










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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