

Box of Crayons



While walking in a toy store
The day before today,
I overheard a Crayon Box
With many things to say.

“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.

“We are a box of crayons
that really doesn’t get along,”
Said Blue to all the others.
“Something here is wrong!”

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

They watched me as I colored
With Red and Blue and Green
And Black and White and Orange
And every color 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.

Colors changing as they touched,
Becoming something new.
They watched me as I colored.
They watched till I was through.

And when I’d finally finished,
I began to walk away.
And as I did the Crayon box
Had something more to say...

“I do like Red!” said the Yellow
And Green said, “So do I!”
And Blue you are terrific!
“So high up in the sky.”

“We are a Box of Crayons
Each of us unique,
But when we get together
The picture is complete”

In Shane DeRolf’s deceptively simple poem, a child’s box of crayons conveys the sublimely simple message that when we all work together, the results are much more interesting and colorful.