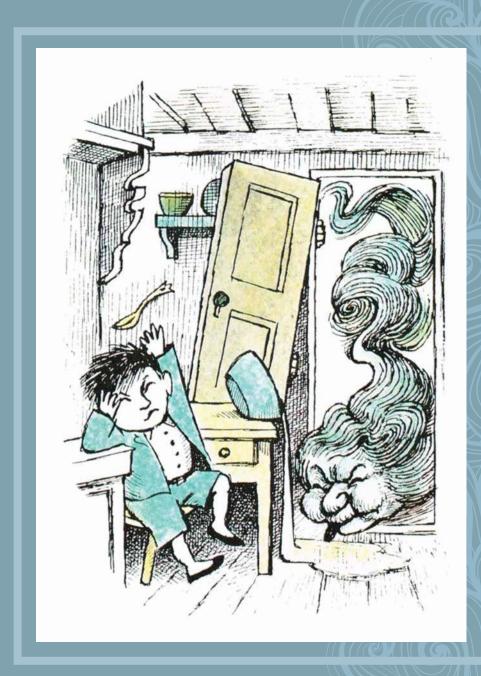
March

by Maurice Sendak



In March the wind blows down the door and spills my soup upon the floor. It laps it up and roars for more. Blowing once blowing twice blowing chicken soup with rice.