

# Dark Park



Read this poem and answer the questions on the back

I went for a ride  
on my bike in the park.  
Some clouds started forming.  
It quickly got dark.

The rain pounded down  
as the wind began blowing.  
The weather turned colder,  
and soon it was snowing.

I shivered and shook  
as a blizzard was forming,  
and thunder and lightning  
were suddenly storming.

I tried to escape,  
but my bike wouldn't go.  
The wheels were both frozen  
and stuck in the snow.

I jumped off my bike  
and ran out of the park.  
The sky was all sunny,  
not cloudy and dark.

It's really a puzzle  
why out here it's nice,  
but inside the park  
it's all snowbanks and ice.

I've taken a breath,  
and I'm counting to ten,  
preparing myself  
to go back in again.

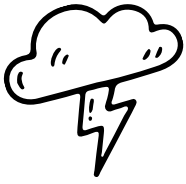
I might sound insane,  
like a crazed maniac.  
I don't really care, though—  
I want my bike back.

— Kenn Nesbitt



Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



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What was the narrator doing at the beginning of the poem?

What kinds of weather happened in the park?

Why couldn't the narrator ride their bike out of the park?

Why was the narrator surprised when they left the park?

How do you think the narrator feels at the end of the poem?