

The Crayon Box That Talked - By Shane Derolf

While walking in a toy store
the day before today,
I overheard a Crayon box
with many things to say

"I don't like Red!" said Yellow.
and Green said, "nor do I"
and no one here likes Orange,
but no one knows quite why.

We are a Box of Crayons
that really doesn't get along"
said Blue to all the others.
"Something must be wrong!"

Well, I bought that Box of Crayons,
and took them home with me,
and laid out all the Crayons
so the Crayons could all see.

They watched me as I coloured
with Red and Blue and Green.
And Black and White and Orange,
and every colour in between.

They watched as Green became the grass,
and Blue became the sky.
The Yellow sun was shining bright
on White clouds drifting by.

Colours changing as they touched,
Becoming something new
they watched me as I coloured.
They watched me 'til I was through.

And when I'd finished,
I began to walk away.
and as I did the Crayon Box
had something more to say . . .

"I do like Red!" said Yellow
and Green said, "So do I,
and Blue you are terrific,
so high up in the sky!"

"We are a Box of Crayons
Each of us unique,
But when we get together,
the picture is complete!"