**Child on Top of a Greenhouse**

The wind billowing out the seat of my britches,  
My feet crackling splinters of glass and dried putty,  
The half-grown chrysanthemums staring up like accusers,  
Up through the streaked glass, flashing with sunlight,  
A few white clouds all rushing eastward,  
A line of elms plunging and tossing like horses,  
And everyone, everyone pointing up and shouting!

-Theodore Roethke

**The World Is Not a Pleasant Place to Be**

the world is not a pleasant place  
to be without  
someone to hold and be held by  
  
a river would stop  
its flow if only  
a stream were there  
to receive it  
  
an ocean would never laugh  
if clouds weren't there   
to kiss her tears  
  
  
the world is not  
a pleasant place to be without  
someone  
  
-Nikki Giovanni

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