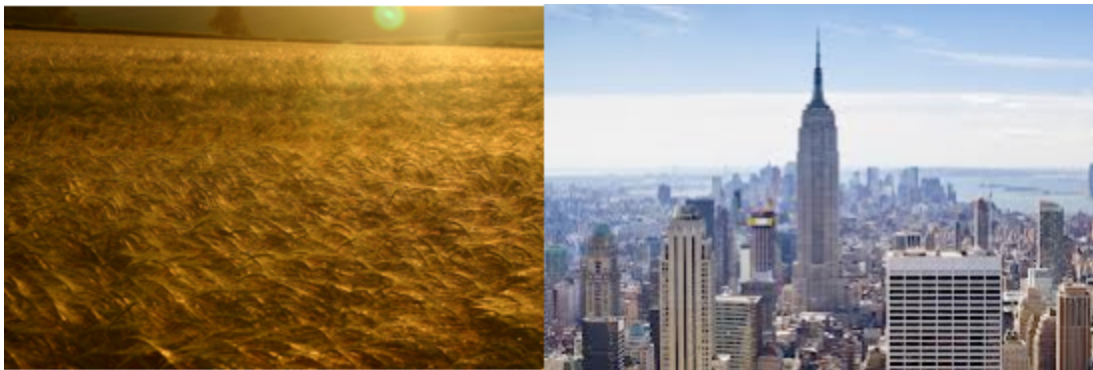


Catcher in the Rye *Poems*

Written by Des O'Donovan



A collection of poems written by Holden Caulfield from J. D. Salinger's

“ The Catcher in the Rye”

The Catcher in the Rye

The only thing that I'd like to be
That's not something that I **H**ave to be
Not **E**veryone understands why I want

Catching the kids from falling of the edge
In **A** place where they are happy and free
I would be **T**he Catcher in the Rye
Could I do this? Probably not
I would **H**ave to get some stupid job
Everyone has to get some stupid job
I want to be in the field of **R**ye

In a place where no one's around
No one big

They're all far far away
I know it's crazy as **H**ell But it's all I've
Ever wanted to do

It's not **R**ealistic
You wouldn't understand
Everyone doesn't understand

"I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody's around - nobody big, I mean - except me. And I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff - I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That's all I do all day. I'd just be the catcher in the rye and all. I know it's crazy, but that's the only thing I'd really like to be."

J.D. Salinger “ The Catcher in The Rye”, Holden Caulfield

Goddam Phonies

I see some hot shot pass me by
Smiling like he's a helluva guy
In his cadillac all shiny and new
If you so much as touch it he'll get sore at you
Bastards like that think that they're so great
They're the kinds of people that I really hate
They make me depressed, I wish they did not
But I just hate goddam phonies, I hate them a lot

I Hate

I hate my roommate Stradlater, he goes out with Jane and doesn't even remember her name. I'd give anything to be in his position, and he doesn't even remember whether her name is Jane, or Jean.

I hate that pimp ,Maurice. He's a dirty moron. He said it cost five bucks for a throw with that prostitute, Sunny, not ten.

I hate Sally Hayes. I don't know why I still go around with her, she gives me a royal pain in the ass.

I hate mr. Antolini. He was my favorite teacher, but then he had to go be a pervert and make some sort of flitty pass at me.

I hate Ackley for cutting his stupid toenails in the middle of my goddam floor.

I hate my older brother D. B. for waiting his brilliant writing talent on phony hollywood movies.

I hate the movies. They're so phony

I hate school. I just don't care about it.

I hate all of these things.

So why do I put up with them?

Why do I put up with the things I hate

Why do you go to? Why do I go to the movies? Why do I still see all of the people I hate?

Allie

I miss my kid brother Allie

I miss his red hair, and freckled face

I miss the way that whenever got mad at you

I miss his poems

i kiss his poems written on his baseball mitt

I miss the way we used to talk

I miss going to the movies with him, D. B., and Phoebe, even though I hate the movies.

I miss liking him

I still do like him but my sister Phoebe said that you can't like someone if they're dead



Where do the Ducks go?

Where do the ducks go in the winter?

When the weather gets cold

Cold as a witches tit

The kind of day where you wish that you had your camels hair cat, some crook from school stole it from your room

Where do the ducks go when it gets so cold that the lagoon in Central Park freezes over?

They can't stay in the water

Do they just stay out of the water, or on top of the ice?

Do they hibernate, sleeping until the lagoon melts in the spring?

Do they fly south, to someplace warm where the water doesn't freeze?

Does someone take them away when it's cold, someone from the zoo or something?

The ducks can fly away, but what about the fish?

They can't leave the lagoon, they're trapped there forever

Do they just get frozen under the ice?

Can they survive the cold?

I don't know?

How could I find out?

how could anyone know something like that?

I asked a cab driver about it, but he got all sore

Nobody knows



She never moved Kings

I remember lots about Jane Gallagher. Lots of important things. But the one thing I remember is that she never
moved kings

When we used to play checkers, on the front porch swing. The one thing I remember is that she never moved her
kings

I wanted to call her on the phone, wanted for her her phone ring. But instead I just sat there remembering how she
never moved her kings

i remember the day that we first kissed. It was just a little fling. It was during game game of checkers where she never
moved her kings

when I think about our time together, and all the memories it brings. I mostly think about how she never moved her
kings

I remember lots about Jane Gallagher. Lots of important things. But the one thing I remember is that she never
moved kings

