

POETRY DAY

A collection of Children's Poetry

Written by:

VICTORIA DAY NAJJAR

**This volume of children's poetry is dedicated to
my first editor,
Eric Teichner.
Thank you, son.**

Author's Note of Gratitude

Beloved and prolific children's book author, Nancy Willard, wrote of these words to me about this collection:

"I can picture some of these poems as songs. You really catch the way kids talk. Keep sending these poems out."

Ms. Willard, it is with gratitude that we remember you. Your legacy continues through your literature.

Thank you for your encouragement all those years ago. It meant the world to me.

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Part One: NATURE



DOTTY DECKS

By Victoria Day Najjar

Giraffes, giraffes

Can make you laugh

Can make you jump and scream

Because their long necks

Look just like decks

Of polka-dot submarines

TREE LINES

By Victoria Day Najjar

Don't pull up that little tree

Trees are connected mysteriously

One to another invisibly bound

Reaching and touching under the ground

Pulling up one soon harms another

And another . . .

And anothe . . .

And anoth . . .

And anot . . .

And ano . . .

An . . .

A

TALLER

By Victoria Day Najjar

**Apple seed, tiny shape
Like a teardrop, brown
Drop it onto soil
Press it in the ground
Add a little water
Let time go by . . .
Soon has sprouted
An apple tree, so high
Add a little water
Let time go by . . .
Taller and taller
Grows the apple tree
Bearing apples for all to see**

RAIN

By Victoria Day Najjar

Confetti rain zigzags

My windowpane

Tiny rivers stream

On glass, fast

Drops slide, slip and collide

With the waiting windowsill

Then are still

Some rain remains

Polka-dotting my windowpane.

LUCKY LADY

By Victoria Day Najjar

**Dance, lucky lady
Dance, on a shiny green leaf
Hitch up your polka-dot skirt
Tap your six shiny feet
From egg, to larva, to pupate stage
Lady Bird Beetle, you're the rage
Though birds don't like you
Farmers do, they think you're better
Than cock-a-doodle-do
And when cold comes, you won't freeze
You lift your wings, catch a breeze
To warmer skies and insects new
Munching on them is all you do.**

Rainy Days and Worms

by Victoria Day Najjar

rainy day

thundery sky

raindrops dripping

from the sky

worm goes wiggling by

worm goes wiggling by

robin sings

likes the day

likes the raindrops

likes to play

worm goes wiggling by

worm goes wiggling by

robin hops

from the branch

hops the robin

from the branch

worm goes wiggling by

worm goes wiggling by

on the sidewalk
skips the robin
robin on the
sidewalk skips

rainy day
thundery sky
robin singing
robin winging
but no longer

worm goes wiggling by
worm goes wiggling by

worm goes wiggling by
worm goes wiggling by

RABBITS

By Victoria Day Najjar

**Many rabbits have strange habits
Like the eating of some stuff
Which is neither, which is never
Quite enough to fill them up.**

**So they're chewing, always doing
Something sill with their tails
Shaking, walking, spitting, talking
Making rabbit tracks on trails.**

**But the one thing, yes, the one thing
That they do that's quite a crunch
They will sit
And by the hour
They will sip
A carrot punch.**

KOALA WATCHING

By Victoria Day Najjar

**The koala bear hugging that tree
Seems to be looking straight at me
His light gray fur has a bright sheen
And his nose looks like a black jelly bean**

**Sure wish I could climb that high
And cling to eucalyptus branches in the sky**

I WISH I WAS AN EAGLE

By Victoria Day Najjar

Looking out the window

White sitting at my desk

Watching silver maples blow

While I struggle through this test

Springtime is the best time

Of all the year, you know

And I wish I was an eagle

For off I'd fly and go

I'd travel to the mountains

Scale the highest peak I found

Feel warm sun on my feathers

And never make a sound.

HOOTING JUST FOR ME

By Victoria Day Najjar

Many nights before I sleep

I lie and wait so patiently

Listening for the hoot owl calling

Calling from atop the tree

I am waiting for the hoot owl

To say something just for me

I close my eyes and breathe so softly

Feel the darkness all around

Darkness pierced by two bright eyes

Darkness pierced by one small sound

I am waiting for the hoot owl

To say something just for me

And when the hooting sounds come drifting

Out across the prairie trees

I will feel so very happy

Because he's hooting just for me

FUZZY CHICKS PICTURE

By Victoria Day Najjar

They don't look wild to me

Do they look wild to you?

But it says under their picture:

Two bald eagle chicks who owe their life

To a wild life preserve sit in their active eagle nest

Wild?

They look like chickens

Like fuzzy long-necked chickens

With beaks like artichokes

Wild?

Look, aren't they smiling?

And how can anything that fuzzy

Be

Wild?

PENGUIN

By Victoria Day Najjar

Neighbor to sea lion

Totters to sea, then, SPLASH!

Swimmer, graceful

Fish-like sea bird

Who may stand for hours poised on shore

Cradling his young, as yet an egg,

Upon webbed feet

Sleek bird stands tall

Straight back, black

Chest, chiseled white

Cravat of gold

At his throat

Oh, proud matador

Penguin

FUR COATS

By Victoria Day Najjar

A zebra, a leopard and a giraffe argued over whose coat was the most beautiful.

The zebra said, “Mine is superior. There’s no question about it. Stripes take precedence over dots and splotches.”

“Mine is the superior design,” levelled the leopard, leeringly. “I have contrasting spots, each spot is a bit different from the other, yet they coordinate ever so smartly,” she added caressing her fur with her right front paw.

“Ha!” screamed the giraffe. “You two make me laugh! Nothing compares to this fur this fair. Note the tawny markings, see how they encircle my long, fine throat?”

“Mine is better!”

“Mine is better!”

“Minemineminemineminemine!!!”

Just then a gentle stirring of the grass revealed the magnificent form of a lion who had overheard the foolish prattle.

The collective gaze of the zebra, leopard and giraffe fell upon the majestic lion, who turned from them silently and walked away.

DOODLEBUG DAY

By Victoria Day Najjar

**Ladybugs bat wings, lollygagging in lilacs
Ants anticipate the rain, anxiously watching
The weather vane.
Worms slither, butterflies flitter
But the doodlebugs do nothing
But doodle the day away:
do do doooo
do do doooo
Is all they ever say**

Confused

By Victoria Day Najjar

Do ladybugs wear dresses?

Do bedbugs sleep on sheets?

Are butterflies real slippery?

Is it true black widows weep?

Do inchworms carry rulers?

Do carpenter ants build things?

Are honeybees really sticky?

Is it true horseflies have wings?

SUMMER NIGHT

By Victoria Day Najjar

Have you ever seen a night like this?

Ever seen its like before?

Oh I could speak of many things

Things you've never heard before.

But I won't talk now

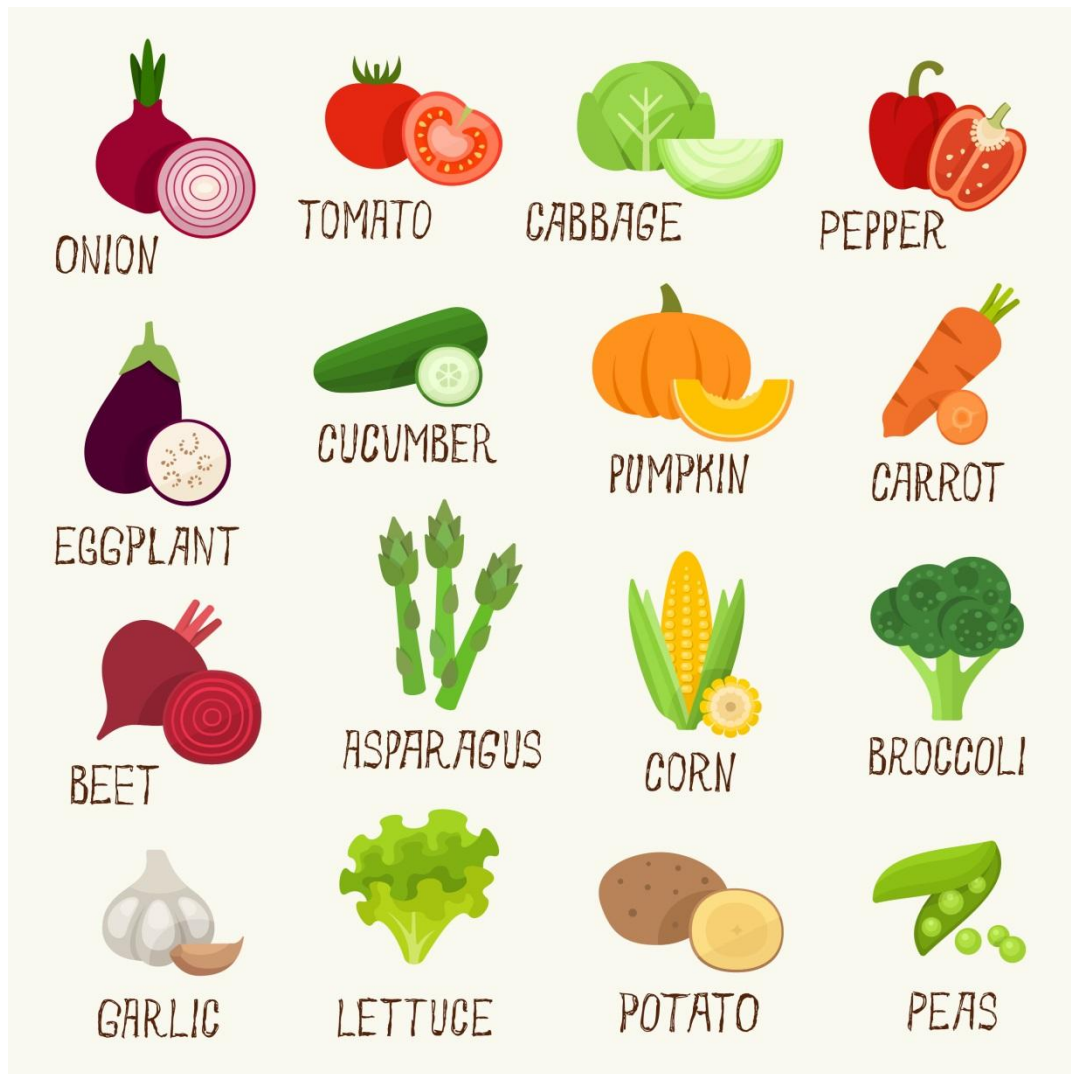
I'll be still

And we can listen to the Whippoorwill

We'll watch the sky fill up with stars

And listen to crickets play tiny guitars

Part Two: A CHILD'S DAY



MORNING PARADE

By Victoria Day Najjar

Cereal boxes on the countertop sit

But I'm not hungry, not one bit

hmmmmmm

Their colors seize my eyes

Look! This one has a prize

Cocopuffs

Honey smacks

Alpha-Bits, too!

Corn flakes

Cheerios

Lucky Charms, ooh!

Rice crispies

Wheat chex

Apple Jacks, whew!

Think I'll eat an egg instead

And forget this ballyhoo.

KID'S LAMENT

By Victoria Day Najjar

Wish I had a dog

Any dog would do

But mom says the doctor says

AH AH CHOO

Excuse me please, I had to sneeze

You see I have these allergies

Grass, pollen, dogs and trees

What's a kid to do?

AH AH CHOO

NEW TOWN BLUES

By Victoria Day Najjar

**I'm the new kid in town and I wear a big frown
I didn't ask to move here, I was brought along
Sure is a weird looking town
These kids play on sidewalks
Instead of the streets
I haven't heard a train whistle
In nearly three weeks
I saw a bunch of shops
Lined up in a row
Ma better get this straight
I'm not going to go
I didn't ask to come here, you know
But just today I happened to meet
The neatest looking girl who lives on my street
She has long hair and she talks a lot
About her kid brother who collects painted rocks
She has a salamander whose name is Fred
And there isn't a book she hasn't read
Guess I'll give it a chance, try to like this place
Because this big, old frown is wearing out my face.**

PLAYING IT SAFE

By Victoria Day Najjar

**I always keep a flashlight
Tucked away between the sheets**

It might just come in handy

Should I ever meet

A fire-breathing dragon

Or an ostrich with no head

Or some other creature

Hiding underneath my bed.

Reflections Tell Stories . . .

By Victoria Day Najjar

Reflections of frog tongues skimming the moat

Reflections of minnows off the side of a boat

Reflections of rose petals off a butterfly's eyes

Reflections of rainbows bounced off of the sky

Reflections of snowflakes off a shiny ski mask

Reflections of rocket flames after the blast

Reflections of peanut butter off someone's braces

Reflections off mirrors of people making faces

Reflections of clouds off a hot-air balloon

Reflections off lake-tops of the face of the moon

Reflections tell stories . . .

THE THING

By Victoria Day Najjar

I awakened with a start, sat upright, saw it there watching me

I leaned back, sank my elbow into my pillow

Started to sweat

There it was, the THING in the mirror

Hollow faced, terrible looking, a gray ghost waiting for me

Watching me

I moved, the THING moved, mimicking me in cruel pantomime

I turned to awaken my sleeping sister

To warn her, to plan our escape

The THING turned

I jumped

It jumped

Then I realized: the THING was ME

STORMY WEATHER

By Victoria Day Najjar

Thunderbolts punched the sky

The air turned black

Tree branches waved, WARNING, WARNING

The wind grabbed my hat and threw it

I tried to hurry, my feet were in a flurry

But it was no use, the storm soon broke loose

And

Gallons

And

Gallons

Of icy cold plops

Decorated me

From bottom to top

As the raindrops exploded

They chanted a tune

“We gotcha, we gotcha

You soggy baboon!”

Coping

By Victoria Day Najjar

"Clean your room," mother says.

"Clean it up or else!"

Think I'll plug in the vacuum, it makes lots of noise.

Then I can sit here and play with my toys!

SNOWY VALENTINE

By Victoria Day Najjar

Between the snowman

And the valentine

I carved in the snow

Sit I, taking my time

Munching candy sprinkled hearts

Sipping cocoa in sunshine.

And as I sit, I watch clouds pass by

Painting February wishes in the sky.

AT GRANDMA'S

By Victoria Day Najjar

Jeff's stuffing crickets in his pockets

(says it's for bait)

Sue's lighting skyrockets

and the glare lights up

the porch near

the lake

at grandma's

I'm busy catching all

the lightning bugs I can get

keeping them in a Mason jar tight

I like the way they sparkle at night

on the porch

near the lake

at grandma's.

choochoo

by Victoria Day Najjar

choochoooo

TOOT

choochoooo

TOOT

roundcurve

SCOOT

trackclicketty

CLACK

Uphill

ZAP

downhill

WHAP

traincoming

FAST

traincoming

PAST

Traincommiiiiinnnnnggg

LOCK-UP

By Victoria Day Najjar

“It must have been for sassing Mr. Bennett, Monday,” said the first tooth, aching.

“It could have been for chewing ice on Tuesday,” said the second tooth, shaking.

We told ya not ta make us do it!” sneered the eye teeth, “but, no, ya just hadta have a bite of Sniffkin’s hard rock candy, din’t cha? And now, wham! Locked up! Lassoed for life!”

“BRACE YOURSELVES!” bellowed the tongue:

“You heard what the woman said, ‘Straighten up and you’ll be out in 24 months.’”

“Sure, sure,” muttered the teeth, miserably.

And the orthodontist smiled.

VEGETABLES ARE NOT DELECTABLES

By Victoria Day Najjar

vegetables are not delectables

when I eat corn

wish I was never born

broccoli

is a shock to me

beans you say

yucky any day

carrots

taste like parrots

asparagus

not fair I guess

peas, potatoes, tomatoes, rice

I hate them all

some of them twice

TAKING A BATH
By Victoria Day Najjar

**Scrubbing my back
Rubbing my neck
Taking a bath
What the heck?**

**Can't get out of it
No matter how I try
Seems I'm getting wet
As soon as I'm dry**

**And, oh, the work
My arms are long as movie aisles
My legs stretch out for miles and miles
This could take all night
But I'm no dope
I don't use soap**

Part Three: CIRCUS



THE GIRL WHO LOVED RIBBON

by Victoria Day Najjar

Annie loved ribbons

Beautiful ribbons

Annie loved ribbons

Ribbons to wear in her hair

Rainbows of ribbon

Ribboning color

Ribbons to wear everywhere.

Ribbons soft and ribbons silky

Ribbons spun of every cloth

Ribbons violet, ribbons blue

Ribbons colored every hue.

Ribbons plaid and ribbons plain

Ribbons flowered, none the same

Ribbons at breakfast

Ribbons at lunch

Ribbons with everything

Strawberry punch!

One day Annie decided on the spot
To cover her cat with ribbon, polka-dot
"Come here, Whiskers!" she called out his name
And Whiskers came running, not knowing the game.

It took three hours
But when Annie was through
She had Whiskers covered
With ribbons and glue.

And all Whiskers said was, "Meyew."

Early one morning as Annie brushed her hair
She discovered a ribbon
She hadn't put there
"Where did this come from?"
She asked with surprise
And learning the truth
Made her eyes twice the size.

For ribbons had grown where there used to be hair.

Soon Annie's whole head was covered

With ribbons galore
Ribbons, ribbons reaching the floor
No room for curls, flowers or lace
Only ribbons
Ribbons, encircling her face.
Reams of ribbon growing on Annie.

Annie called, "Whiskers! This is a shock.
Let's take a bike ride
Show the kids on the block.
My hair's turned to ribbons
I'm better than new."

And all Whiskers said was, "Meyew."

Annie tried pedaling
But it was real tough
Trying to pedal
Through all of that fluff.
Ribbons were streaming
Gathering breeze
Whiskers cried out, "Meyew! Watch those trees!"

Bike tires squealed

As Annie swerved the wheels

But not

soon

enough.

Ribbons tangled in bicycle spokes

Annie and Whiskers crashed into an oak.

"HUMILIATION!" cried Annie

Pulling her hair

Forgetting for a moment

That it wasn't there.

The ribbons squeaked

And the ribbons squealed

Sounding like the bicycle wheels.

"Meyew" said Whiskers, "I'm tired of this."

And he began to scratch and hiss.

He scratched off his ribbons and scampered away

Nuzzling his fur, purring away.

Annie, alone, sat on the ground

With reams of ribbon circling 'round

And Whiskers nowhere to be found.

"Come back, Whiskers," she called out and cried

Desperately wishing to have him by her side.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry! Right this way!
Come and see our fabulous circus TODAY!"
The circus grounds stretched far and wide
Annie and Whiskers sauntered inside
When up walked the barker who wanted to know
If Annie would like to "belong" to the show.
"What do you mean BELONG to the show," asked Annie,
As the barker smiled sideways at his pal named Sammy.
"Want a job, kid, while the circus is in town?"
Asked the barker, eyeing her ribbons reaching the ground.
"Yes! Yes!" shrieked Annie, thinking inside,
Never mind the bike and the trees
I'd rather swing from a high trapeze.
"All right," said the barker in a voice real shady,
Picturing Annie in a cage by the popcorn lady
With a sign reading, "Ribbon Girl: Do Not Feed."
"Oh, Whiskers, my Whiskers, I'm happy as can be!
See what growing ribbons had done for me?
A job with the circus!
Think of it now!"
And all Whiskers said was, "Meyow."
Rat a tat tat

Rat a tat taa

Sounded the hammer

Hammering away

"This ought to do it, boss," said Sammy

Holding the hammer in his hand, real clammy.

"We can slip her food right through this slot."

"Good work, Sammy, thanks a lot."

"But what's this?" cried Annie.

Being pushed into a box with bars for sides.

At 4 o'clock the show began.

Hoads of circus goers crowded 'round Ann.

Hoads of people . . .

Laughing at Annie

Pointing at Annie

Mocking Annie . . .

"What is she a girl or a gift box?"

HA HA HA HA HA HA

"Turn a fan on and she'll blow away!"

Called another voice in the crowd.

Annie was seen and seen and seen and seen

Until she was dubbed the Ribbon Queen.

"I'm not a Ribbon Queen!" cried Annie, "I'm Annie."

Soon nightfall fell.

Annie looked up at the moon shining brightly
Called out for Whiskers, held on to him tightly.

"Moonbeams, moonbeams in the sky,
Moonbeams, moonbeams travelling high
Lift these ribbons

Up off me

Moonbeams, moonbeams

Set me free --

Make me like I used to be."

The moonbeams sparkled, the moonbeams glowed

Enchanting the ribbons, and up the ribbons rose

They lifted

They floated

Clear up to the sky

And Annie was as she was before

A girl, just a girl, no ribbons, ribbons encircling the floor.

"Unlock her Sammy, send her on her way.

Without her ribbons, she's useless anyway."

"I feel so happy, Whiskers, I really do."

And all Whiskers said was, "Meyew."

CIRCUS DAY

By Victoria Day Najjar

“LADEEES AND GENTLEMEN”

Dancing dogs, monkeys that smile

Come on in and stay a while

Twirling cars, clowns with frowns

Circus ladies in polka-dot gowns

Trapeze boy and trapeze girl

Rise and fall like yoyos whirl

Plumes of purple perch high on heads

Hoops of fire glow and spread

While on the ceiling shadows pass

Which the monkeys, tigers and lions cast

Part Four: OZ



The TWISTER

by Victoria Day Najjar

Swirling, whirling puffing like a dragon

It came . . . now

I am up! Floating in the sky!

My house twisting, turning, my eyes burning

As the scratchy, plucky wind

Claws at my skin, I hold Toto tight

Hug him with all my might

Falling fast

Down we slide, down we spin

Out of control in the din: Crash!

Tiny people dancing, prancing

Tiny faces full of smiles

Singing heard for miles and miles

"Ding dong, the wicked witch is dead!"

Ruby red slippers fly onto my feet

Landing here is bittersweet. Is there a chance for retreat?

THE WIZARD HIDES

By Victoria Day Najjar

**dorothy and toto, kansas, aunt em
the scarecrow, the lion, the giant tin man
the munchkins, the flowers
and tall leafy bowers, but then . . .
flying monkeys in the sky
snatched up dorothy
and away did fly
while glinda the good
in bright yellow stood
the witch, wicked of the west
put dorothy to the test
a bucket of water thrown
onto burning hay
melted the witch and saved the day
Emerald City gleams in the dew while
The Wizard of Oz hides behind a curtain of blue.**

The Wall
by Victoria Day Najjar

**Dorothy, Tinman, Scarecrow, and Lion dwarfed by
The gigantic wall, ever so tall, blocking their path . . .**

Overhead, Winged Monkeys fly, full of wrath . . .

Below, Dorothy beseeching, "Take me home, take me to Kansas!"

**Monkey King screeching - "Kansas, Zanzus, we have no king in
Kansas!"**

Predicament: What to do?

Lion, roaring: "Scale the wall!"

Scarecrow, simpering: " It's too tall!"

Tinman, whimpering: "Try and try we must, if not I'll surely rust!"

Dorothy, imploring, "Who can we trust?"

PREDICAMENT GREAT

by Victoria Day Najjar

Dorothy, Tin Man, Scarecrow, Lion

Dwarfed by the wall

Gigantic

Ever so tall

Mocking, blocking their path.

Overhead, winged monkeys fly, full of wrath.

Dorothy, now beseeching:

"Take me home, no longer to roam, take me to Kansas!"

Monkey King sneering, screeching:

"Kansas, never! Not ever! For we have no king in Kansas!"

What to do?

Lion roaring: "Scale the wall!"

Scarecrow simpering: "No! It's too tall, I'll surely fall!"

Tin Man whimpering: "Try we must, if we stay here, I'll surely rust!"

Dorothy imploring:

"Who can we trust?"

FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

by Victoria Day Najjar

Winding, curling about itself, like a kitten,

The yellow brick road leads on.

Dorothy, Tin Man, Scarecrow and Lion

Carefully glide along its path

Hoping to avoid the Wicked Witch's wrath.

Each one dreams, each one schemes

Will there be courage for the Lion?

A heart for Tin Man?

A brain for Scarecrow?

Will Dorothy ever get home?

Emerald City no more to roam?

To wish is to yearn . . .

They tire now of their sojourn

Their dream of renewal and completion

Fueled by hope, sustained in their quest

Friendship working at its best.

WIZARD OF OZ, e.e. cummings' style

by Victoria Day Najjar

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woott hewa

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THE WICKED WITCH IS ANGERED

by Victoria Day Najjar

Look sharp, look out!

Hurry up, don't pout!

The wicked witch is watching you,

Tracing your actions,

Planning for you.

Look sharp, watch out!

This is what it's all about --

Winkies come

Bear sharp spears

Soon now

They'll be here

Cut . . . snip . . .stab

OUCH!

(Do you think it's cruel?

Then find your legs and run, you fool.)

THE GLASS CAT

by Victoria Day Najjar

"What is this strange land?" Dorothy asked.

For far beneath the rocky promontories,

She saw nothing.

"It is Oz," answered the glass cat, purring

As it basked in the sun which

Reflected opalescent hues.

"That's new," replied Dorothy,

"Aunt Em never mentioned such a place,

it seems lonely here, it's a disgrace."

"Say what you will, foolish girl, Oz is

ruled by the Wizard, a mighty force

and you, you are powerless, of course."

OZ DREAMS

by Victoria Day Najjar

**dorothy and toto, Kansas, aunt em
the scarecrow, the lion, the giant tin man
the munchkins, the flowers, the tall leafy bowers
but then . . . flying monkeys in the sky
snatched up Dorothy and away did fly
while glinda the good
in bright yellow stood
the witch, wicked of the west
put dorothy to the test
a bucket of water thrown
on burning hay
melted the witch
dorothy saved the day
emerald city
gleams in the dew
the wizard of oz hiding
behind the curtain so blue**

PART FIVE: FANTASY



MOON WASH

By Victoria Day Najjar

The moon descended

The sky's airy stair

Sat down in the ocean

And shampooed her hair

EARTH GAZING

By Victoria Day Najjar

**I hang suspended,
The crook of one foot
Wrapped neatly about
The tip of a star
I rock gently to and fro, to and fro
And I watch you Earth
And think how pretty you are**

CANDY SKIES

By Victoria Day Najjar

When the sky is creamy, stars disappear

But when it's dark

Semi-sweet chocolate dark

They reappear

CAPTURED MOONBEAMS

By Victoria Day Najjar

I peered into Mr. Biggs' hobby shop

And saw it was true . . .

He smashed moonbeams

(Craftily captured)

Into ice dice

Of many colors

Using his silver handled, sparkling hammer.

s o n g o f b a l l o o n

by Victoria Day Najjar

baa

loon

baa

loon

lifting

drifting

baa

loon

baa

loon

sifting

shifting

baa

loon

baa

loon

off trees carom

whispering sky's tune

baa

loon

baa

loon

winging pontoon

whirling white plume

baa

loon

baa

loon

glistening night blooms

misting night looms

baa

loon

baa

loon

come fly the moon

come try the moon

off moon carom

come soon to moon

baa

l o o n

poof

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Tampa Bay Runaway, a novel, 2017

Daring Dinosaur Poetry, 2018