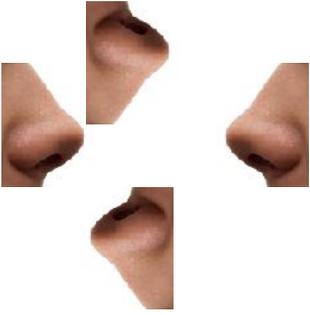


How About A Nose Squeeze?



By David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

Read this page because it's slightly amusing.

How About A Nose Squeeze? © 2016 by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz With plenty of help and support from Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs. All Rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the context of reviews, although they are highly unlikely.

Background artwork by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs. You can even buy some at <http://www.art2uplift.com> and <http://naomi-jacobs.artistwebsites.com>

Photographs of Elford and Tracy and bumper stickers by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

Previously Published:

"Sweet Child" in Ink blot magazine, Clayton, MO, 1984 "farmer death" in Broadside, Bradley University, Peoria, IL 1987

"Lunchtime in the Quad" in Number One, vol. 42, University of Missouri-Kansas City Press, 1989

Also by David M. Schwartz:

5/8 of Everything I've Written

"Ho-Ho", Said The Platypus and Other Snappy Titles

Amber Waves of Nausea

A Pickle For Bernice

Hey! I Just Write This Stuff

Winter Poems...More Snow In My Thoughts Than On Television

Get Your Own Delusions of Grandeur

Leased Loved Poems By A Relative Unknown Who's Probably Not Your Relative

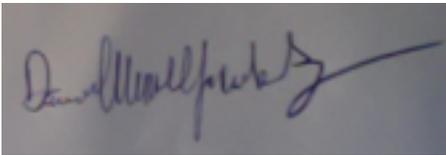
Jubilation

Introduction

I have been thinking of writing a poetry book exclusively for children of all ages for some time. Special thanks goes to my wife Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs, the encouragement of Kit and Shaw Colorado's family, and Danielle Prezant, who inspired me mind in the late 1980s and beyond, introduced me to the music of Joni Mitchell. Discussions with my wife fuel my own vision of what our children might be like and if G-d willing we'll have some. One goal of the book is to get children to ask questions about words and to develop their vocabulary in a fun way. It's up to parents to read the selections and decide what's age appropriate inside In addition, when I started compiling this short collection on December 2, 2016, my wife came up to me and gently squeezed my nose. The random title was inspired by her.

As I've written in Jubilation, if you wish to support my writing, so be it. If you want to bribe me to never publicly publish another collection again, I'm not opposed to unmarked large bills. However, you'll have to try harder because I haven't received any offers yet. Please enjoy this in digital format. If you must print it, please do so double-sided and recycle as needed when finished.

Dedicated to Naomi, the Shaw - Colorado family, children age 3/4 to 103. By 104, you're pretty much an adult. Stop trying to get into the movie theaters and amusement parks with your parents.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Daniel M. Schwartz", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Fable of Contents

(There's probably a moral in here somewhere, like being careful what you read and believe).

A Question of Celery
The Ick
Disjointed Poem
Oops, That Hurt
Directions To A Party
Potato and Tomato
The Family Restroom
Banana Peel Nose
The Shampire
Reading The Cabbage Leaves
The Wildebeest
Green Squirrel Blues
Waiting For The School Bus
Advice About An Avocado
The Plant Chant
Sticky Stink Stick
What I Did On My Summer Vacation
Falafel In A Sock
Frankie Flowerpot
Squeegee The Clown And Boopsie McDuffle
The Screaming Broccoli
The Holiday Eating Round
The Odor Store
Peppermint
A Warning!



**We choose to love all people.
There's no time or place for hate!**



One of our car bumper stickers designed by me.

**"In a place where there are no human beings, one must strive to be human."
Hillel from Ethics of the Fathers 2:5**

"Life's most persistent and urgent question is 'What are you doing for other people?'" - Martin Luther King, Jr.

The 2nd car bumper sticker I designed

A Question Of Celery April 17, 2016

There's a question of celery
to which there is no reply.
It's a parable for your life and a warning
not to ask "why."

"Strange rhyme, bad soup,
a playful grin, perhaps pie?"
"None of those", said the crow
who promptly fell confused and shrieking
into a pig sty.

"But what of the celery", the children wish to know.
"Is it put in a stew or shot across a bow?
Do you wave it at ball games or shake it on holy days?
Or do you dress it in doll's clothes and offer it praise?"

Maybe this reference to celery
is intentionally vague.
Perhaps it's the opposite writer's block and some sort of plague.
In any case, there's no reason for this tortured verse.
The poet could be a jokester, thusly you'd fare far worse.

The Ick May 3, 2016. * The Shaw-Colorado family taught me the term

You don't look so well and say you're sick.
What, pray tell is your malady? The ick.
The Ick?! We hope it won't spread or stick.
Did you get it from Jane, who got it from Rick?
What are the symptoms and treatments you've tried?
Did you try sleeping all day, until bored you cried?
Is your head a blister you're inclined to prick?
Do you feel like a candle missing its' wick?
We hope you're soon on the mend
but do be a friend and keep the ick away from us.
Ick. Ick. Ick.



“Spotchy Dolphin Greet The New Day” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

Oops, That Hurt May 5, 2016

Anti-theft hammer thud
behind door on own head
Blunter now blunted

Directions To A Party May 15, 2016

You may get a call one day
“Come along, we’ll have some fun.
Ask your mom or dad if you can play.”
They said yes so off you go.
You look both ways and go across the road.
Be careful not scared and say hello to Mr. Toad.
He will say hello in his toad voice
and give you the way to the party.
Listen carefully as he may rhyme
but he has secrets in his poetry.
On you go, seeing the town.
Wave at the farmer, the police, and store keeps.
Don’t wear a frown, you’ll make more friends.
You might even meet Molly The Dancing Mushroom around the bend.
Why she dances in a mushroom suit we haven’t a guess.
She was once a crossing guard but it caused her distress.
Dance around her to the left then the right.
Wait a minute! You’ve realized that it’s a school night.
Maybe you’ll stay in, have a snack and a story to read.
A warm, comfy bed and imagination is all that you need.
If you’re reading this and confused beyond words,
don’t worry about parties, just listen to the happy birds.



Leap of Faith by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

Potato And Tomato May 15, 2016

“I’m Polly Potato. I come from the earth. .
I want to make friends and share everyone’s mirth.
Many people I’ve met, but they think I look like a dirty, old rock.
How do you do, red round, thing, I spy?”

“I’m Tommy Tomato, I dropped a vine connected to the sky.
I heard that people have many uses for me.
But ketchup or pasta sauce, I’d rather not be.”

Polly thought hard and suddenly exclaimed
“We can go off together to avoid fame or shame.”
“Yes, we could. That’s a splendid notion.
Maybe we’ll hide and not be tossed into a weird potion.”

They were heard by Joey, a happy little boy.
He hid them and watched over them, even sharing his toys.
He carried them between a herd and the family tool shed
so no one would find them, not even Rex, his dog.
The three were so happy and when Joey grew
he took Polly and Tommy with him to live in a bog.

The Family Restroom May 17, 2016

Mommy takes us to the family restroom.

We go to the potty and I hope we beat Lottie.

We can race her and her daddy to the family restroom.

Can we have a picnic in the family restroom?

No, it's not clean and it may lead to our tomb.

Do I have to rest? I don't want to even nap.

I might get lost on the way to the toys and need a map.

But I guess I have to go along to the family restroom.

How come there's a bath at home, but not here?

Well, we live there, and here nobody wants to stay.

Can I make it more clear?

There's no place to put the tub in the family restroom.

Can we camp out and build a fortress?

I'm sorry but other people are waiting

like that little red haired girl in the pink polka dot dress.

Lets hurry up and finish in the family restroom.

Lets all go to the family restroom.

It's no place for gloom.

We all have fun in the family restroom, the family restroom, the family restroom.

Banana Peel Nose May 17, 2016

If you woke to find your nose was a banana peel,
would you cry, laugh or squeal?

How would you blow? Who would you show?

If you showed your dad or mum,

would they faint, would they run, or happily hum?

Would you buy matching yellow and black streaked clothes
just to look like your nose?

Would you tie it in a bow to keep it out of your meal?

Think how proud and different you would feel,
if your nose were a banana peel.

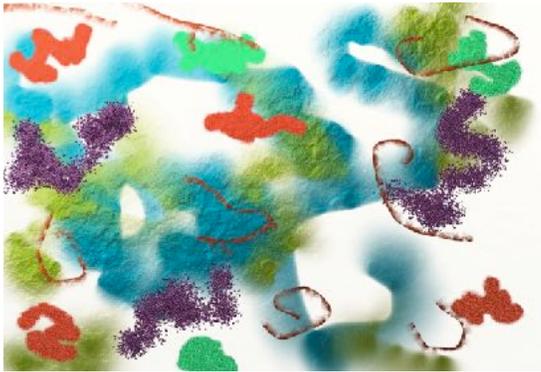
The Shampire May 18, 2016

When you're having your bath or shower
you may encounter someone with a strange power
who looks like you or me, he or she , and means no harm.
This person isn't after your blood and won't bite your neck.
Oh heck! It's a shampire!

You heard me right. The Shampire.
They come to feed on shampoo on hair.
Big heads, small heads, young or old, they do not care.
The won't hurt you, just hold still.
They'll suck the shampoo until they've had their fill
then disappear into thin air.

They walk among us
in night or daytime, intending no crime.
Not even their own blood is slime.
You can't scare them with garlic or kill them with a stick.
Just give them shampoo and don't make a fuss.

Why don't they drink straight from the bottles,
I don't know but to the store, they won't go.
With water, the shampoo must mix.
Let them have their sudsy fix.



“Seascape” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

Reading The Cabbage Leaves May 31, 2016 Lines with * from Psalm 126

While reading the cabbage leaves
I found some dirt but did not grieve.
I took no delight in any story
but saw the holes the bug friends had been boring.

You might wonder at my perplexity
since some people learn prophecy from leaves of tea.
But with cabbage I had to contend
and to be a wizard I would pretend.

Our future was not at all gloomy
as I sat in my home so roomy.
Perhaps you'll join me with Steve and Cleve
as we read the cabbage leaves.

*Though sad you may be, quite happy you'll turn
*Singing and whistling, carrying your sheaves
not of wheat or barley, but cabbage leaves.

The Wildebeest June 2, 2016

The wildebeest ate some yeast
then it ate some dough.
She belonged to the Bovine family
and her name was Flo.

Flo didn't wear mascara
because she'd sweat it all off in the Sahara.
But to the movies she wanted to go
She asked directions from a horse, then a cow
and finally found the way after an owl asked: "What's gnu?"

On her way to the show,
a baker got his hands on Flo,
hoping to make wildebeest pie.
Flo didn't flinch and looked at him straight in the eye.
She asked the baker, "What do you want of me?
"Wouldn't you rather have bananas?
If it's all the same, I'm bigger than you
and I'm headed home to my savannah."



Elford The Elephant and Tracy The Tasmanian Monkey (Our favorite fair trade hats)
photograph by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

Green Squirrel Blues June 3, 2016

There's a green squirrel outside my door and I think it ate my shoes.
There's a green squirrel outside my door and I think it ate my shoes.
I hope it won't eat anymore or steal my veggie barbecue.

That green squirrel calls to its friends every single day.
That green squirrel calls to its friends every single day.
One time I said hello, it just stared and ran away.

I left food to make peace with the green squirrel and it took my guitar magazine instead.
I left food to make peace with the green squirrel and it took my guitar magazine instead.
I tried to introduce it to a purple squirrel, but it married the one that was red.

When I see the green squirrel, sometimes I start to scream.
When I see the green squirrel, sometimes I start to scream.
I woke up this morning, though it was still last Tuesday.
You know by that the green squirrel was just a dream.

Waiting For The School Bus June 9, 2016

While waiting for the school bus
I met a duck. It made a quack but no fuss.
Then upon the bus jumped a pig.
To everyone, it gave a fig and took its seat.
Was it a boy or a girl or a real calf
that had black spots and made all the kids laugh?
The next to board was a pony
carrying a lunch pail of pizza.
“Did you think I had macaroni?”
A peacock came aboard next carrying a plastic guitar.
It had a sticker that said I ♥ Rock.
The bus driver smiled and welcomed me for a ride.
We don’t go to an ordinary school. \The takes us to a place with a root beer pool.
If you’d like to join the fun and come along
only one solution can be found.
You surely know the song “The Wheels On The Bus Go Round And Round.”
But sing it backwards just for kicks.

Advice About An Avocado June 24, 2016

I had a talk with a little fishy
because my avocado was turning dark and squishy.
To me, the little fishy did say
“Wash it up and peel it up, eat it up or send it on the compost way.
You have two choices in the game of life to play
no matter how much you might pray.
You can wish your life will change but doing nothing you’re no more or less strange.
Either way, you must decide to do or do not,
Will you seize your life to be boiled, baked or fried?”
Looking at that avocado once more, I thanked the fish and ventured out the door.
Who knows what adventure you or I might find
as long as we treat everyone kind?



“Fishies In The Stratosphere” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

The Plant Chant June 26, 2016

Grow, little plants! Grow, Grow!

Grow, little plants! Grow, Grow!

We love you little plants for you bring us joy.

We hope we make you happy too. Wooahoo!

Show, little leaves and buds! Show! Show!

Show, little leaves and buds! Show! Show!

Grow, little plants! Grow! Grow!

Grow, little plants! Grow! Grow!

Yay for plants! We love you!

Sticky Stink Stick July 10, 2016

If you had a sticky stink stick

would you name it after your neighbor's doctor's cousin Nudnik?

Is it formerly and ink pen named Bic?

Did it come from the wax stuck to a frozen wick?

Oh me, oh my, will you boil it or fry?

I'm afright the answer's none too clear

Is it the product of some old, hardened soda fizz?

Gee whiz! I think the sticky stink stick is not both nor neither.

Perhaps we'd better take a breather.

You can tell your secret to me that your sticky stink stick was in your dreams made up
because you couldn't bring home a stray kitty or pup.

What I Did On My Summer Vacation July 11, 2016

I don't want to have fun.

I don't want to play or watch TV.

Don't take me to the zoo or for treats at the store.

No, I'd much rather be a bore.

I could watch you hit your head as you fix the drain
or stare as you talk on the phone
and get more annoying as I complain.

I have about five weeks to go.

I have nothing to show.

You might as well send me back to school.

Don't you know that before you blink, I'll complain about that?



“Colorful Happy Creature” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

Falafel In A Sock September 5, 2016

Why should anyone mock
if you keep falafel in a sock?
You seem pretty smart not to waste a whole room with a lock.
You know enough that you may need to use your crock.
So in it goes, the falafel into the sock.

Just a word of warning, if you please.
Don't add tahini, tabbouli, lettuce or cheese.
Keep it dry and you won't cry.
Don't throw it against a window
or let angry kids chase you around the block.

Falafel in a sock is a mighty fine thing.
It'll make you so happy, you'll dance and sing.
And when you're so tired, you must go to bed.
Your parents might sneak in and eat it
or feed it to Fred. “Which Fred?”, you ask. I don't know.
But if you eat falafel only, strong you won't grow.

Frankie Flowerpot September 13, 2016

Frankie Flowerpot knew quite a lot
about his favorite subject botany.
He knew all the flowers, a twig from a tree
a Douglas fir from a Bonsai, all the townsfolk did agree.

He could make plants grow with so much ease
that his mother's grade club he did please.
He won awards each year from nine to nineteen
and his grandfather called him Young Mister Green.

So on his twentieth birthday, from college he did bound.
"Mom and Dad, gather everyone around."
The mayor and everyone including livestock did assemble
but when he stared at them, they did tremble.

"For most of my life, I've helped your plants to grow
but after a long while, happy I've been not.
I've studied and planted, learned to prune and to hoe.
But lately, I've felt rather low.

At college I've learned and my interests have turned.
No more Frankie Flowerpot, I shall be.
You can call me Average Joe, for with some dough, I'll start a cookie factory. "
The crowd did squirm and start to fuss.
The mayor turned red and asked "What about Susie, my cactus?"
His mother swooned and sister Nell started to faint.
All but one screamed their complaint.

For above the din, a small voice was heard
of a little girl who wasn't much louder than a bird.
"I'm Betsy and as I grow big,
I will learn to drive the rig to take the cookies far and wide
from here to New York and in the middle.
If it's all right with Frankie, who now goes by Joe,
everywhere I deliver, seeds shall I give so everyone will know.
You just need to dream and with hope each day,
you too can have a company called The Cookie Tree."

The people sang, the animals danced.
Everyone fell into a trance.
All but Frankie and Betsy, who took over the town,
laughing as they stuffed money into their pants.

Squeegee The Clown and Boopsie McDuffle September 28, 2016

Squeegee shuffled down the street one day
passing out balloons and waving.
In front of him sitting on the stoop
was Boopsie counting out pennies she was saving.

She smiled and squeezed his green nose.
“Why not red? Why is your name Squeegee?”
“All the others wear red, but green highlights my clothes.
They call me Squeegee because I enjoyed washing windows
but you can call me by my birth name, which is also “Squeegee.”

He gave her a balloon poodle.
She started to doodle.
They started to date and three months later, he couldn't wait.
Squeegee asked Boopsie to marry,
but had a kerfuffle with her parents, the McDuffles.

“A clown!” cried her mom with a long frown.
“A man named Squeegee is for no daughter of me!”
She didn't know how to sway them,
but running off would cause problems.

Fortunately, her parents were obligated to attend
the birthday party of a friend's child.
Then appeared Boopsie, Squeegee, and little boy Bill,
who enjoyed Squeegee's magic tricks
and everyone was thrilled.

Mr. McDuffle felt something inside.
Was it a smile, long lost from when he was a boy?
Was it his fifth birthday when a clown gave him a toy?
He started to laugh. His grin, it was wide.

His wife, stern woman she had been
couldn't understand him, thought it was a sin
till Boopsie herself gave her a balloon and a beach ball.
Then the missus was crying in the hall.

“I'm so sorry, Boopsie and Squeegee too.
We were so wrong to deny love to you.
Once we were young and remember our fun.
We'll take Squeegee as our own son.

How they all ended rejoicing.
They had a clown choir at the wedding with crackly voicing.
But the biggest surprise instead of bright and room,
on the wedding cake was a pink candy mushroom.



“Rainbow Starburst” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

The Screaming Broccoli October 25, 2016

The broccoli did not dream.

Nobody could understand why it would scream.

Did someone want to see it cry?

Did someone chop it or attempt to fry?

Did you hear it cackle or give a shriek?

Did it bellow or make you freak?

Would you remember to grab a pal and run off to hide
before the broccoli might chase

or at least disappear until the returning tide?

What an awful sound one might endure.

Screaming broccoli would rattle one's very soul.

It might scare the carrots or drive the cauliflower into a hole.

Just last week, someone heard it and couldn't find a cure.

Will the broccoli's scream cause your face to freeze?

Will you scratch your skin off, begging “Help me, please!”

Have you called in a medical team?

Or do you want to upset the neighbors with your own broccoli scream?

The Holiday Eating Round by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz November 27, 2016

*Someone different should read each pronoun like I, You, etc. and everyone come together on the chorus lines. It would be good if the same person read I, the next person You, etc. Put some feeling into eat line!

I eat.
You eat.
He eats.
She eats.
They eat.
We eat.

Chorus: We'll all eat some more!

I'll eat.
You'll eat.
He'll eat.
She'll eat.
They'll eat.
We'll eat.

Chorus: We'll all eat some more!

I ate.
You ate.
He ate.
She ate.
They ate.
We ate.

Chorus: We'll all eat some more!

I'll sleep.
You'll sleep.
He'll sleep.
She'll sleep.
They'll sleep.
We'll sleep.

Chorus: We'll all still eat some more!



Rainbow Crevasse by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

The Odor Store December 1, 2016

We bet you'll love the odor store.

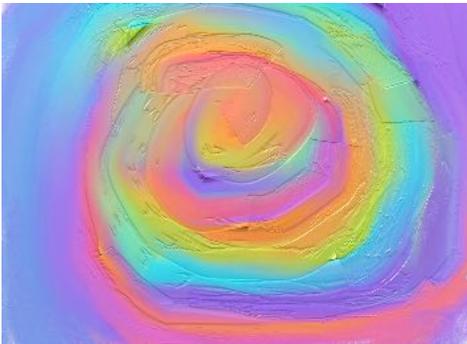
You might buy one, you may buy more.

The odors might scare or bore,

or be so strong, they'll drop you to the floor.

They may even have you running for the door.

Please come visit the Odor Store.



"Dayglo Delight" by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

Peppermint December 8, 2016

Peppermint ice cream, candy or tea
in my peppermint house with a chocolate key.
I want to drive a car
with daisies on the side and on the top a real tree.
Let me hand out peppermint stuff wherever I may be.
It makes me happy, feeling calm, cool and free.
If you like, I'll put peppermint in your omelet or even your ghee.
Humbly wumbly dumbly dee.
I just made friends with a peppermint bee!



“Pink Buddha Gorilla” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

A Warning! December 12, 2016

Don't eat that off the ground.
Who knows where it's from our who left it.
Maybe it should be placed in lost and found
or maybe it was dropped by a hound chased by a child holding a stick,
shouting, “Yick, yick, yackle, yick!”
Nobody understands what that means anyhow.

Do you even know what that thing is?
Don't put it in your mouth, much less touch it with your hands.
It has no label so it couldn't have come from the grand duchy of who knows where.
You obviously want someone to dare you to eat,
but it may infect your insides and seat.

Don't do so, I say!
Candy, it ain't!
It looks sort of shiny, maybe covered with paint.
You might find your skin turns orange and your head rolls down
the middle of your chest next to the thing lying on the ground.

A concluding thought

Just remember, if you want to go far, imagine how you want your life to be.

Think good thoughts. Be kind.

Keep on Dreaming!



“Keep on Dreaming” by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

It’s not the end. Read this collection over and over again!