

LITTLE LINE

Grace Cavalieri

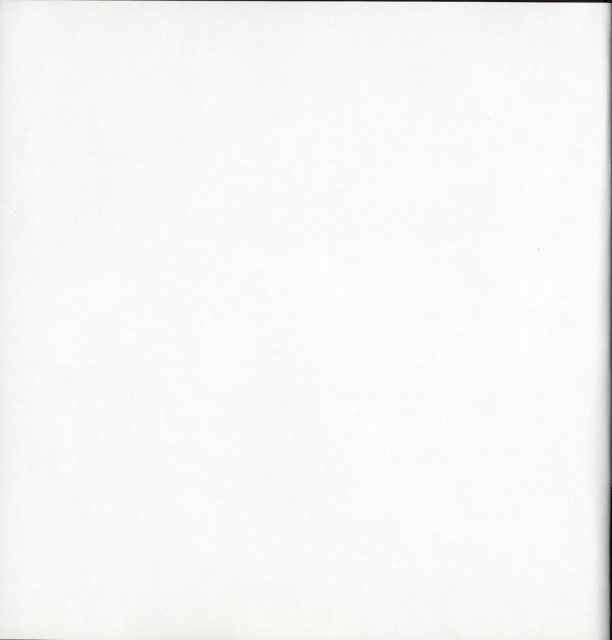
Illustrated by
Mary Ellen Long





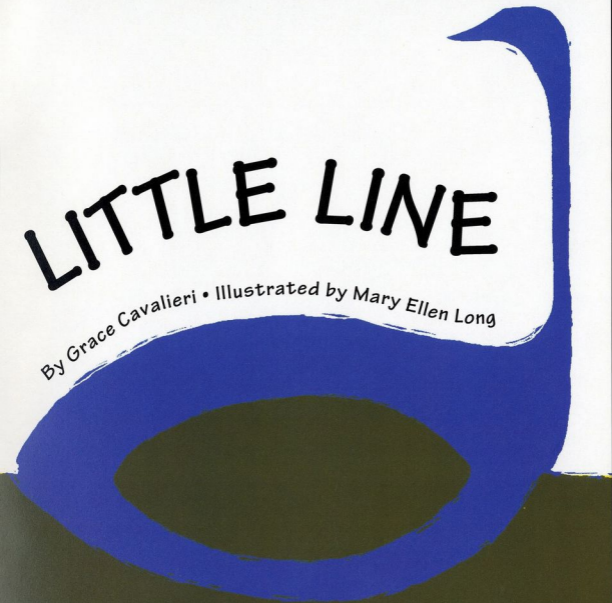
A large, blank white oval shape is centered on a red background. The background is decorated with a repeating pattern of white, stylized flowers, each with five petals. The oval is empty, serving as a focal point for the design.

Grace Curless



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By Grace Cavalieri • Illustrated by Mary Ellen Long



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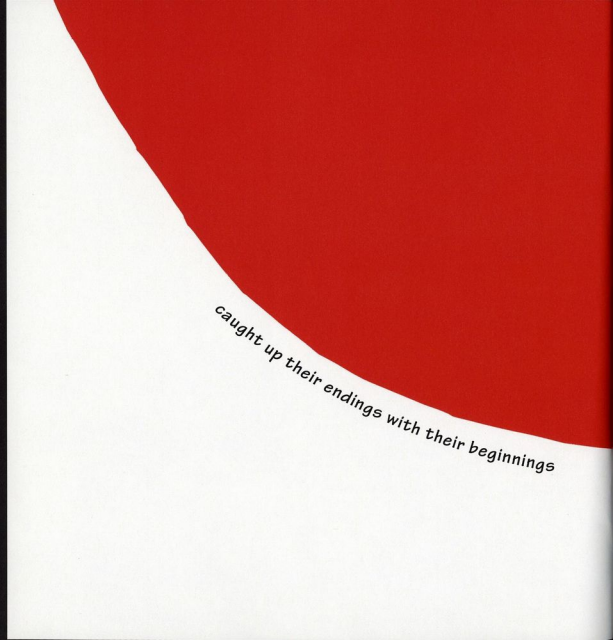
To all the children

There was a little line who
tho he was small
wished to stretch his body
like other lines he saw



whose very magic from their spinnings...





caught up their endings with their beginnings

A large, hand-drawn white circle is centered in the upper left portion of the image. The background is a solid, vibrant red. A white curved line separates the red area from a white area at the bottom right. The text is written along this white curve.

into a perfect circle "O". Everyone has his dream, don't you know.

"O the many things one could be
those lines which are not shaped like me.

Circles can travel foot in hand
to places and be back again.

Circles can be happy things

mirrors

lights

wedding rings

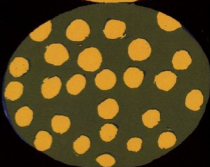
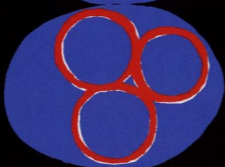
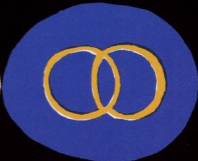
suns and moons

leopard spots

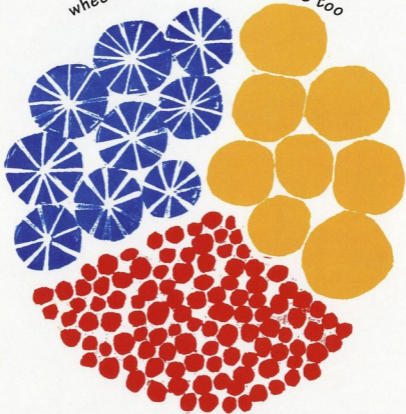
cookies

hoops

lemon drops



wheels and balls and marbles too





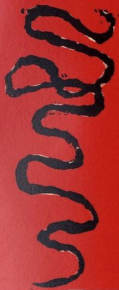
but half a circle will not do.”

Anything is what one could be
if a line could only see



how to grow

and turn

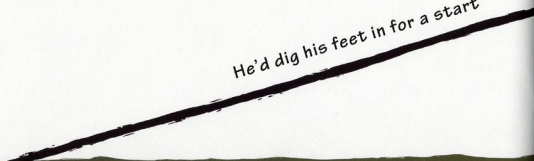


and wiggle

until his toes could reach his giggle.

Little Line would try and try
and try
and try
and try
and try.
and try.

He'd dig his feet in for a start

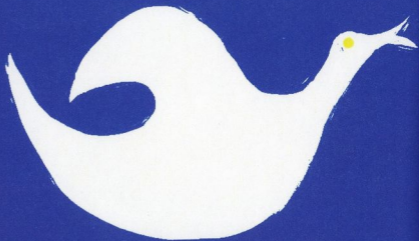


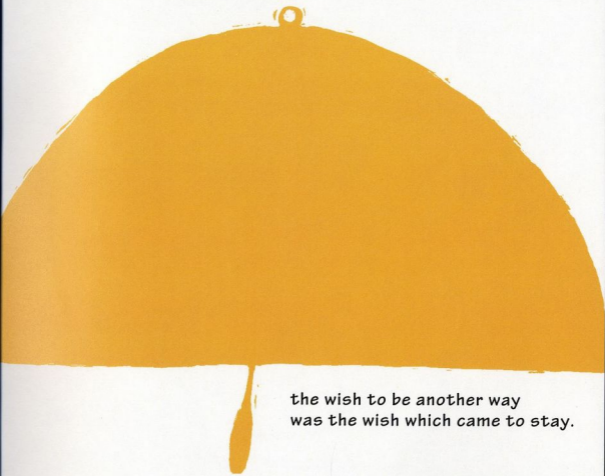
and stretch and stretch



his little heart.

Like a bird which wouldn't stop singing
Like a bell which couldn't stop ringing

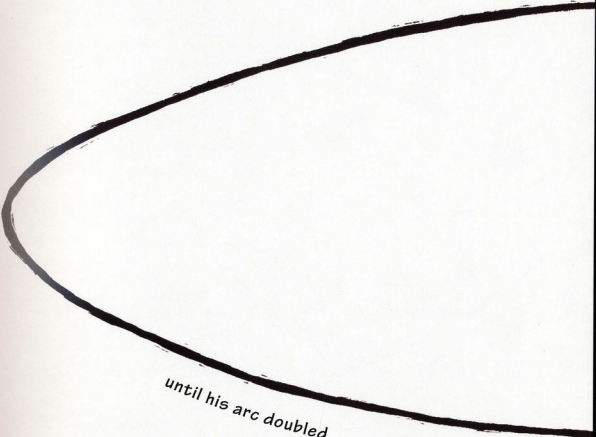




the wish to be another way
was the wish which came to stay.



Each try to circle
became a miss



until his arc doubled

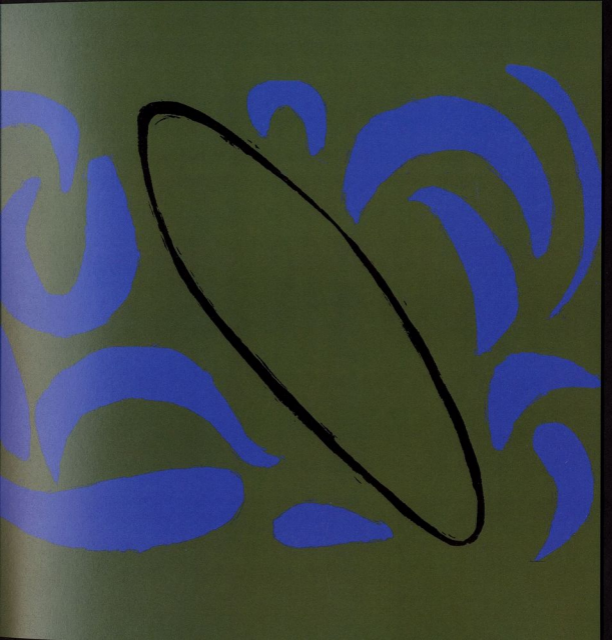
and turned into this.

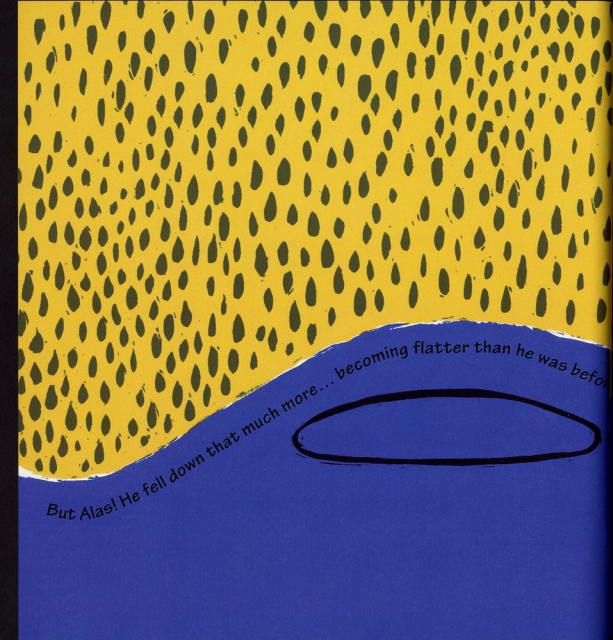




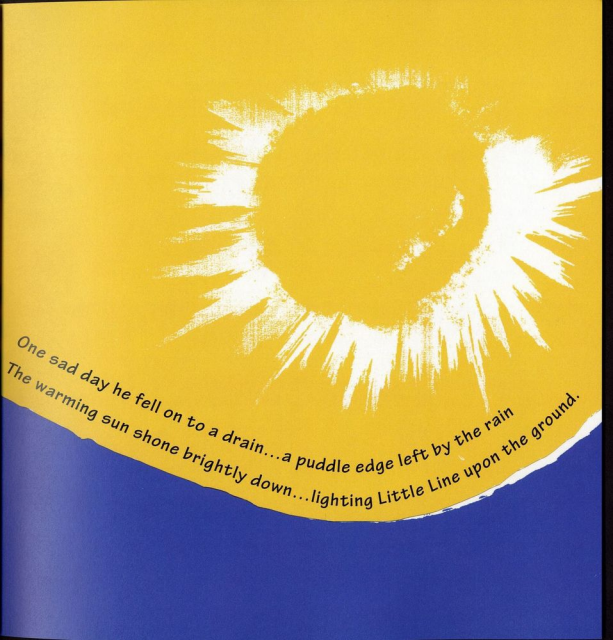
O sadness without end which one can see,
now Little Line would always look like this to you and me.

He jumped up high in tries to bend and turn and puff and round his ends.

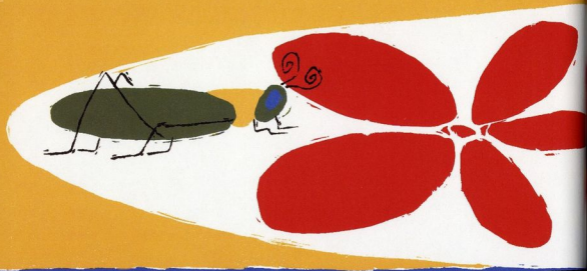




But Alas! He fell down that much more... becoming flatter than he was before

A bright yellow sun with rays shining on a blue background. The sun is positioned in the upper half of the frame, with its rays extending downwards. The background is a solid blue color. The text is written in a white, sans-serif font, following the curve of the sun's rays.

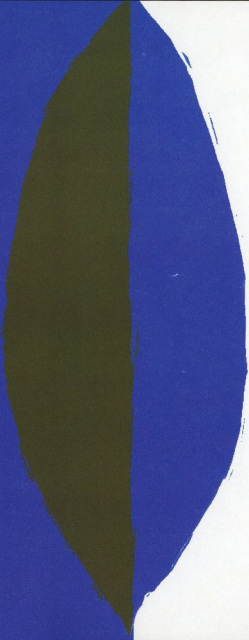
One sad day he fell on to a drain...a puddle edge left by the rain
The warming sun shone brightly down...lighting Little Line upon the ground.



Sun sparkled a mirror right off of him



and sparkled bright shapes of a great many things.

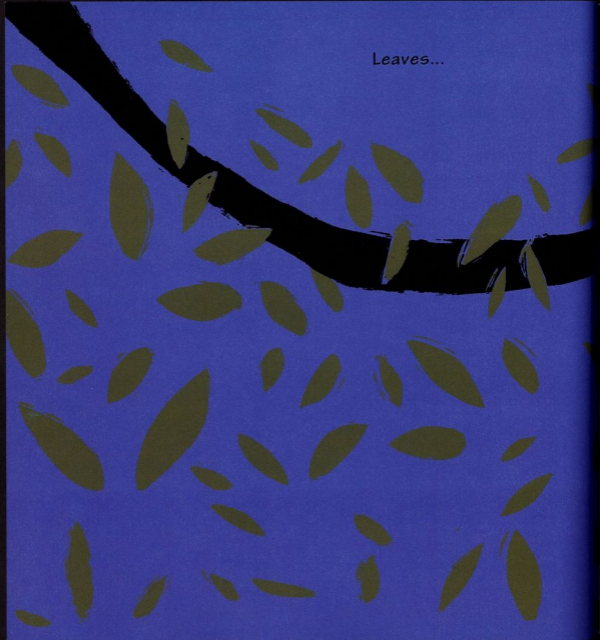


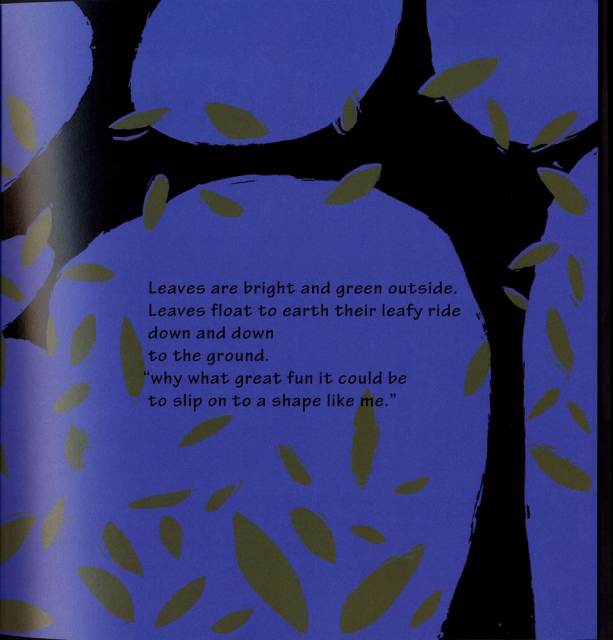
A leaf's edge...



O Little Line thought,
"why I can see
some pretty things
which look like me."

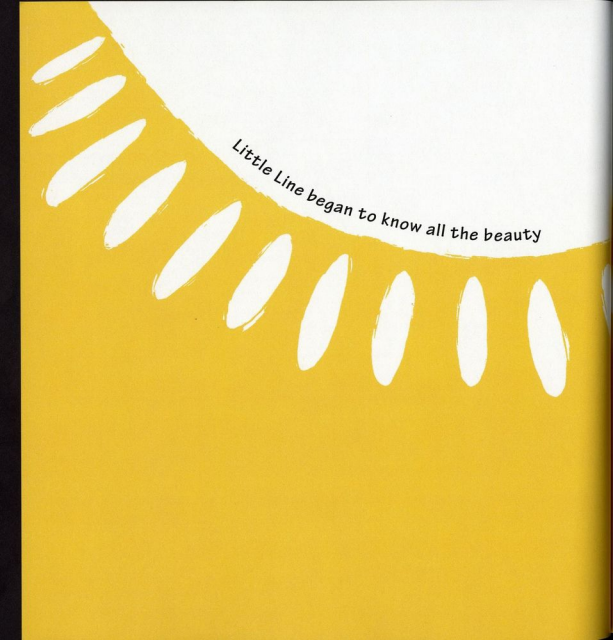
Leaves...





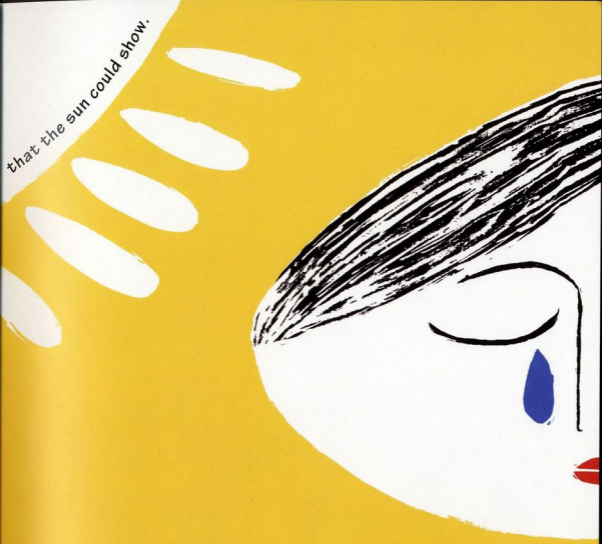
Leaves are bright and green outside.
Leaves float to earth their leafy ride
down and down
to the ground.

"why what great fun it could be
to slip on to a shape like me."



Little Line began to know all the beauty

that the sun could show.

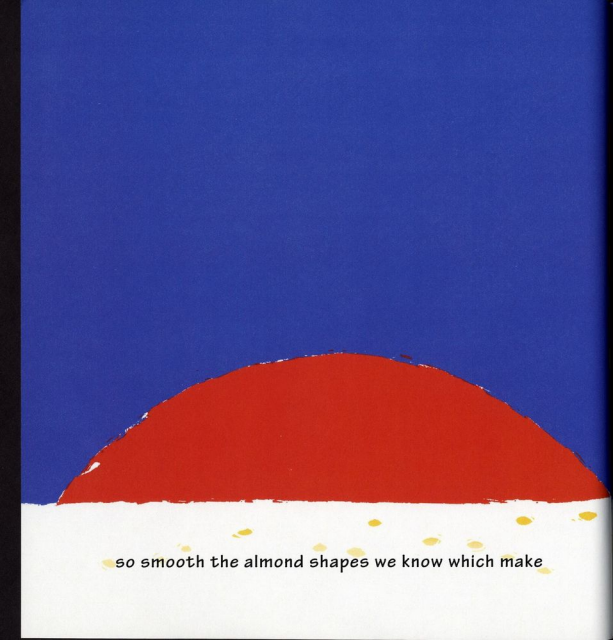


Sun sparkled on a child's tear

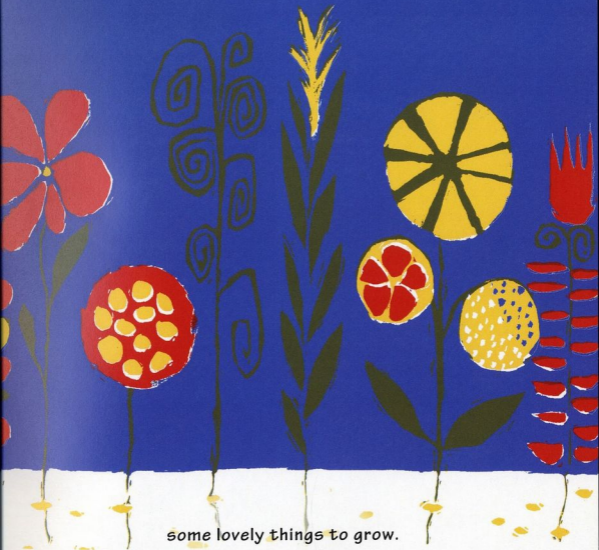
a pebble by the ocean's pier...







so smooth the almond shapes we know which make

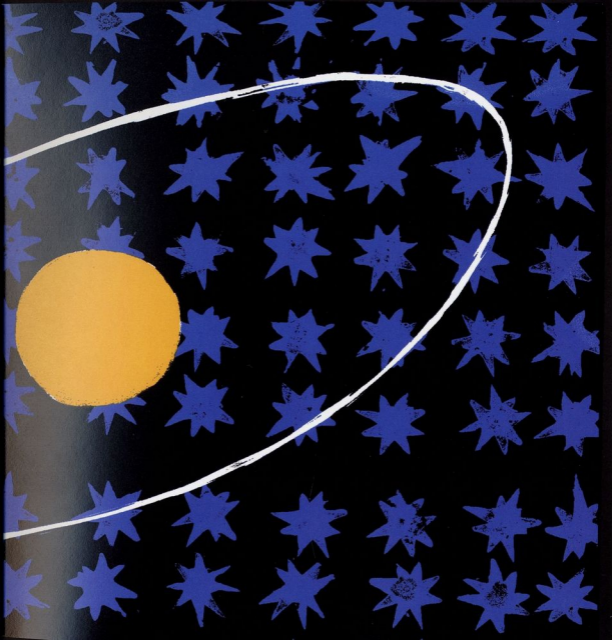


some lovely things to grow.

And farther from our watching eye

the earth's VERY PATH through the dark sky.

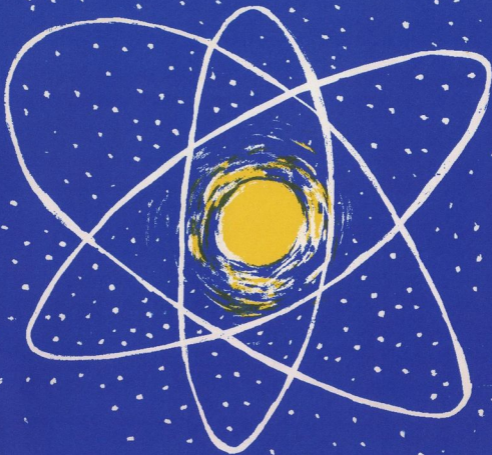


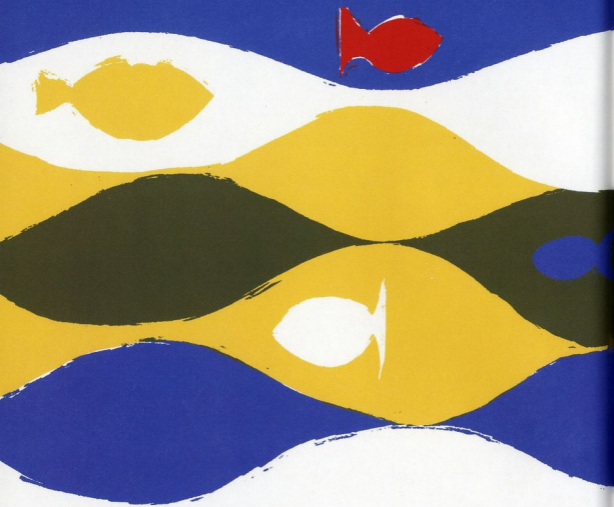


Little Line thought with a full heart



of all the stars caught in such arcs.





He thought of all the beautiful things which were not round,



that beauty was in the things we found.

And that though we wish for what others are
perhaps we will be more special...by far.









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