

Poems from *Could You Hug A Cactus*

Scene 7 (The title card reads, "MAGIC WORDS")

(ACTOR A enters, wearing the same outfit as before. But this time, s/he's also carrying a magician's top hat and a magic wand.)

ACTOR A

Hi, everyone! We hope you like our poems so far. We spent lots of time picking every word, syllable, and rhyme. We wanted them to be just right, because when a poem is just right, it shares exactly how we're feeling and what we're thinking. It's sort of like a magic trick, don't you think?

(ACTOR A holds out the magician's hat and waves a magic wand over it, as she recites her poem.)

Magicians love their magic words
Like abracadabra and alakazam
Presto chango, sim sala bim
Hocus pocus, and balla-bil-lam
Like smattery-slattery-spattery-stop
Or lookoverthere or kam-plor!
Magicians love their magic words

(ACTOR A pulls a notebook out of the magician's hat.)

But poets love them even more!

Scene 8

(The title card reads, "WORDS ARE WORDS") (The cast performs an homage to the power of language.)

ACTOR H

What if a cactus felt really bad?
Hurt and depressed and truly quite sad?

Feeling unwelcome or feeling unliked,
Not feeling like dealing with being all spiked.

What if it started to share all its fears?
Cry a small cry with its cactus-juice tears?

What if it gave all your heartstrings a tug?
Could you do the deed, could you give it a hug?

Scene 15D (ACTOR D shares short poem #3: "SEWED")

[VIRTUAL: ACTOR D recites the following poem from inside a darkened sleeping bag with only a flashlight illuminating his face.]

ACTOR D

My grandma taught me how to sew
I kind of wish she didn't.
I fixed my sleeping bag, you know,
And sewed it with me in it.