**“Oranges” by Gary Soto**

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| The first time I walked  With a girl, I was twelve,  Cold, and weighted down  With two oranges in my jacket.  December. Frost cracking  Beneath my steps, my breath  Before me, then gone,  As I walked toward  Her house, the one whose  Porch light burned yellow  Night and day, in any weather.  A dog barked at me, until  She came out pulling  At her gloves, face bright  With rouge. I smiled,  Touched her shoulder, and led  Her down the street, across  A used car lot and a line  Of newly planted trees,  Until we were breathing  Before a drugstore. We  Entered, the tiny bell  Bringing a saleslady  Down a narrow aisle of goods.  I turned to the candies  Tiered like bleachers,  And asked what she wanted - | Light in her eyes, a smile  Starting at the corners  Of her mouth. I fingered  A nickel in my pocket,  And when she lifted a chocolate  That cost a dime,  I didn't say anything.  I took the nickel from  My pocket, then an orange,  And set them quietly on  The counter. When I looked up,  The lady's eyes met mine,  And held them, knowing  Very well what it was all  About.  Outside,  A few cars hissing past,  Fog hanging like old  Coats between the trees.  I took my girl's hand  in mine for two blocks,  Then released it to let  Her unwrap the chocolate.  I peeled my orange  That was so bright against  The gray of December  That, from some distance,  Someone might have thought  I was making a fire in my hands. |

**Assignment:** Reread each poem, paying special attention to their meaning. Write a comparison essay analyzing the poems “Oranges” and “Ode to Pablo’s Shoes” written by Gary Soto. You are expected

**“Ode to Pablo’s Shoes” by Gary Soto**

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| They wait under Pablo’s bed,  Rain-beaten, sun-beaten,  A scuff of green  At their tips  From when he fell  In the school yard.  He fell leaping for a football  That sailed his way.  But Pablo fell and got up,  Green on his shoes,  With the football  Out of reach.  Now it’s night.  Pablo is in bed listening  To his mother laughing  to the Mexican *novelas* on TV.  His shoes, twin pets  That snuggle his toes,  Are under the bed.  He should have bathed,  But he didn’t.  (Dirt rolls from his palm,  Blades of grass  Tumble from his hair.) | He wants to be  Like his shoes,  A little dirty  From the road,  A little worn  From racing to the drinking fountain  A hundred times in one day.  It takes water  To make him go,  And his shoes to get him  There. He loves his shoes,  Cloth like a sail,  Rubber like  A lifeboat on rough sea.  Pablo is tired,  Sinking into the mattress.  His eyes sting from  Grass and long words in books.  He needs eight hours  Of sleep  To cool his shoes,  The tongues hanging  Out, exhausted. |