

The night Max wore his wolf suit
and made mischief
of one kind
and another
his mother called him
“WILD THING!”
and Max said
“I’LL EAT YOU UP!”
so he was sent to bed
without eating anything.
That very night
in Max’s room
a forest grew
and grew – and grew
until his ceiling
hung with vines
and the walls became
the world around
and an ocean tumbled by
with a private boat for Max
and he sailed off
through night and day
and in and out of weeks
and almost over a year
to where the wild things are.
And when he came to the place
where the wild things are
they roared their terrible roars
and gnashed their terrible teeth
and rolled their terrible eyes
and showed their terrible claws
till Max said
“BE STILL!”
and tamed them
with the magic trick of staring
into all their yellow eyes
without blinking once
and they were frightened
and called him

the most wild thing of all
and made him king
of all the wild things.
“And now,”
“let the wild rumpus start!”
“NOW STOP!” Max said
and sent the wild things off to bed
without their supper.
And Max said
“I am lonely”
and wanted to be
where someone loved him
best of all.
Then all around
from far away
across the world
he smelled good things to eat
so he gave up being king
of where the wild things are.
But the wild things cried,
“Oh please don’t go—
we’ll eat you up –
we love you so!”
And Max said, “No!”
The wild things roared
their terrible roars
and gnashed their terrible teeth
and rolled their terrible eyes
and showed their terrible claws
but Max stepped into his private boat
and waved good-bye
and sailed back over a year
and in and out of weeks
and through a day
and into the night
of his very own room
where he found his supper
waiting for him
and it was still hot.