**“Oranges” by Gary Soto**

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| The first time I walkedWith a girl, I was twelve,Cold, and weighted downWith two oranges in my jacket.December. Frost crackingBeneath my steps, my breathBefore me, then gone,As I walked towardHer house, the one whosePorch light burned yellowNight and day, in any weather.A dog barked at me, untilShe came out pullingAt her gloves, face brightWith rouge. I smiled,Touched her shoulder, and ledHer down the street, acrossA used car lot and a lineOf newly planted trees,Until we were breathingBefore a drugstore. WeEntered, the tiny bellBringing a salesladyDown a narrow aisle of goods.I turned to the candiesTiered like bleachers,And asked what she wanted - | Light in her eyes, a smileStarting at the cornersOf her mouth. I fingeredA nickel in my pocket,And when she lifted a chocolateThat cost a dime,I didn't say anything.I took the nickel fromMy pocket, then an orange,And set them quietly onThe counter. When I looked up,The lady's eyes met mine,And held them, knowingVery well what it was allAbout.Outside,A few cars hissing past,Fog hanging like oldCoats between the trees.I took my girl's handin mine for two blocks,Then released it to letHer unwrap the chocolate.I peeled my orangeThat was so bright againstThe gray of DecemberThat, from some distance,Someone might have thoughtI 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 greenAt their tipsFrom when he fellIn the school yard.He fell leaping for a footballThat sailed his way.But Pablo fell and got up,Green on his shoes,With the footballOut of reach.Now it’s night.Pablo is in bed listeningTo his mother laughingto the Mexican *novelas* on TV.His shoes, twin petsThat snuggle his toes,Are under the bed.He should have bathed,But he didn’t.(Dirt rolls from his palm,Blades of grassTumble from his hair.) | He wants to beLike his shoes,A little dirtyFrom the road,A little wornFrom racing to the drinking fountainA hundred times in one day.It takes waterTo make him go,And his shoes to get himThere. He loves his shoes,Cloth like a sail,Rubber likeA lifeboat on rough sea.Pablo is tired,Sinking into the mattress.His eyes sting fromGrass and long words in books.He needs eight hoursOf sleepTo cool his shoes,The tongues hangingOut, exhausted. |