

Ode To Los Raspados  
by Gary Soto

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| <p>Papa says<br/>They were<br/>A shiny dime<br/>When he was<br/>Little, but for me,<br/>His daughter<br/>With hair that swings<br/>Like jump ropes,<br/>They're free:<br/>Papa drives a truck<br/>Of helados<br/>And snowcones, the<br/>Music of arrival<br/>Playing block<br/>After block.</p> <p>It's summer now.<br/>The sun is bright<br/>As a hot dime.<br/>You need five<br/>Shiny ones<br/>For a snowcone:<br/>Strawberry<br/>And root beer</p> | <p>The kids come running,<br/>Some barefooted,<br/>Some in tee-shirts<br/>That end at<br/>The cyclone knot<br/>Of belly buttons,<br/>Some in swimming<br/>Trunks and dripping<br/>Water from a sprinkler<br/>And a brown lawn.</p> <p>I'm 12 going on 13<br/>And I know what's what<br/>When it comes to<br/>Snow cones<br/>Packed with the flat<br/>Of a hand and laced<br/>With a gurgle<br/>Of sugary water.</p> <p>I know the rounds<br/>Of the neighborhood.<br/>I know the kids,<br/>Gina and Ofelia,</p> |
| <p>Grapes that stains<br/>The mouth with laughter,<br/>Oranges<br/>That's a tennis ball<br/>Of snow</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | <p>Juan and Ananda,<br/>Shorty and Sleepy,<br/>All running<br/>With dimes pressed<br/>To their palms,</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |

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| You could stab<br>With a red-striped straw.<br>We have green lime<br>And dark cola,<br>And we have<br>An umbrella<br>Of five colors.<br>When the truck stops, | Salted from play<br>Or mowing the lawn.<br><br>When they walk away,<br>The dime of sun,<br>Pays them back<br>With laughter<br>And the juice runs<br>To their elbows,<br>Sticky summer rain<br>That sweetens the street. |
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Lead-In Chunk, “Ode to Los Raspados” Name \_\_\_\_\_

Poets often use odes to show that ordinary objects can remind people of important parts of their lives. In the poem “Ode to Los Raspados” by Gary Soto, the shaved ice symbolizes the memory of childhood summers.

Soto’s use of personification shows the stress-free mood of the poem. After the children have purchased their summer treat, the poet says that, “\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_” (line \_\_) The author is demonstrating that \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_. Youthful memories are important because \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_. The memory of “los raspados” is what connects the speaker to her childhood.

In conclusion, the description of the ice on a hot day when “  
\_\_\_\_\_” (line) should remind readers of their childhood. The many flavors of the shaved ice are like the many memories from the speaker’s youth.