The Red Wheelbarrow

[William Carlos Williams](https://www.poets.org/node/45484), 1883 - 1963

so much depends

upon

a red wheel

barrow

glazed with rain

water

beside the white

chickens

The Orange

By: Raymond Souster

Each new week is a shiny orange

Which you divide into seven portions

Making it come out as even as you can

Then each morning comes, that glorious moment

When you carefully lift one piece to your waiting mouth

Feel your teeth ripping deep through the pulpy fruit

To release golden jets that flood and tingle all the long way down your suddenly pulsing throat.