The Bluest Eye – Toni Morrison

Here is the house. It is green and white. It has a red door. It

is very pretty. Here is the family. Mother, Father, Dick, and

Jane live in the green-and-white house. They are very happy. See

Jane. She has a red dress She wants to play. Who will play with

Jane? See the cat. It goes meow-meow. Come and play. Come play

with Jane. The kitten will not play. See Mother. Mother is very

nice. Mother, will you play with Jane? Mother laughs. Laugh,

Mother, laugh. See Father. He is big and strong. Father, will you

play with Jane? Father is smiling. Smile, Father, smile. See the

dog. Bowwow goes the dog. Do you want to play with Jane? See the

dog run. Run, dog, run. Look, look. Here comes a friend. The

friend will play with Jane. They will play a good game. Play,

Jane, play.

Here is the house it is green and white it has a red door it is

very pretty here is the family mother father dick and jane live

in the green-and-white house they are very happy see jane she has

a red dress she wants to play who will play with jane see the cat

it goes meow-meow come and play come play with jane the kitten

will not play see mother mother is very nice mother will you play

with jane mother laughs laugh mother laugh see father he is big

and strong father will you play with jane father is smiling smile

father smile see the dog bowwow goes the dog do you want to play

do you want to play with jane see the dog run run dog run look

look here comes a friend the friend will play with jane they will

play a good game play jane play

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Quiet as it's kept, there were no marigolds in the fall 1941.We

thought, at the time, that it was because Pecola was having her

father's baby that the marigolds did not grow. A little

examination and much less melancholy would have proved to us that our seeds were not the only ones that did not sprout; nobody's did. Not even the gardens fronting the lake showed marigolds that year. But so deeply concerned were we with the health and safe delivery of Pecola's baby we could think of nothing but our own magic: if we planted the seeds, and said the right words over them, they would blossom, and everything would be all right. It was a long time before my sister and I admitted to ourselves that no green was going to spring from our seeds. Once we knew, our guilt was relieved only by fights and mutual accusations about who was to blame. For years I thought my sister was right: it was my fault. I had planted them too far down in the earth. It never occurred to either of us that the earth itself might have been unyielding. We had dropped our seeds in our own little plot of black dirt just as Pecola's father had dropped his seeds in his own plot of black dirt. Our innocence and faith were no more productive than his lust or despair. What is clear now is that of all of that hope, fear, lust, love, and grief, nothing remains but Pecola and the unyielding earth. Cholly Breedlove is dead; our innocence too. The seeds shrivelled and died; her baby too. There is really nothing more to say - except why. But since why is difficult to handle, one must take refuge in how.