



RHYMES
and DOODLES from



WIND-UP



TOY



Martha Sears West

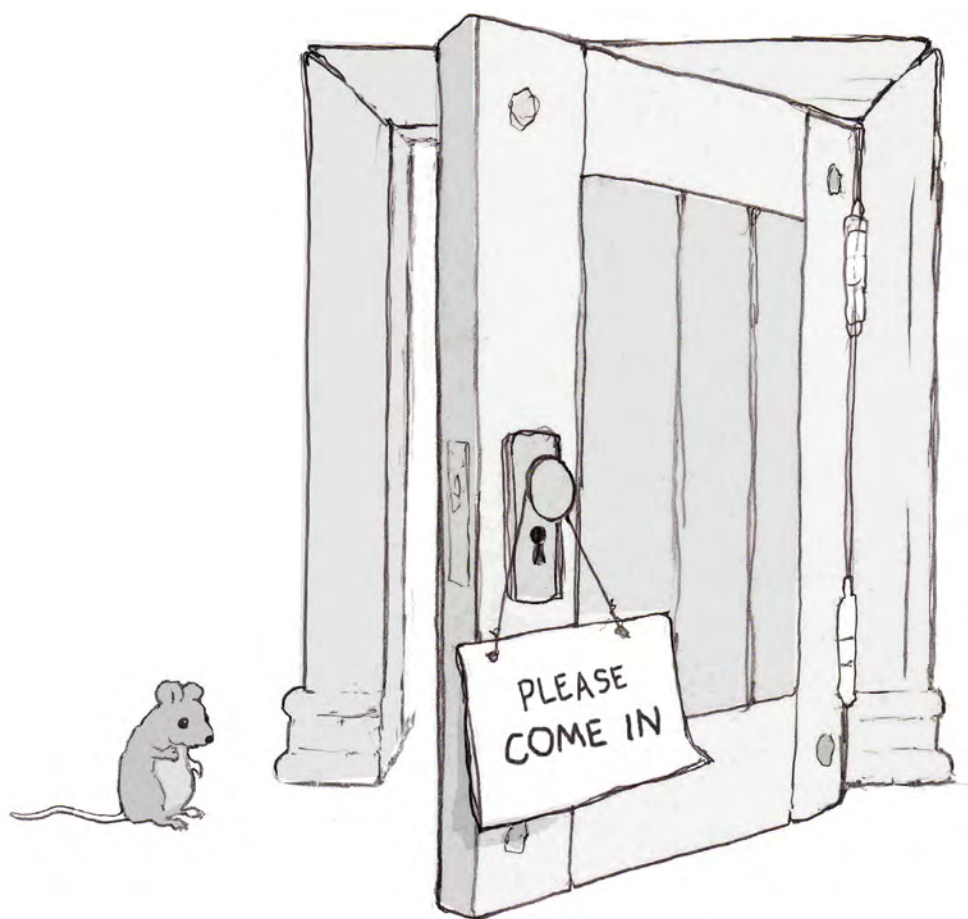


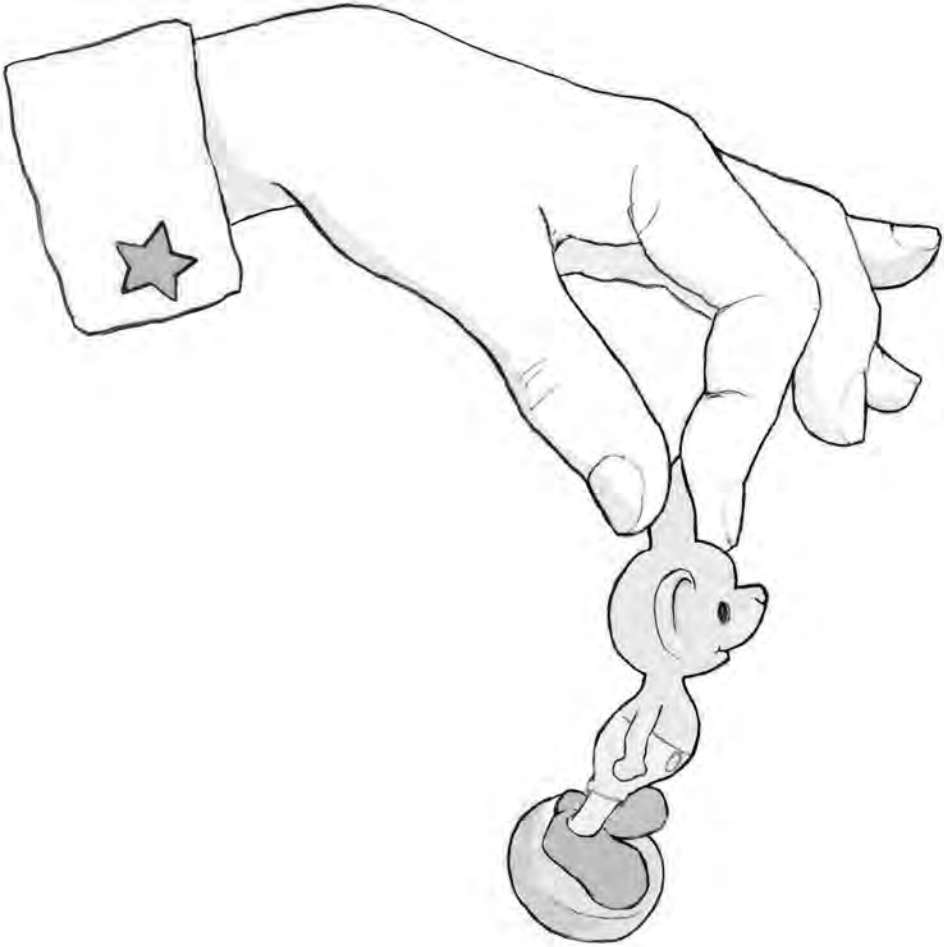
PREVIEW









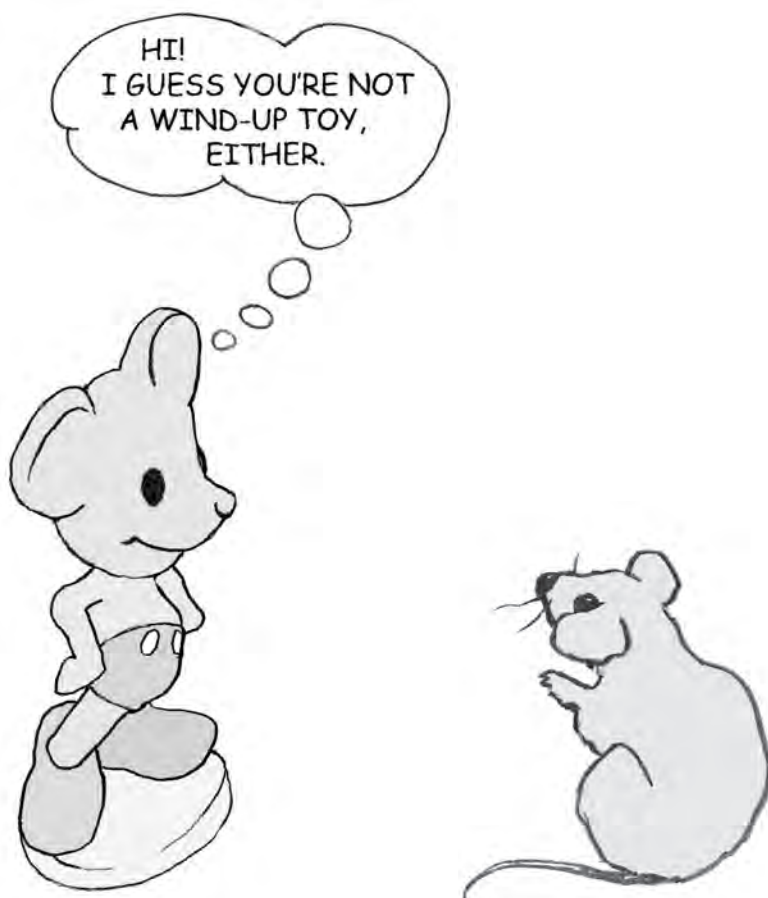


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A
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by
Martha Sears West



Clean Kind World
Los Angeles

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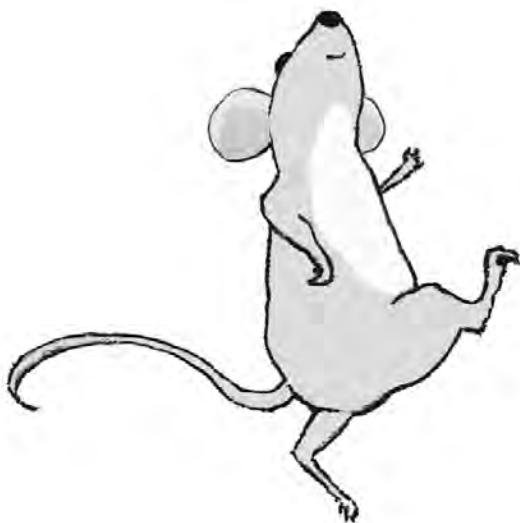
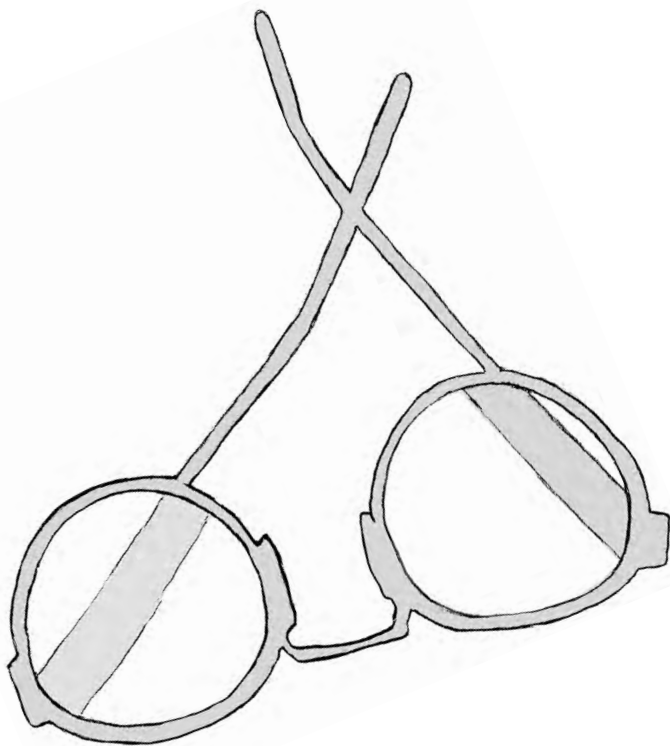
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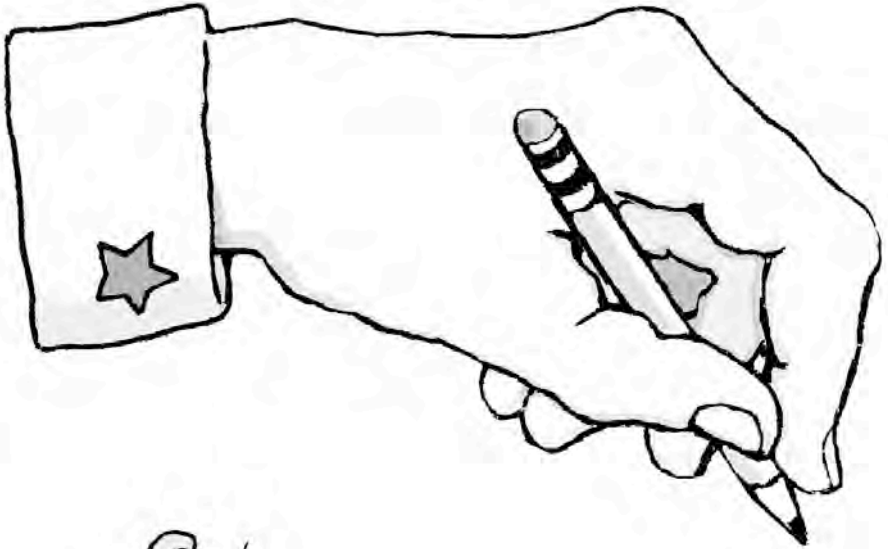
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Dear Reader,
I appreciate parents,
siblings, and dear friends
and family who are
happenmakers.
My deepest thanks
Allan, Page, Adam, and
their choice spouses
and families. Special
gratitude goes to my
husband, Steve, for fifty-
two years of creating
memories, and for his
gift of encouragement.
These words at play are
intertwined with my love.
I hope they give you
pleasure.

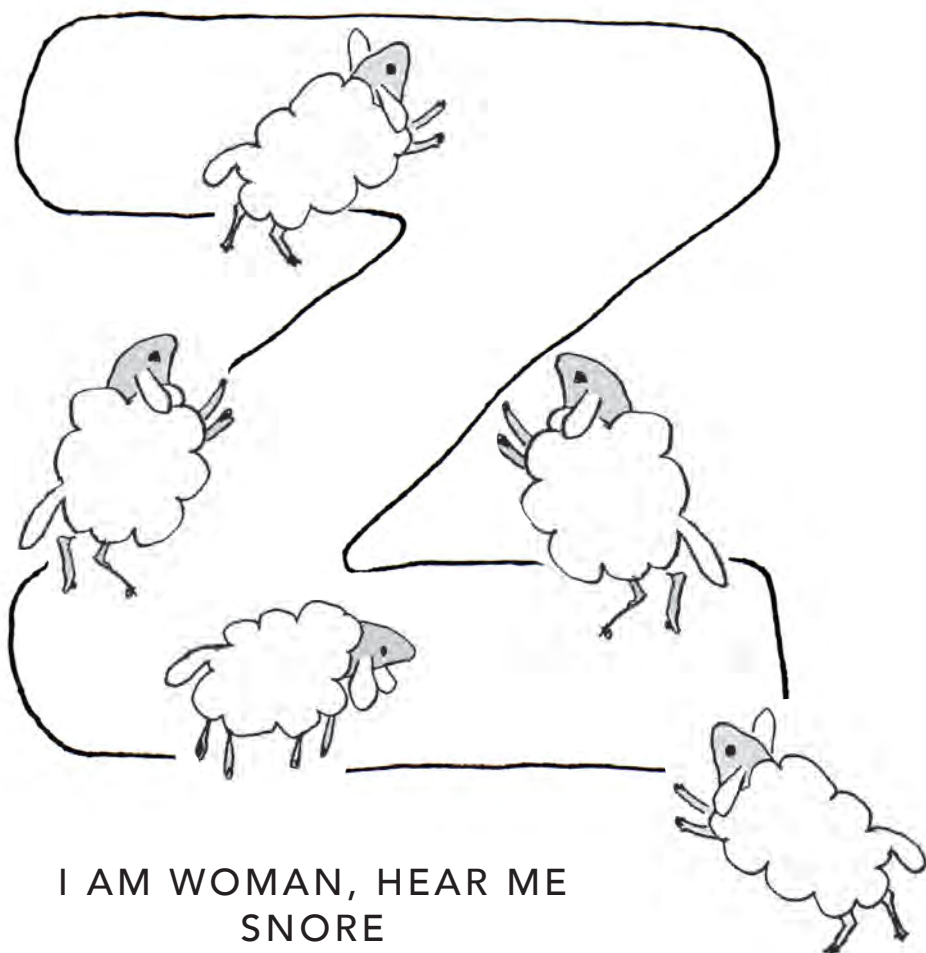
M.S.W.



POETIC SENSE

After reading poetry,
I want to ask from whence
The poet found so many words
That make so little sense.

This seems a rare frustration
That I suffer all alone:
If I'm to understand a poem,
I'll have to write my own.



I AM WOMAN, HEAR ME SNORE

I was wondering how I could douse
The snoring that came from my spouse.

The kids never slept,
Except when we kept
The doors closed all over the house.

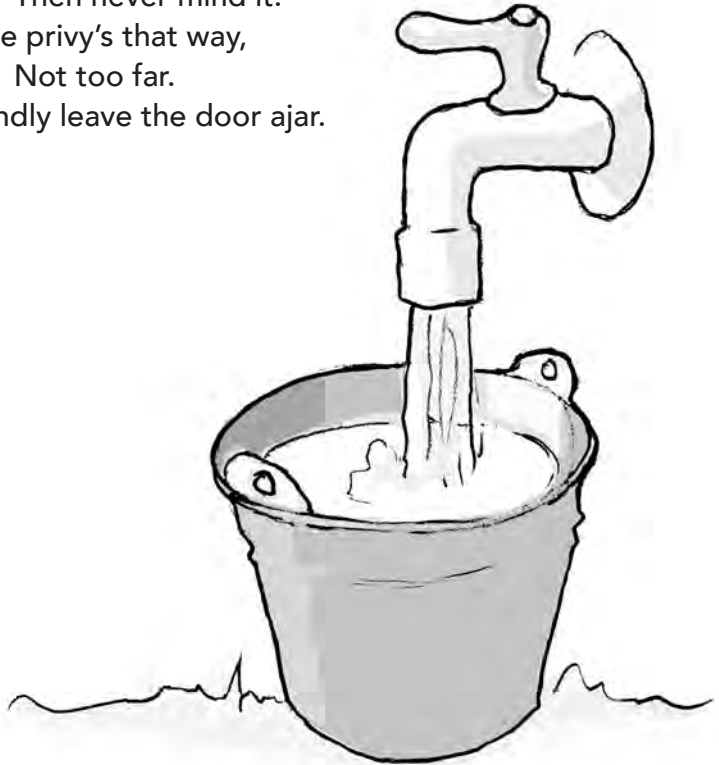
So I thought I should stay up and try
To watch him all night, as a spy.

And when they reported,
"Last night, no one snorted!"
I knew that the culprit was I.



NOTE ON A CABIN DOOR

The sheets are clean,
The towels are out.
We've scrubbed around
The water spout.
We hope you leave it
As you find it.
If you can't,
Then never mind it.
The privy's that way,
Not too far.
Kindly leave the door ajar.

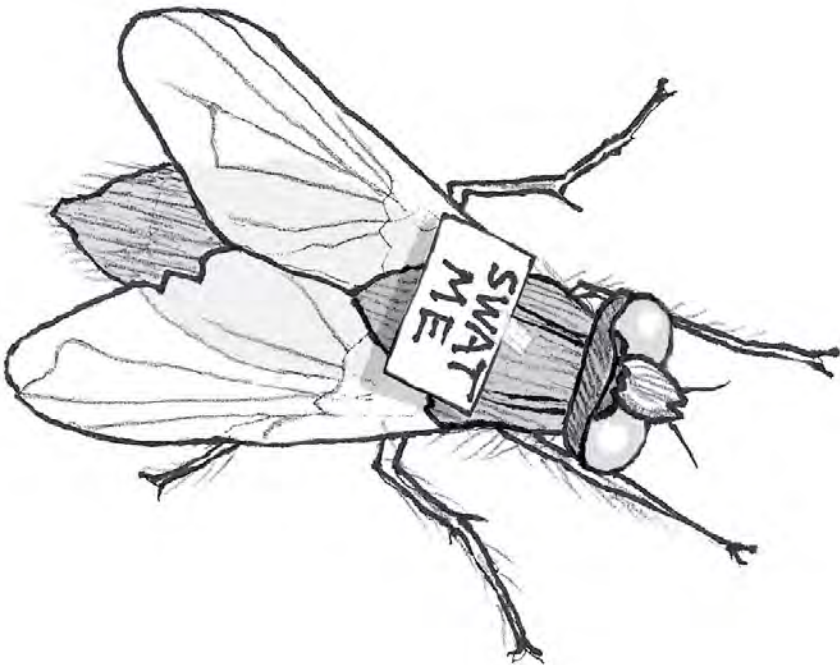


ON FIRE

Once there was a naughty bloke
Who wallowed in the mire.
And every time he spoke,
He called someone else a liar.

He lived the law of tit for tat
And, over time, became
So very good at lying
That he set his pants aflame.

Now he sits in swarms of flies
(He isn't very couth),
And spends his time producing lies
While swatting at the truth.



MAYBE AND ALONE

When Maynard Jones and Beatrice
Had a little baby,
They joined their names together,
And called their daughter "Maybe."

In time, a couple moved next door,
Called Alice and Tyrone.
They took the Jones' example,
And named their child "Alone."

One day, Alice asked,
"Oh, Bea, could Maybe tend Alone?
I know she's young, but you're nearby,
And I'll be near a phone."

Maybe did quite well;
She sat Alone upon the grouch
(By that, I mean she propped her
In the greenish-colored couch.)

Carefully, she used a spork
To feed Alone some goop.
(That is to say she gave her
What we call Gaspacho Soup.)

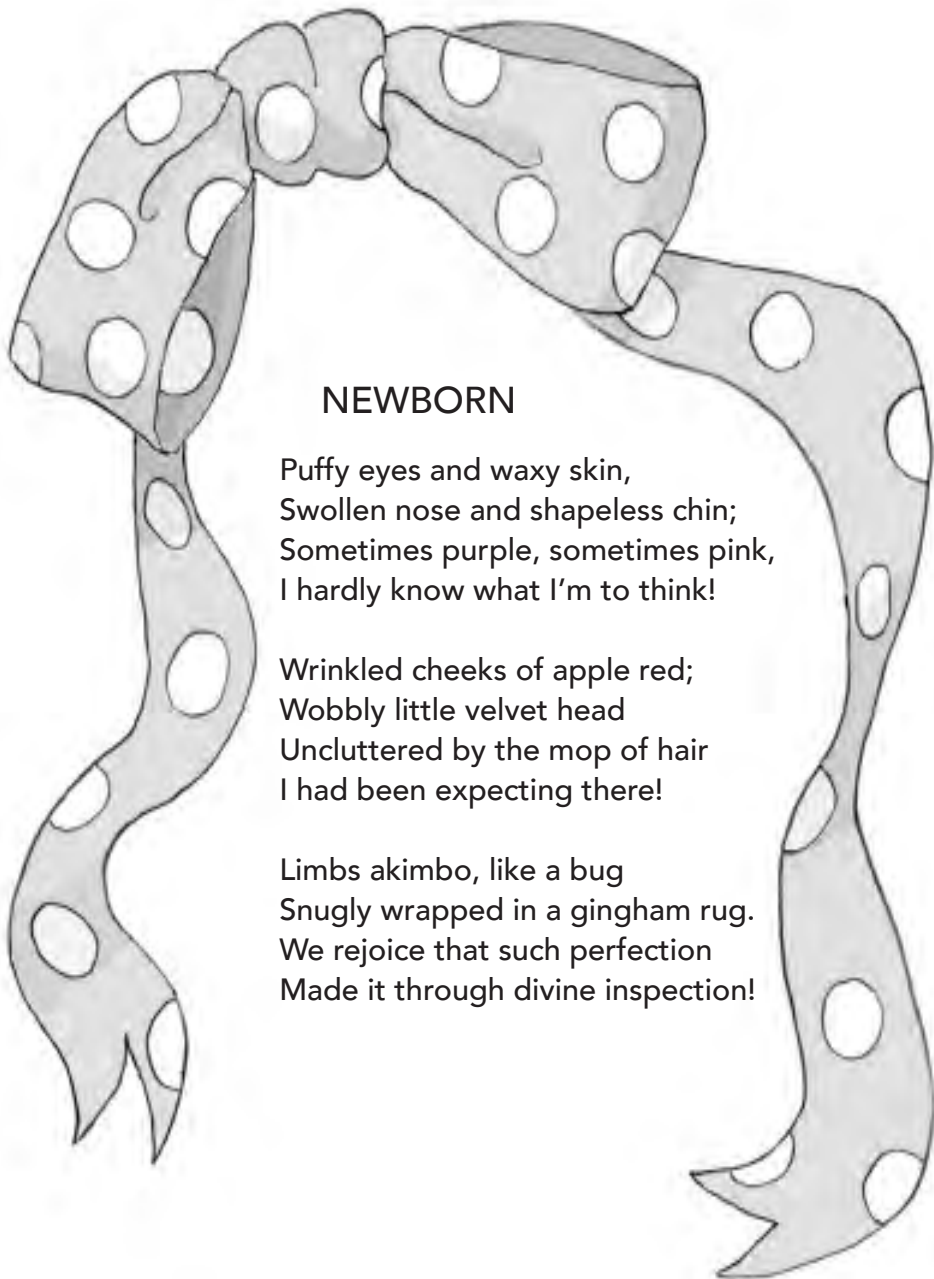
The venture was a great success,
So Alice and Tyrone
Thought, "Maybe Maybe's old enough
To tend Alone, alone."



NO BOSS

There is no Boss of Crayons
Who will check on you and say,
"The law is: you must only color
In a certain way!"
No "President of Perfect Pictures"
Comes collecting fines
Or snatches off your paper,
When you draw outside the lines.



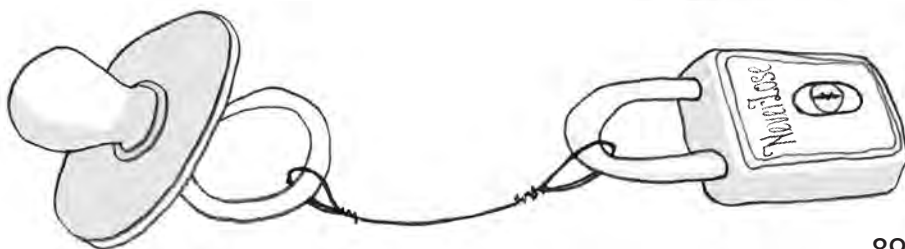


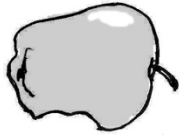
NEWBORN

Puffy eyes and waxy skin,
Swollen nose and shapeless chin;
Sometimes purple, sometimes pink,
I hardly know what I'm to think!

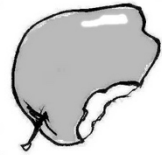
Wrinkled cheeks of apple red;
Wobbly little velvet head
Uncluttered by the mop of hair
I had been expecting there!

Limbs akimbo, like a bug
Snugly wrapped in a gingham rug.
We rejoice that such perfection
Made it through divine inspection!



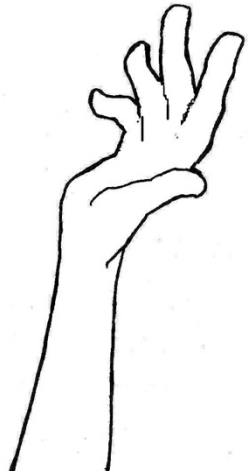


HAPPENMAKER



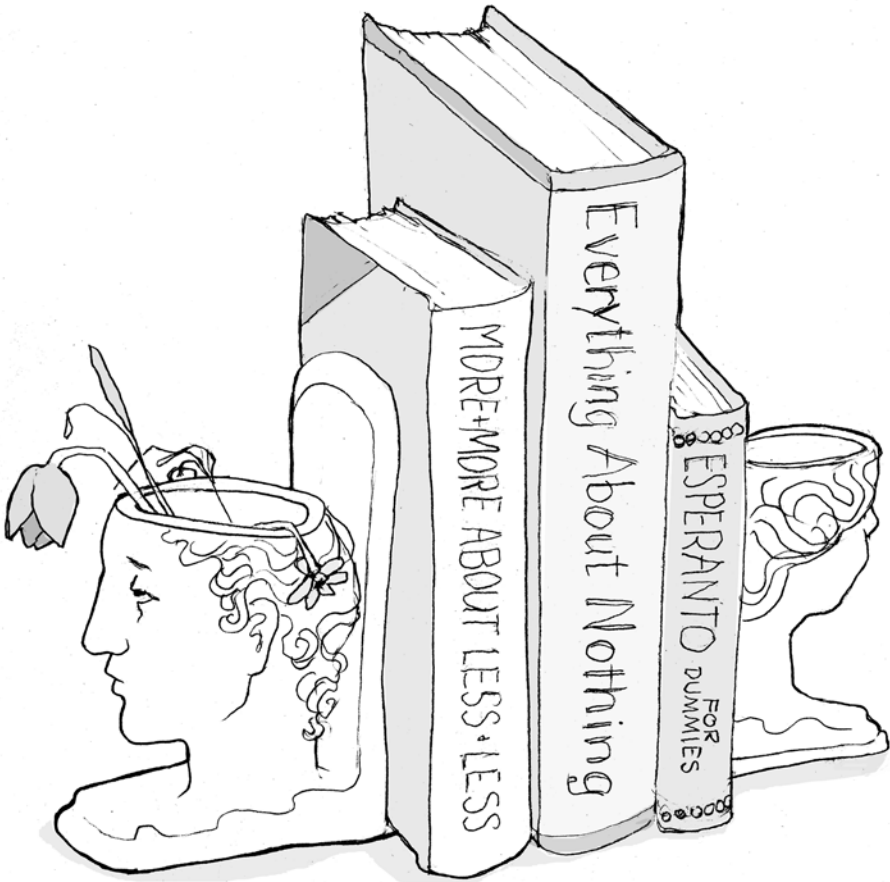
She looked so frail in the hospital bed,
But she touched my hand and smiled,
Then asked, "Remind me, Dear,
Are you my mother, or my child?"

"I know! You are my Happenmaker,"
She said, and laughed with pleasure.
I wish I'd told my mom
It was a title I would treasure.



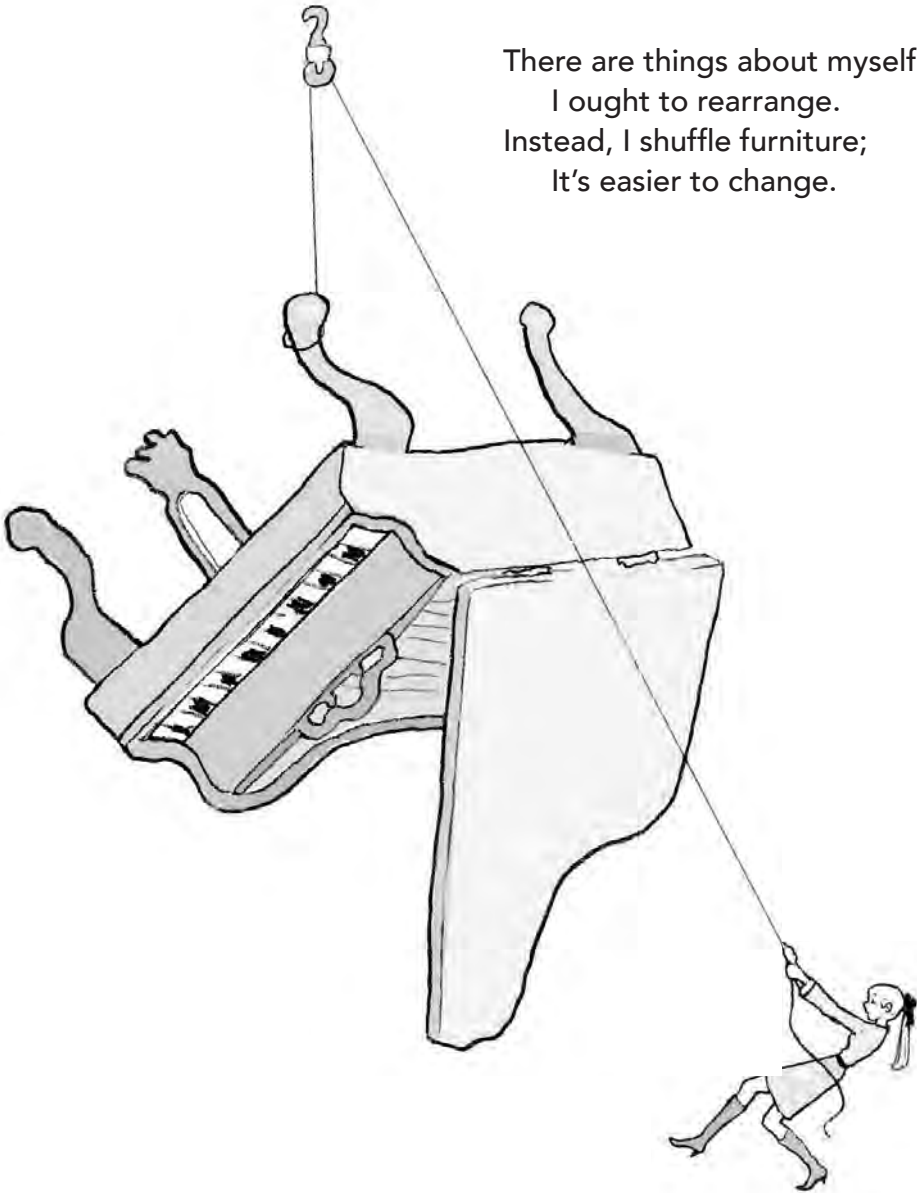
PORTABLE FUN

Here's a rule I just made up:
 "No boredom is allowed,"
For each of us has got a head,
 In which there's room to crowd
Exciting things for later use,
 Like stories, thoughts and facts,
Providing entertainment,
 Which an empty noggin lacks.

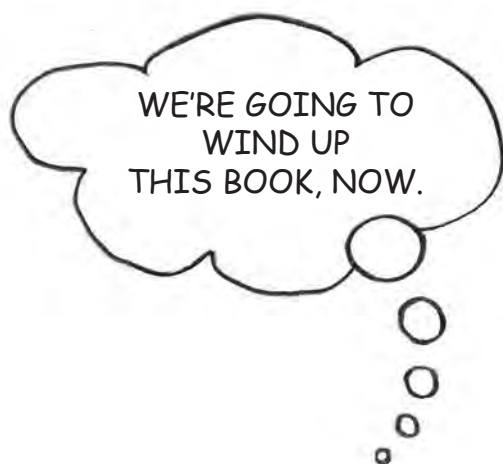


CHANGE

There are things about myself
I ought to rearrange.
Instead, I shuffle furniture;
It's easier to change.



THE END





These are but a few of this book's 100 short poems
and delightful illustrations.