bit a burnt-orange bike
That bit a baseball in Boise

Which was bright, and berry-blue.

Things became bad after that.

The bat that got bit bit broccoli
That then bit a Bandana Bird
That bit the broomstick of Befana
Flying over the bay where all got bit
Under a brightly blanched moon.

That was a big, big bummer.

But then if that wasn't enough of a bother

The beautiful bay and its bitten
Bit a blasé banana bus

That bit Boston's best boatmaker, big time
Behind the Butterfly and Bagpipes Boat Shop
Who then ended up biting Count Basie's brother.

In other breaking news
A backpack of bones in Bali bit a bell
That then bit a Buddha and his bowl
Born to be a beacon of hope
For brilliant beggars and bent ballerinas

Bridling down the boulevard.
And what of the Barbie Band-Aid
On the boo-boo of Broomhilda?
Well, dear baby, it got bit, too

Which in turn, and this is the real twist
Bit a brain teaser that bit somebody's buddy
But after all that biting, I forget who.

I think his name was Burt.
And you'd think that'd be the last resort
But Burt then found on his belt

A bug bug bug
That bit a book book book

And it began
All over again.

What an unbelievable
Little bug story.

Cats on Cutie Cove

My cousin Carrie dislikes mice.
One day she cried, "Cats! Come!"
And Crimson and Clover,
Her calico kittens, clamored to the kitchen
Cupboard and captured
Everything for Carrie they could:
The cheese, the crackers, the cans of crab
The cumin, the corn, and the chocolate
chunks in craggy containers.
But no mice.
Poor Cousin Carrie!

Carrie took the cleaned-out cupboard
As proof that Crimson and Clover
Despite claws, courage, and compunction
Couldn't capture mice
In cottage, castle, or cabin.
This crushed Carrie coldly.

So she concocted a plan.
She clandestinely called
The Clemons's cat
Who lived close by on Cutie Cove.
He crept into Carrie's kitchen
One night while Crimson and Clover
Were asleep cuddling before
The hearth's crackling fire.

To cut to the chase, the Clemons's cat

Ended the kitchen catastrophe:
He caught countless mice
And crawled back home
Carrying his catches in his cap.

He comes whenever he's called
A convenience beyond calculation
For Crimson and Clover are now grown cats
And still can't catch any mice.
Instead they careen through Carrie's garden
Coo over cool blue carnations
Climb with caterpillars, and caw with crows.
At night they check for cows in the cosmos.

This makes everyone content
Especially the Clemons's cat
Who now can correctly be called
King Catcher on Cutie Cove
A title Crimson and Clover
Can never, ever hold.