










To read my analysis of this poem, click on the icons below. Each different color and style of icon represents a different element in the Text Analysis Rubric.

 **The Orange Bears**
[Kenneth Patchen](#)

 The Orange bears with soft friendly eyes
Who played with me when I was ten,
Christ, before I'd left home they'd had
 Their paws smashed in the rolls, their backs 
Seared by hot slag, their soft trusting
Bellies kicked in, their tongues ripped
Out, and I went down through the woods
 To the smelly crick with Whitman
In the Haldeman-Julius edition,
And I just sat there worrying my thumbnail
Into the cover---What did he know about
Orange bears with their coats all stunk up with
soft coal
And the National Guard coming over 
From Wheeling to stand in front of the
millgates
With drawn bayonets jeering at the strikers?
 I remember you would put daisies 
On the windowsill at night and in
The morning they'd be so covered with soot
You couldn't tell what they were anymore.
 A hell of a fat chance my orange bears had! 



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