

# A Box of Crayons

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 here is wrong!"

Well, I bought that box of  
crayons  
and took it home with me  
and laid out all the crayons  
so the crayons could all see.

They watched me as I colored  
with red and blue and green  
and black and white and  
orange  
and every color 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.

Colors changing as they  
touched,  
becoming something new.  
They watched me as I colored.  
They watched till I was  
through.

And when I finally finished,  
I began to walk away.  
And as I did the crayon box  
had something more to say...

"I do like red!" said the 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."

