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.