

Example Text: Poetry

The Postman

By: C.J. Dennis

I'd like to be a postman, and walk along the street,
Calling out, "Good morning, Sir," to gentlemen I meet,
Ringing every door bell all along my beat,
In my cap and uniform so very nice and neat.
Perhaps I'd have a parasol in case of rain or heat;
But I wouldn't be a postman if ...
The walking hurt my feet.
Would you?

