



A Box of Crayons

By Shane DeRolf

While walking in a toy store
the day before today,
I overheard a crayon box
with many things to say.

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

"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.

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

"We are a box of crayons
That really doesn't get along,"
said blue to all the others,
"Something here is wrong!"



"I do like red!" said the yellow
and green said, "So do I!"
"And blue you are terrific
so high up in the sky."

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.

"We are a box of crayons
each one of us unique,
but when we get together
the picture is complete."



They watched me as I coloured
with red and blue and green
and black and white and orange
and every colour 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.

Think and Share:

The author of this poem has a
very important message to
share. What do you think the
message of this poem is?

Draw a picture of what you
visualized when you read this
poem.