



# *Valentine Poems*

SELECTED BY  
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ILLUSTRATED BY  
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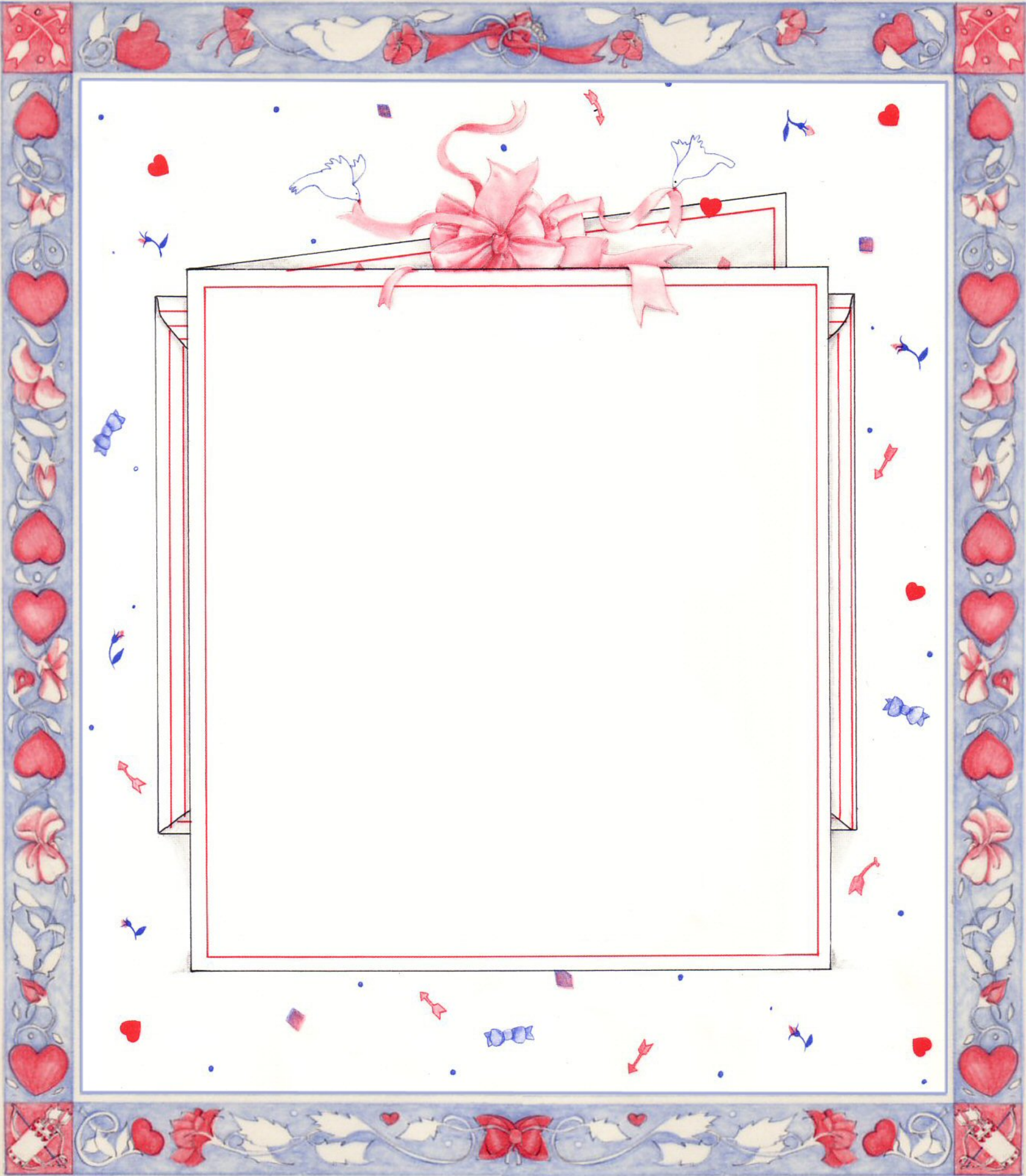


*Valentine Poems*













## ROSES ARE RED

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Carnations are sweet  
And so are you.  
And so are they  
That send you this  
And when we meet  
We'll have a kiss.

*Traditional, English*

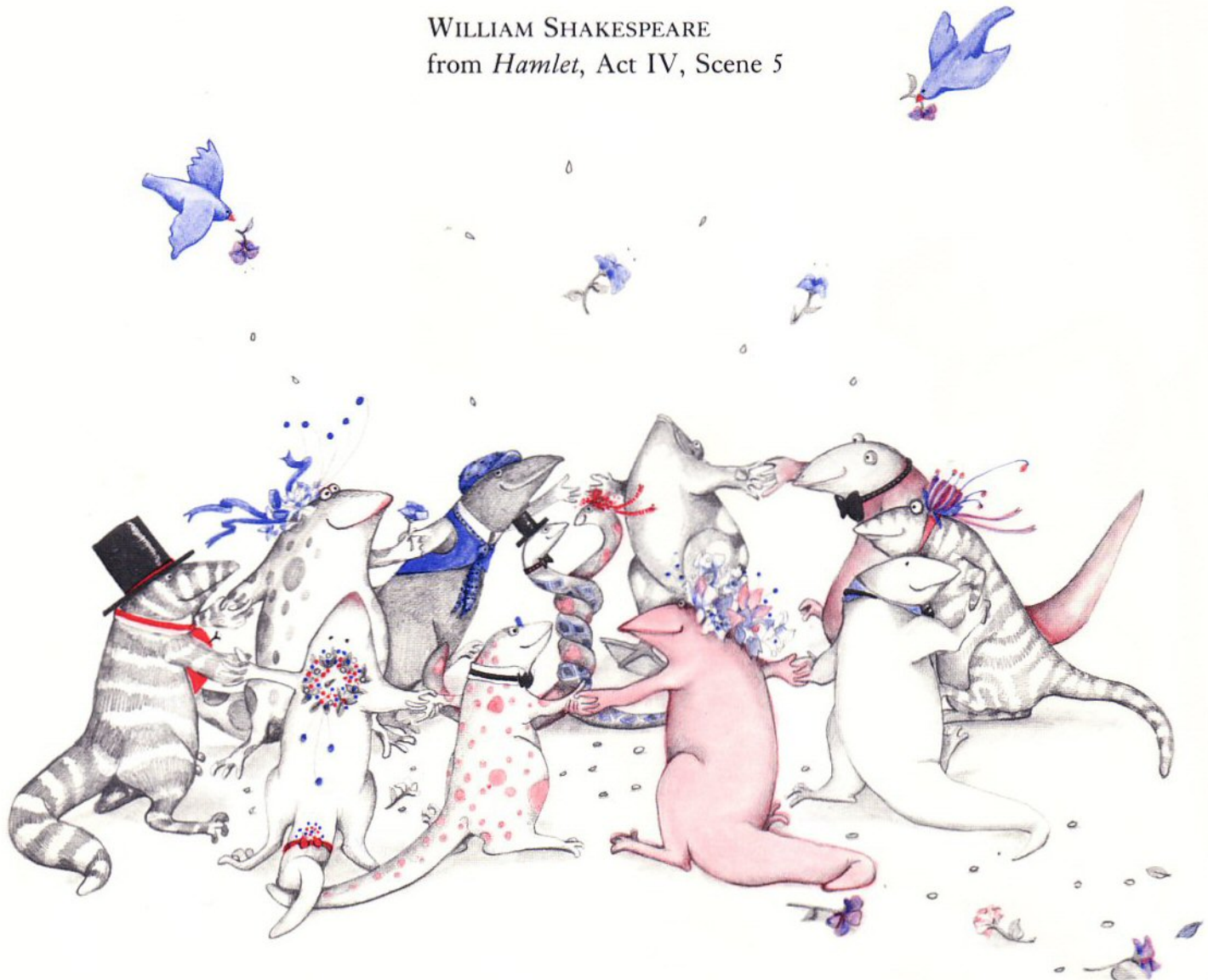




TO-MORROW IS SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window  
To be your Valentine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
from *Hamlet*, Act IV, Scene 5









*GOING STEADY*

Valentine, O Valentine,  
I'll be your love and you'll be mine;  
We'll care for each other, rain or fine,  
And in ninety years we'll be ninety-nine.

IAN SERRAILLIER





*AN ANGRY VALENTINE*

If you won't be my Valentine  
I'll *scream*, I'll *yell*, I'll *bite*!  
I'll cry aloud, I'll start to whine  
If you won't be my Valentine.  
I'll frown and fret, I'll mope and pine,  
And it will serve you right—  
If you won't be my Valentine  
I'll *scream*, I'll *yell*, I'll *bite*!

MYRA COHN LIVINGSTON





*PLENTY OF LOVE*

Plenty of love,  
Tons of kisses,  
Hope some day  
To be your Mrs.

*Traditional, English*











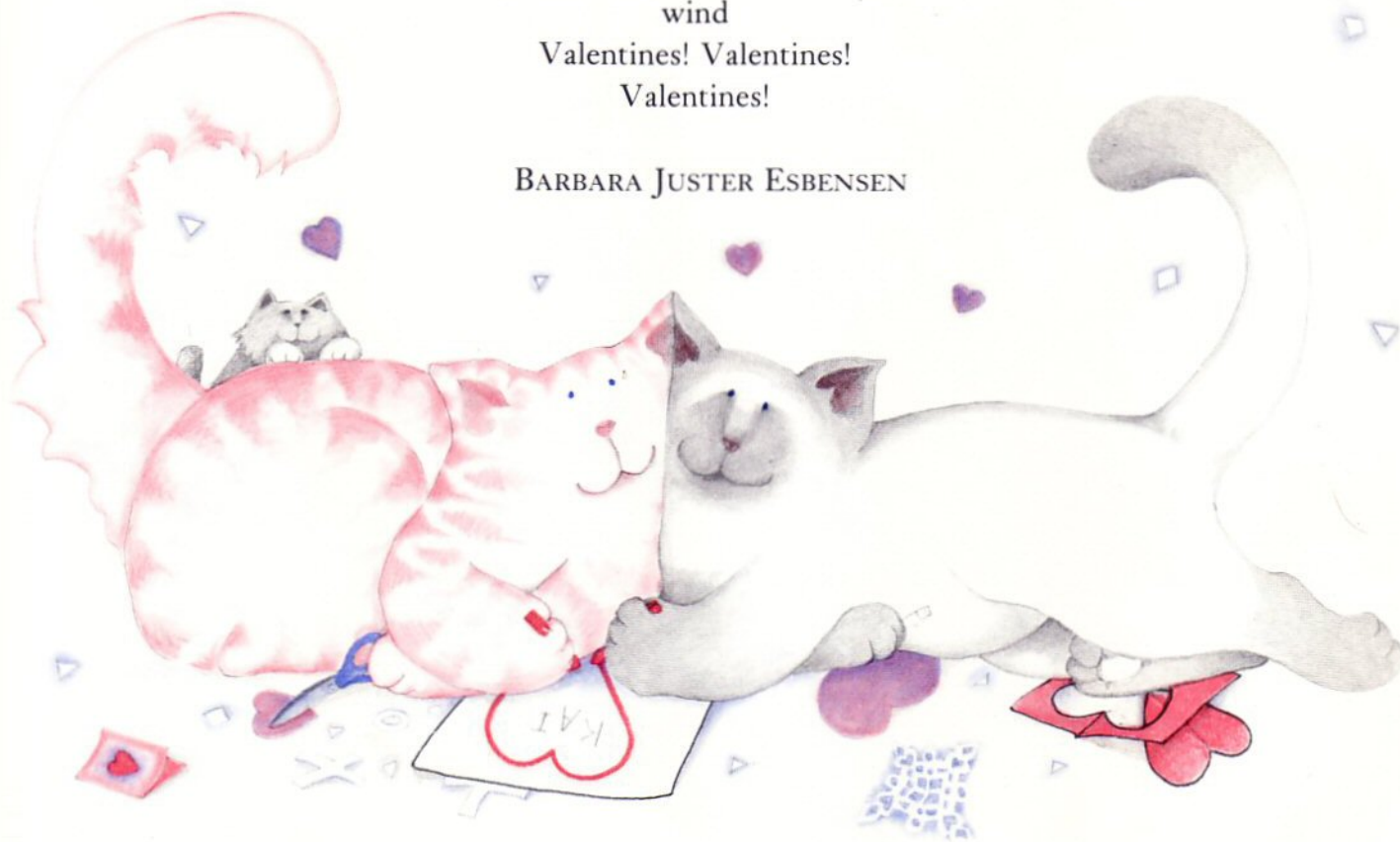


*A VALENTINE BIRTHDAY  
for Kai*

Again today  
we draw the heart around  
your name Our red crayons  
bright with love—  
the paper white as drifts  
outside the door

Snowfall on your birthday!  
Each  
tumbling flake snipped  
into lace by the scissoring  
wind  
Valentines! Valentines!  
Valentines!

BARBARA JUSTER ESBENSEN





*MY LOVE IS LIKE A CABBAGE*







My love is like a cabbage  
Divided into two,  
The leaves I give to others  
but the heart I give to you.

*Traditional, English*

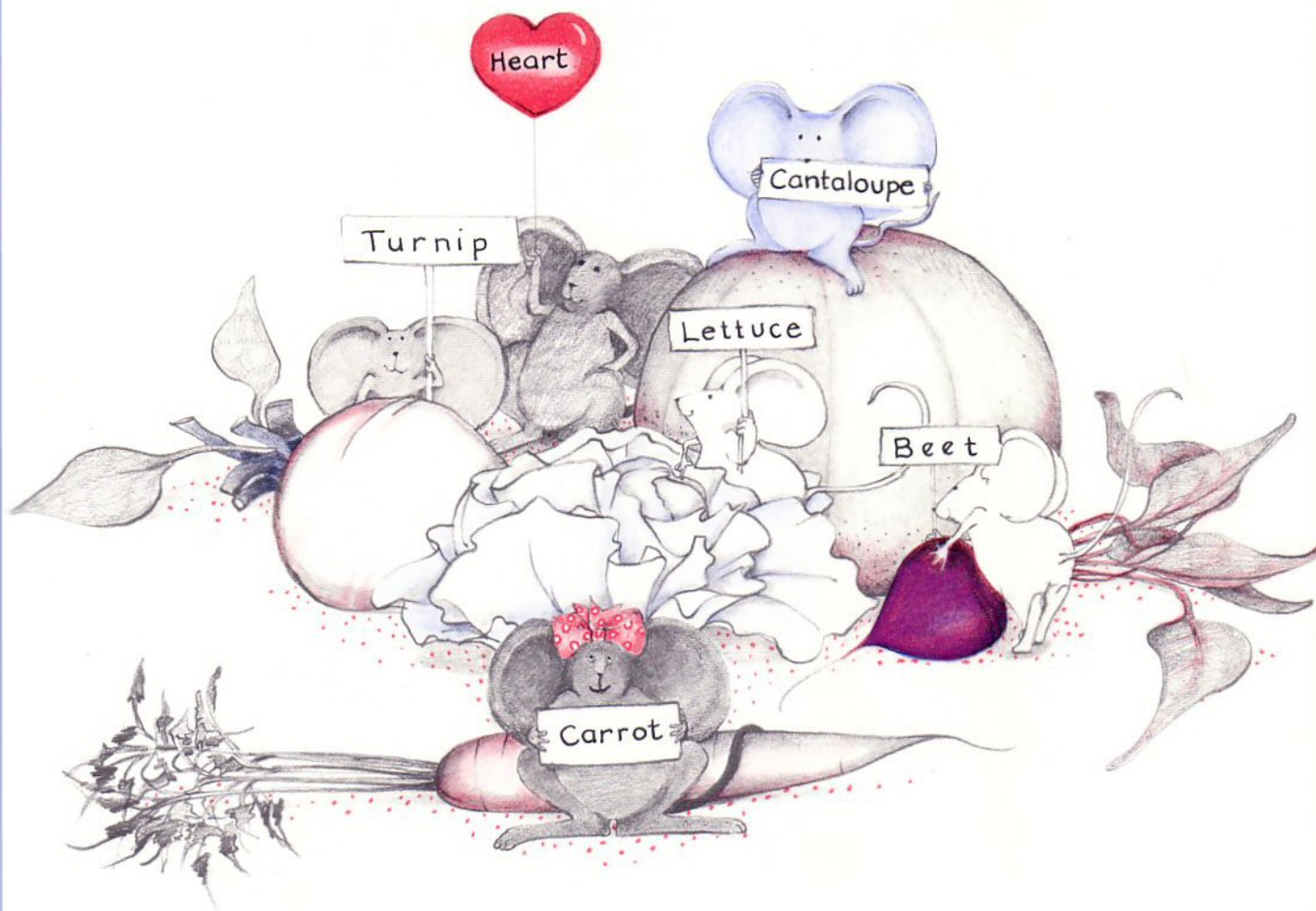




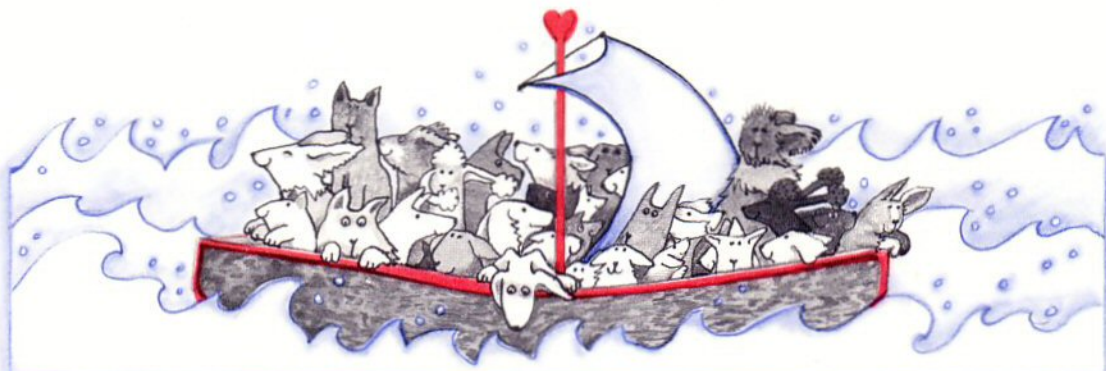
*REBUS VALENTINE*

You may not  all for me  
The way I care for you.  
You may  your nose  
When I plead with you—  
But if your  should  with mine  
Forever  hope  
There is no reason in the world  
Why we two  !

*Unknown*







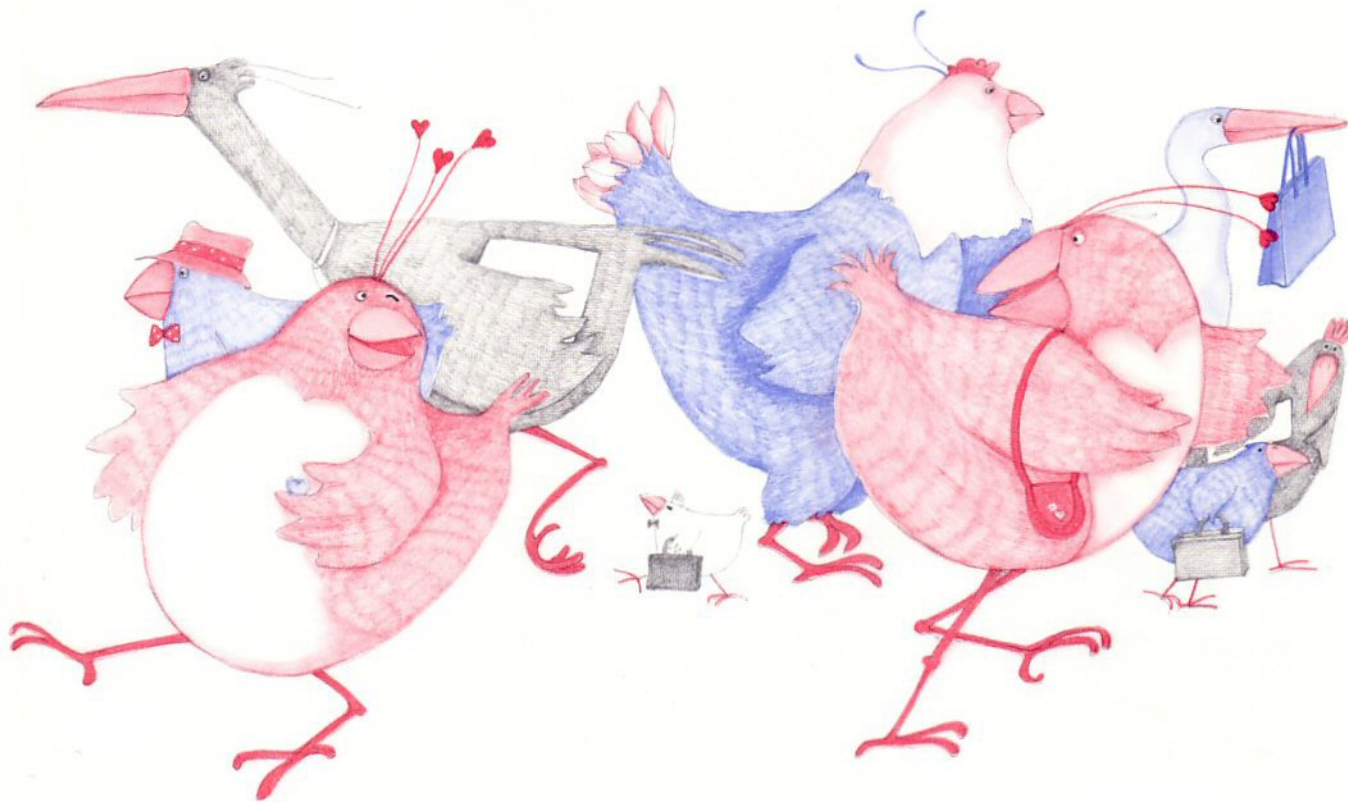


## CONVERSATION HEARTS

Such meek  
Little tokens,  
Sugary white,  
Shy green, prim  
Yellow and pink:

But spiced with  
Mottoes: SURE  
THING, OH BOY—  
Each one like  
A reckless wink.

VALERIE WORTH





*VALENTINE CHOCOLATES*

Ordinary candy,  
Perhaps—but  
Boxed in a ruby  
Heart, it grows  
Exotic, mysterious;  
Not to mention  
The red cellophane  
Wrapper, which,  
Looked through,  
Shows a marvelous  
Scarlet world.

VALERIE WORTH









*HE SENT HIS LOVE A VALENTINE*

He sent his love a Valentine;  
His love did not reply.  
We never *dare* to care to sign  
These things, I wonder why.

DAVID McCORD

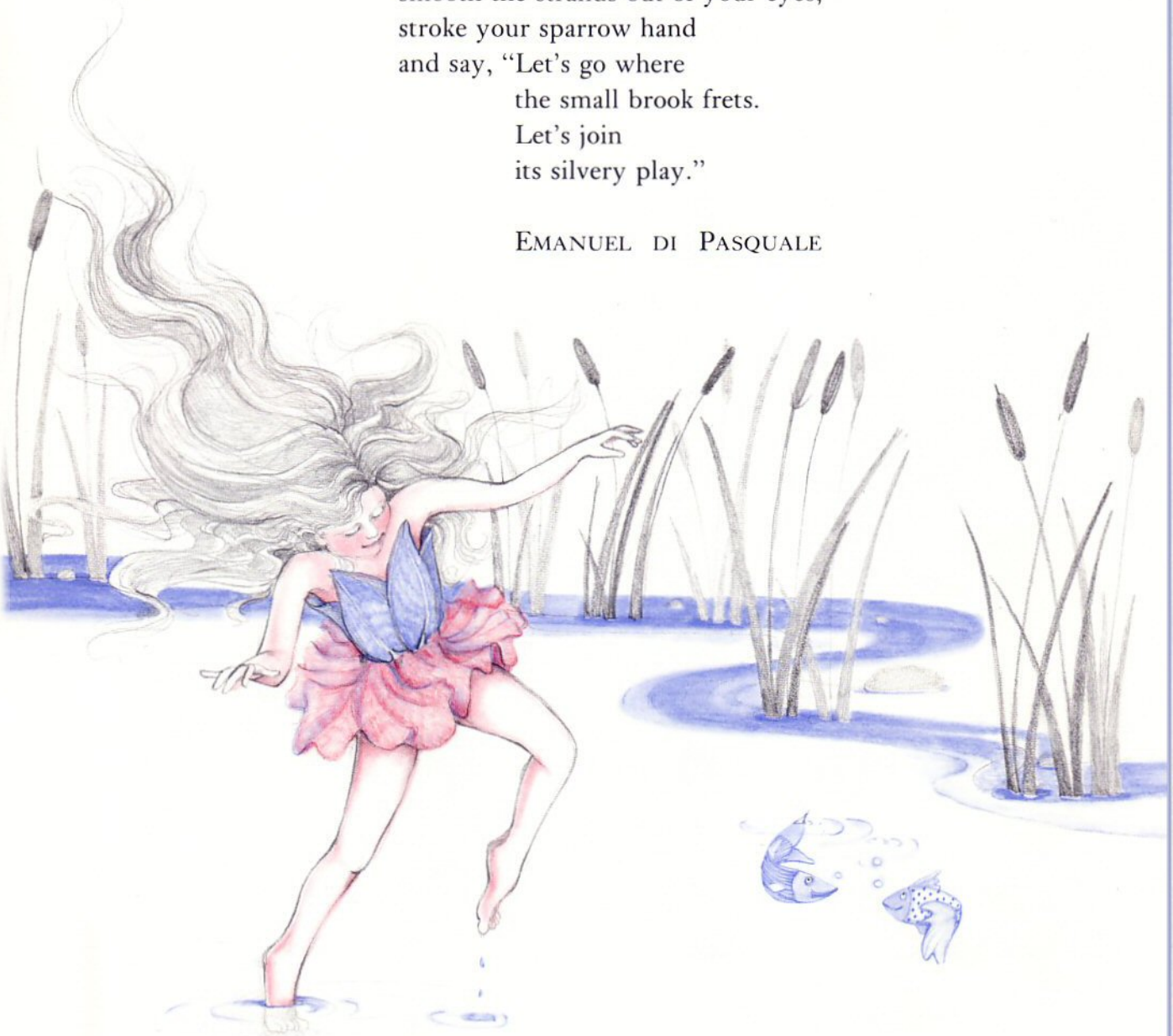




*VALENTINE THOUGHTS FOR MARI*

I'd like to bunch your lips  
into a goldfish pout,  
let fly your chestnut hair,  
smooth the strands out of your eyes,  
stroke your sparrow hand  
and say, "Let's go where  
the small brook frets.  
Let's join  
its silvery play."

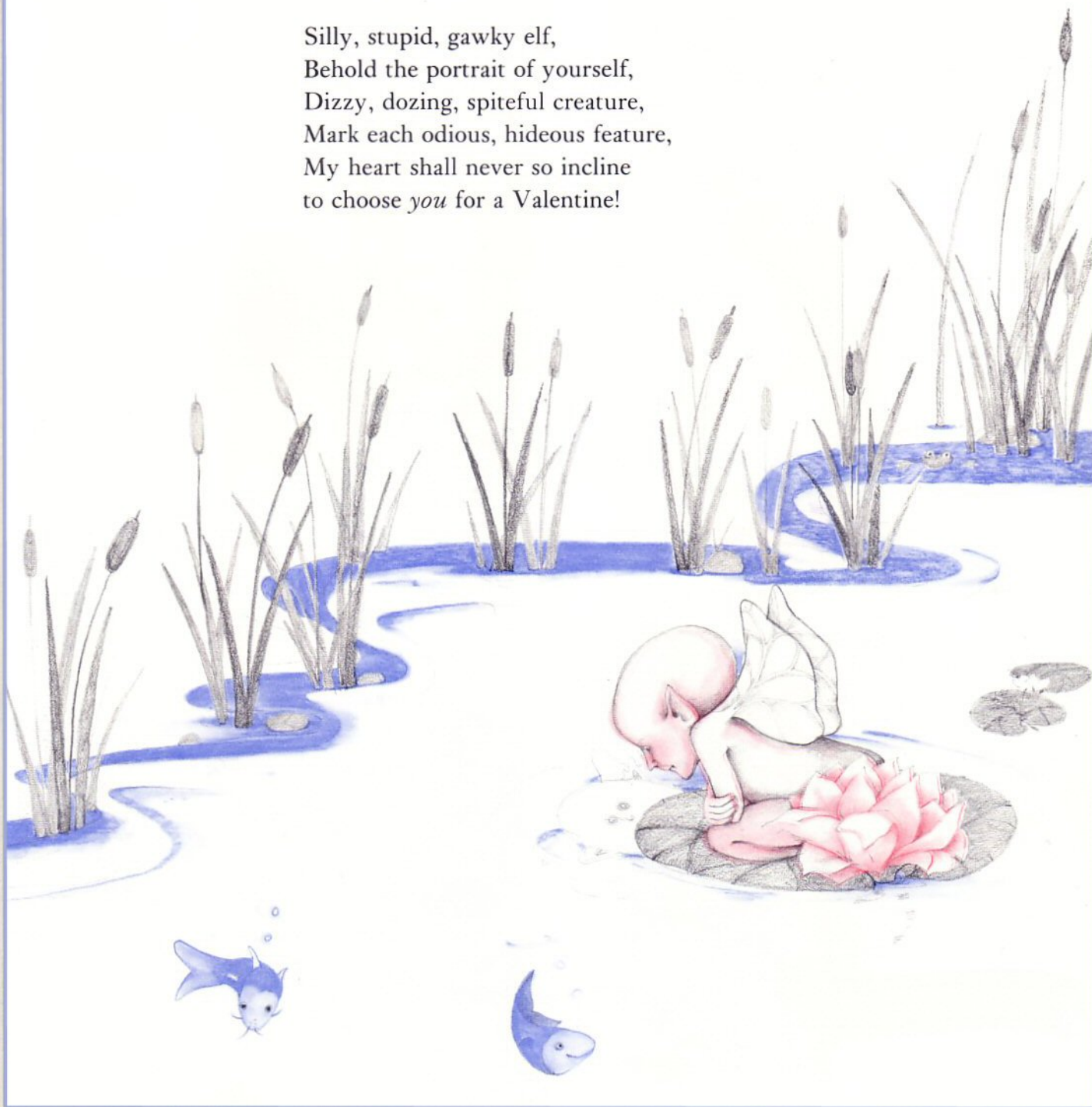
EMANUEL DI PASQUALE





*A PENNY VALENTINE*

Silly, stupid, gawky elf,  
Behold the portrait of yourself,  
Dizzy, dozing, spiteful creature,  
Mark each odious, hideous feature,  
My heart shall never so incline  
to choose *you* for a Valentine!





*VALENTINES*

Forgive me if I have not sent you  
a valentine  
but I thought you knew  
that you already have my heart  
Here take the space where my  
heart goes  
I give that to you too

HENRY DUMAS





*FOR YOU*

Here is a building  
I have built for you.  
The bricks are butter yellow.  
Every window shines.  
And at each an orange cat is curled,  
lulled by the summer sun.  
The door invites you in.  
The mat is warm.  
Inside there is a chair  
so soft and blue  
the pillows look like sky.  
In all the world  
no one but you  
may sit in that cloud chair.  
I'll sit near by.

KARLA KUSKIN





*VALENTINE*

If all the whole world's taxicabs  
Came running to my call,  
I'd park right by your door and honk  
In the handsomest cab of all.

We'd drive to Spain, Maine, or Spokane!  
Could anything be sweeter  
Than ticking off a million miles  
Upon a metal meter?

X. J. KENNEDY





## THE KANGAROO'S COURTSHIP

“Oh will you be my wallaby?”  
Asked Mr. Kangaroo.  
“For we could find so very many  
Jumping things to do.  
I have a pocket two feet wide  
And deep inside,  
My dear, you’d ride—  
Oh, come and be my bouncing bride,  
My valentine, my side-by-side,  
I am in love with you.”

JANE YOLEN





