FROM BLUE BUCKET BY NAOMI SHIHAB NYE

What if, instead of war, we shared our buckets of wind and worry?
Tell me the story you carry there, steeping in old pain and future hope, rich with fragrant savory spices, ginger, turmeric, tarragon, find me a spoon in one of your pockets, even if we don't speak the same language

maybe
you hold my bucket
a while, see what
the handle feels like,
and I hold yours,
or maybe both buckets
are empty and
we trade them forever.

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HERE WE GO BY JANET WONG

We are the food drives, the walkathons, the readathons, the gardens.
You start us with a dime a mile, a dollar a book, a hug, a smile, a bucket of soil.
You give us life, you make us strong, you let everyone know they can belong—

We're changing the world, a town at a time, a book and a dollar, our muscles and a dime. We need who you are, we need what you know. Join us, will you? Here we go!

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Use 3-5 words from each poem to make a poem of your own!

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