

Feelings

When I was Lost

Underneath my belt
My stomach was a stone.
Sinking was the way I felt.
And hollow.
And alone.

By Dorothy Aldis

If I Were A Bird

If I were a bird,
I wouldn't like to be
In a little cage
Where I couldn't be free.

I'd like to spread
My wings and fly
Over the tree-tops
And into the sky.

I'd visit my friends
Who live very far
Then I'd fly up high
And sit on a star.

By Elizabeth Segal

Primer Lesson

Look out how you use proud words.
When you let proud words go, it is not easy to
call them back.
They wear long boots, hard boots; they walk off
proud; they
 Can't hear you calling—
Look out how you use proud words.

By Carl Sandburg

Sometimes

Sometimes I like to be alone
And look up at the sky
And think my thoughts inside my head—
Just me, myself and I.

By Mary Ann Hoberman

Poem

I loved my friend.
He went away from me.
There's nothing more to say.
The poem ends,
Soft as it began—
I loved my friend.

By Langston Hughes

I love the look of words

Popcorn leaps, popping from the floor
of a hot black skillet
and into my mouth.
Black words leap from the white
page. Rushing into my eyes. Sliding
into my brain which gobbles them
the way my tongue and teeth
chomp the buttered popcorn.
When I have stopped reading,
ideas from the words stay stuck
in my mind, like the sweet
smell of butter perfuming my
fingers long after the popcorn
is finished.
I love the book and the look of words
the weight of ideas that popped into my mind
I love the tracks
of new thinking in my mind.

By Maya Angelou

The Opposite of Two

What is the opposite of *two*?
A lonely me, a lonely you.

By Richard Wilber

The Dream Keeper

Bring me all of your dreams,
You dreamers,
Bring me all of your
Heart melodies
That I may wrap them
In a blue cloud-cloth
Away from the two-rough fingers
Of the world.

By Langston Hughes

I'm Nobody

I'm nobody, who are you?
Are you nobody too?
Then there's a pair of us.
Don't tell—they'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody.
How public—like a frog—
To tell your name the livelong June
To an admiring bog.

By Emily Dickinson

Kind Words

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers
Kind deeds are the fruits.
Take care of the gardens,
And keep them from weeds.
Fill, fill them with flowers,
Kind words and kind deeds.

By Henry W. Longfellow

Food

Toaster Time

Tick tick tick tick tick tick tick
Toast up a sandwich quick quick quick
Hamwich
Or jamwich
Lick lick lick!

Tick tick tick tick tick tick----stop!
POP!

By Eve Merriam

Found and Lost

I found a big red apple.
I took a great big bite.
But when I saw what I had bit,
I lost my appetite!

By Anne Marie Manfried

Noodles

Noodles for breakfast,
Noodles for lunch,
Noodles for dinner,
Noodles that crunch,
Noodles to twirl,
Noodles to slurp—
I could eat noodles
All day! Burp!

By Janet S. Wong

Celery

Celery, raw,
Develops the jaw,
But celery, stewed,
Is more quietly chewed.

By Ogden Nash

Egg

There are
No tags, no tabs
Or wrapping paper,
Nor flaps, nor string,
Sticky tape or ribbon.
Never hidden up high
On a cupboard shelf.
Egg is a package
That can open
Itself.

By Kristine O'Connell George

Eating While Reading

What is better
Than this book
And the churn of candy
In your mouth,
Or the balloon of bubble gum,
Or the crack of sunflower seeds,
Or the swig of soda,
Or the twist of beef jerky,
Or the slow slither
Of snow cone syrup
Running down your arms?

What is better than
This sweet dance
On the tongue,
And this book
That pulls you in?
It yells, "Over here!"
And you hurry along
With a red, sticky face.

By Gary Soto

Oodles of Noodles

I love noodles. Give me oodles.
Make a mound up to the sun.
Noodles are my favorite foodles.
I eat noodles by the ton.

By Lucia and James L. Hymes, Jr.

The Fruit Bowl**Banana**

Crescent moon
Zipped snug in its skin

Apple

A round red planet with a star
At its center

Grapes

Small explosions hung
From a twiggy skeleton

Lemon

Bright as the dawn, but
The taste – don't mention it

By Liz Rosenberg

McIntosh Apple

McIntosh apple
Has nice rosy cheeks
Romaine lettuce
Turns green when she speaks
Cherry tomato
Has gorgeous red hair
But I'm mashed potatoes
And fall down the stairs.

By Steven Kroll

Meg's Egg

Meg
Likes
A *regular* egg
Not poached
Or fried
But a *regular* egg
Not deviled
Or coddled
Or scrambled
Or boiled
But a *eggular*
Megular
Regular
Egg!

By Mary Ann Hoberman

Bananananananana

I thought I'd win the spelling bee
And get right to the top,
But I started to spell "banana,"
And didn't know when to stop.

By William Cole

The Pizza

Look at itsy-bitsy Mitzi!
See her figure slim and ritzy!
She eats a
Pizza!
Greedy Mitzi!
She no longer itsy-bitsy!

By Ogden Nash

Moon/Stars

Silverly

Silverly,
Silverly
Over the
Trees
The moon drifts
By on a
Runaway
Breeze.
Dozily,
Dozily,
Deep in her
Bed,
A little girl
Dreams with the
Moon in her
Head

By Dennis Lee

The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky

The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky.
He bites it, day by day,
Until there's but a rim of scraps
That crumble all away.

The South Wind is the baker.
He kneads clouds in his den,
And bakes a crisp new moon *that...greedy*
North...Wind...eats....again!

By Vachel Lindsay

I See the Moon

I see the moon,
And the moon sees me;
As we go sailing over the sea.
I sail the water, she sails the sky;
We are sailors, the moon and I.

—Traditional

Night Comes

Night comes
leaking
out of the sky,

Stars come
peeking.

Moon comes
sneaking
silvery-sly.

Who is shaking
shivery—
quaking?

Who is afraid
of the night?

Not I.

By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Moon Boat

Moon Boat, little, brave and bright,
Tossed upon the seas of night,
One day when I'm free to roam,
I'll climb aboard and steer you home.

By Charlotte Pomerantz

Pillow Song

Moony, moony, silver deep
Ocean rock me to my sleep
Morning sunshine in my cup
Sing a song to wake me up.

By Russell Hoban

The Sun

There's sun on the clover
And sun on the log,
Sun on the fish pond
And sun on the frog,

Sun on the honeybee,
Sun on the crows,
Sun on the wash line
To dry the clean clothes.

By Louise Fabrice Handcock

Sun

Sun,
circle of warmth,
circle of light,
you are
a star.

By Nancy Elizabeth Wallace

Moon at the Beach

Moon,
Your reflection
Is a tambourine,
Shaking in the waves.
Every fish is dancing!

By Patricia Hubbell

Big Dipper

Big Dipper,
seven stars' light
scoops up the night

By Nancy Elizabeth Wallace

Lady Moon

O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the east:
Shine, be increased.

O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the west:
Wane, be at rest.

By Christina Rossetti

Walking

I stop
It stops too.
It goes when I do.

Over my shoulder I can see
The moon is taking a walk with me.

By Lillian Moore

The Night Is a Big Black Cat

The Night is a big black cat
The moon is her topaz eye,
The stars are the mice she hunts at night,
In the field of the sultry sky.

By G. Orr Clark

Is The Moon Tired?

Is the moon tired? She looks so pale
Within her misty veil:
She scales the sky from east to west,
And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night
The moon shows papery white;
Before the dawning of the day
She fades away.

By Christina Rossetti

My World

The World

The world is big
And I am small.
The houses all
Are wide and tall
I run and turn
And trip and fall!

I am so small!
I come and go,
I cannot see,
I cannot know.
I hope it won't be always so.

By Barbara Young

The Tickers

Pizza, pickle,
Pumpnickel,
My little guy
Shall have a tickle:

One for his nose,
And one for his toes,
And one for his tummy
Where the hot dog goes.

By Dennis Lee

Wings

Bees have four wings,
birds have two,
I haven't *any*
and that's too few.

By Aileen Fisher

Fun

I love to hear a lobster laugh,
Or see a turtle wiggle,
Or poke a hippopotamus
And see the monster giggle,
Or even stand around at night
And watch the mountains wriggle.

By Leroy F. Jackson

Three Words

Three words
Most cruel:
Back to school
By Douglas Floria

Misnomer

If you've ever been one
you know that
you don't sit the baby,
you bouncer
stander
holder
halter
puller
patter
rocker
feeder
burper
changer
kisser
bedder

By Eve Merriam

Skyscraper

Skyscraper, skyscraper,
Scrape me some sky:
Tickle the sun
While the stars go by.
Tickle the stars
While the sun's climbing high,
Then skyscraper, skyscraper
Scrape me some sky.

By Dennis Lee

I Can Fly

I can fly, of course,
Very low,
Not fast,
Rather slow.
I spread my arms
Like wings,
Lean on the wind,
And my body zings
About.
Nothing showy—
A few loops
And turns—
But for the most part,
I just coast.

However,
Since people are prone
To talk about it,
I generally prefer,
Unless I am alone,
Just to walk about.

By Felice Holman

Time

Listen to the clock strike

One

Two

Three,

Up in the tall tower

One

Two

Three

Hear the hours slowing chime;

Watch the hands descend and climb;

Listen to the sound of time

One

Two

Three.

By Mary Ann Hoberman

I Wish That My Room Had A Floor

I wish that my room had a floor;

I don't care so much for a door,

But this walking around

Without touching the ground

Is getting to be quite a bore.

By Gelett Burgess

Our Washing Machine

Our washing machine went whisity whirr

Whisity whisity whisity whirr

One day at noon it went whisity click

Whisity whisity whisity click

Click grr click grr click grr click

Call the repairman

Fix it...Quick!

By Patricia Hubbell

Something Is There

Something is there

there on the stair

coming down

coming down

stepping with care.

coming down

coming down

slinkety-sly

Something is coming and wants to get by.

By Lillian Moore

Some Things Don't Make Any Sense At All

My mom says I'm her sugarplum.

My mom says I'm her lamb.

My mom says I'm completely perfect

Just the way I am.

My mom says I'm a super-special wonderful
terrific little guy.

My mom just had another baby.

Why?

By Judith Viorst

Nature/Weather (Part 1)

My Showers

Squelch and squirt and squiggle,
Drizzle and drip and drain—
Such a lot of water
Comes down with the rain!

By Marchette Chute

Pussy Willows

Close your eyes
and do not peek
and I'll rub Spring
across your cheek—
smooth as satin,
soft and sleep—
close your eyes
and do not peek.

By Aileen Fisher

Little Wind

Little wind, blow on the hill-top,
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine,
Little wind, blow off the rain.

By Kate Greenaway

The Rain

Rain on the green grass,
And rain on the tree,
And rain on the housetop,
But not upon me!

By Kate Greenaway

Mud

Mud is very nice to feel
All squishy-squash between the toes!
I'd rather wade in wiggly mud
Than smell a yellow rose.

Nobody else but the rosebush knows
How nice mud feels
Between the toes.

By Polly Chase Boyden

Raindrops

How brave a ladybug must be!
Each drop of rain is big as she.

Can you imagine what *you'd* do
If raindrops fell as big as you?

By Aileen Fisher

Umbrellas

Umbrellas bloom
Along our street
Like flowers on a stem.
And almost everyone
I meet
Is holding one of them.

Under my umbrella-top
Splashing through the town,
I wonder why the tulips
Hold umbrellas
Up-side-down.

By Barbara Juster Esbensen

Sleeping Outdoors

Under the dark is a star,
Under the star is a tree,
Under the tree is a blanket,
And under the blanket is me.

By Marchette Chute

Rain

The rain is raining all around
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrella here,
And on the ships at sea.

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The Wind

I can get through a doorway without a key,
And strip the leaves from the great oak tree.

I can drive storm-clouds and shake tall towers,
Or steal through a garden and not wake the
flowers.

Seas I can move and ships I can sink;
I can carry a house-top or the scent of pink.

When I am angry, I can rave and riot;
And when I am spent, I lie quiet as quiet.

By James Reeves

What Are You, Wind?

What are you, wind?
Only air
Winding in and out of
Everywhere?
If only air,
And thinner than all gauze,
How do you know when
To bluster and to pause?
Or where to go?
How to drift and settle
Each starflake of snow,
To crest a wave,
Ripple stands of grain,
Make leaves talk
And slant the rain?
What are you, wind?
I feel and cannot see,
You, who as breath
Are life itself to me?
How can you slap,
Slam and sting,
Break, destroy, uproot,
And yet so softly sing?
Push at apples
Until they fall,
You with no shape
And no color at all?

By Mary O'Neil

Clouds

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops
You all stand still
When the wind blows
You walk away slow
White sheep, white sheep
Where did you go?

Christina G. Rossetti

Nature/Weather (Part 2)

Nature Is

Nature is the endless sky
the sun of golden light
a cloud that floats serenely by
the silver moon of night.

Nature is a sandy dune,
a tall and stately tree,
the waters of a clear lagoon
the billows on the sea.

Nature is a gentle rain,
and winds that howl and blow
a thunderstorm, a hurricane,
a silent field of snow.

Nature is a tranquil breeze
and pebbles on a shore.
Nature's each and all of these
and infinitely more.

By Jack Prelutsky

Thunder and Lightning

The thunder crashed
The lightning flashed
And all the world was shaken;
The little pig
Curled up his tail
And ran to save his bacon.

Anonymous

Rain Sound

At first it's like drumming
As it patters down, then stops.
Now it's an animal
Outside the window
Quietly licking its chops.

By Lillian Morrison

Who Has Seen the Wind?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

By Christina Rossetti

April Rain Song

Let the rain kiss you.
Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops.
Let the rain sing you a lullaby.
The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk.
The rain makes running pools in the gutter.
The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night
And I love the rain.

By Langston Hughes

Dande-lion

The dande-lion doesn't roar.
It's quiet as a closet door.
Nor does the dande-lion race.
All day it stays in just one place,
Except for when its seeds are flying—
Believe me,
I'm not dande-lying!

By Douglas Florian

Until I Saw the Sea

Until I saw the sea
I did not know
that wind
could wrinkle water so.

I never knew
that sun
could splinter a whole sea of blue.

Nor
did I know before
a sea breathes in and out
upon a shore.

By Lilian Moore

Trees

The Oak is called the king of trees,
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,
The Peach tree spreads along the wall,
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,
The Willow droops in watery glade,
The Fir tree useful in timber gives,
The Beech amid the forest lives.

By Sarah Coleridge

Weather

Whether the weather be fine
Or whether the weather be not,
Whether the weather be cold
Or whether the weather be hot,
We'll weather the weather
Whatever the weather,
Whether we like it or not.

Anonymous

The Wind

Blow-drier.
Kite-flier.
Leaf-dancer.
Seed-prancer.
Hat-tosser.
Earth-crosser.

By Douglas Florian

On Poetry

Things

Went to the corner
Walked to the store
Bought me some candy
Ain't got it no more
Ain't got it no more.

Went to the beach
Played on the shore
Built me a sandhouse
Ain't got it no more.
Ain't got it no more.

Went to the kitchen
Lay down on the floor
Made me a poem
Still got it
Still got it.

By Eloise Greenfield

The Blue Between

Everyone watches clouds,
naming creatures they've seen.
I see sky differently,
I see the blue between-

The blue woman tugging
her stubborn cloud across the sky
The blue giraffe stretching
to nibble a cloud floating by.
A pod of dancing dolphins,
cloud oceans, cargo ships,
a boy twirling his cloud
around a thin blue fingertip.

In those smooth wide places,
I see a different scene.
In those cloudless spaces,
I see blue between.

By Kristine O'Connell George

A Poem Is a Little Path

A poem is a little path
That leads you through the trees.
It takes you to the cliffs and shores,
To anywhere you please.

Follow it and trust your way
With mind and heart as one,
And when the journey's over,
You'll find you've just begun.

By Charles Ghigna

Catch a Little Rhyme

Once upon a time
I caught a little rhyme

I set it on the floor
But it ran right out the door

I chased it on my bicycle
But it melted to an icicle.

I scooped it up in my hat
But it turned into a cat

I caught it by the tail
But it stretched into a whale

I followed it in a boat
But it changed into a goat

When I fed it tin and paper
It became a tall skyscraper

Then it grew into a kite
And flew far out of sight....

By Eve Merriam

Keep a Poem in Your Pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket
And a picture in your head
And you'll never feel lonely
At night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you
The little picture bring to you
A dozen dreams to dance to you
At night when you're in bed.

So—

Keep a poem in your pocket
And a picture in your head
And you'll never feel lonely
At night when you're in bed.

By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

A Word

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.

I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

By Emily Dickinson

Science

Tommy

I put my seed into the ground
And said, "I'll watch it grow."
I watered it and cared for it
As well as I could know.
One day I walked in my back yard,
And oh. what did I see!
My seed had popped itself right out
Without consulting me.

By Gwendolyn Brooks

Maytime Magic

A little seed
For me to sow,
A little earth
To make it grow,

A little hole,
A little pat,
A little wish,
And that is that.

A little sun,
A little shower...
A little while,
And then—a flower!

By Mabel Watts

When I was Lost

Underneath my belt
My stomach was a stone.
Sinking was the way I felt.
And hollow.
And alone.

By Dorothy Aldis

The Seed

How does it know,
this little seed,
if it is to grow
to a flower or a weed,
if it is to be
a vine or shoot,
or grow to a tree
with a long deep root?
A seed is so small,
where do you suppose
it stores up all
the things it knows?

By Aileen Fisher

You Never Hear the Garden Grow

Row on row,
You never hear the garden
grow.

Seeds split.
Roots shove and reach.
Earth heaves.

Leaves unfurl.
Stems pierce the
ground.

Pea pods fatten.
Vines
stretch and curl.

Such growing
going on
without a sound.

By Lillian Moore

The Water Cycle

When I was young I used to think
that water came from the kitchen sink.
But now I'm older, and I know,
that water comes from rain and snow.
It stays there, waiting, in the sky,
in clouds above our world so high.
And when it falls, it flows along,
and splashes out a watery song.
As each raindrop is joined by more
and rushes to the ocean shore,
or to a lake, a brook, a stream,
from which it rises, just like steam.
But while it's down here what do you think?
Some DOES go to the kitchen sink!

By Helen H. Moore

Rocks

Big rocks into pebbles,
Pebbles into sand,
I really hold a million, million
Rocks here in my hand.

By Florence Parry Heide

How?

How
do
spiders,
ants,
ladybugs,
bees—

butterflies,
fireflies,
dragonflies,
fleas—

know

to
crawl,
creep,
flit,
flutter,
fly—

as
winter
comes
bitterly
chilling
the sky?

By Lee Bennett Hopkins

Seasons (Part 1)

Untitled

Spring is showery, flowery, bowery,
Summer: hoppy, choppy, poppy.
Autumn: wheezy, sneezy, freezy.
Winter: slippy, drippy, nippy.

Anonymous

SPRING

Maple Shoot in the Pumpkin Patch

Remember me?
I helicoptered past
your kitchen window last fall,
then hovered over the pumpkin patch.

I had traveled far on the wind that day,
spinning the whole entire way.
I really hadn't planned to stay,

only wanted to look around,
lay my dizziness down,
rest a moment on the ground.

No wind came to carry me aloft,
the dirt was sweet and soft--
I
guess
I must
have
dozed
off....

By Kristine O'Connell George

Paper Dragons

In March, kites bite the wind
and shake their paper scales.
They strain against their fiber chains
to free their dragon tails.

By Susan Alton Schmeltz

Little Seeds

Little seeds we sow in spring,
growing while the robins sing,
give us carrots, peas and beans,
tomatoes, pumpkins, squash and greens.

And we pick them,
one and all,
through the summer,
through the fall.

Winter comes, then spring, and then
little seeds we sow again.

By Else Holmelund Minarik

The Spring Wind

The summer wind is soft and sweet
the winter wind is strong
the autumn wind is mischievous
and sweeps the leaves along

The wind I love the best
comes gently after rain
smelling of spring and growing things
brushing the world with feather wings
while everything glistens, and everything sings
in the spring wind
after the rain.

By Charlotte Zolotow

The Crocus

The golden crocus reaches up
To catch a sunbeam in her cup.

By Walter Crane

Maytime Magic

A little seed
For me to sow,
A little earth
To make it grow,

A little hole,
A little pat,
A little wish,
And that is that.

A little sun,
A little shower...
A little while,
And then—a flower!

By Mabel Watts

Lumps

Humps are lumps
and so are mumps.

Bumps make lumps
on heads.

Mushrooms grow
in clumps of lumps—
on clumps of stumps,
in woods and dumps.

Spring springs lumps
in beds.

Mosquito bites
make itchy lumps.

Frogs on logs
make twitchy lumps

By Judith Thurman

Dandelion

O little soldier with golden helmet,
What are you guarding on my
lawn?
You with your green gun
And your yellow ear,
Why do you stand so stiff?
There is only the grass to fight!

By Hilda Conkling

SUMMER

August Heat

In August, when the days are hot,
I like to find a shady spot,
And hardly move a single bit—
And sit—

And sit—

And sit—

And sit—

Anonymous

June!

The day is warm
And a breeze is blowing,
The sky is blue
And its eye is glowing,
And everything's new
And green and growing...

My shoes are off
My socks are showing...

My socks are off...

Do you know how I'm going?

BAREFOOT!

By Aileen Fisher

Some Summers

Some summers *blaze*
Some summers *haze*
Some summers *simmer*
Some summers *shimmer*
Some summers *sizzle*
Some summers *fizzle*
Some summers *flame*
No two summers
Are the same.

By Douglas Florian

Greenager

Green grass.
Green trees.
Grasshoppers
With green knees.
Green frogs.
Green toads.
Green snakes
On green roads.
Neon green
Tennis balls.
Summer's green
Wall to wall.

By Douglas Florian

The Summer Sun

Yes,
The sun shines bright
And the breeze is soft
As a sigh.

Yes,
The days are long
In the summer,
And the sun is king
Of the sky.

By Wes Magee

Seasons (Part 2)

FALL

What To Do With Autumn Leaves

Kick them.
Catch them.
Pick them.
Snatch them.
Romp them.
Stomp them.
Hurl them.
Heave them.
If you want to,
Even *leave* them.

By Douglas Florian

The Leaves Fall Down

One by one the leaves fall down
From the sky come falling one by one
And leaf by leaf the summer is done
One by one by one by one.

By Margaret Wise Brown

WINTER

December Leaves

The fallen leaves are cornflakes
That fill the lawn's wide dish,
And night and noon
The wind's a spoon
That stirs them with a swish.

The sky's a silver sifter,
A-sifting white and slow
That gently shakes
On crisp brown flakes
The sugar known as snow.

By Kaye Starbird

The Snowflake

Before I melt,
Come, look at me!
This lovely icy filigree!
Of a great forest
In one night
I make a wilderness
Of white:
By sky cold
Of crystals made,
All softly, on
Your finger laid,
I pause, that you
My beauty see:
Breathe, and I vanish
Instantly.

By Walter de la Mare

Winter Songs

The winter sings a windy song
That hustles rusty leaves along.

The winter sings a song of hail
That pings and pangs like falling nails.

The winter sings a song of sleet
As sloshing cars slip down the street.

The winter sings a song of snow,
A whispering as

Whiteness

Grows

By Douglas Florian

Wolf Trap Foundation for the Performing Arts

Dust of Snow

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

By Robert Frost

How?

How
do
spiders,
ants,
ladybugs,
bees—

butterflies,
fireflies,
dragonflies,
fleas—

know

White Cat Winter

White cat Winter
prowls
the farm,
tiptoes
soft
through withered corn,
creeps
along low walls
of stone,
falls asleep
beside
the barn.

By Tony Johnston

to
crawl,
creep,
flit,
flutter,
fly—

as
winter
comes
bitterly
chilling
the sky?

By Lee Bennett Hopkins

Icicles

Icicles are winter's fingers
That form where freezing water lingers.

Icicles are winter's arrows
Pointing out the crows and sparrows.

Icicles are dragon's teeth.
They don't grow up.
They drip beneath.

By Douglas Florian

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Transportation

Where Go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating--
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Song of the Train

Clickety-clack,
Wheels on the track,
This is the way
They begin the attack:
Click-ety-clack,
Click-ety-clack,
Click-ety-*clack*-ety,
Click-ety
Clack.

Click-ety-clack,
Over the crack,
Faster and faster
The song of the track:
Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack,
Clickety, clackety,
Clackety
Clack.

Riding in front,
Riding in back,
Everyone hears
The song of the track:
Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack,
Clickety, *clickety*,
Clackety
Clack.

By David McCord

Animals (Part 1)

A Frog and a Flea

A frog and a flea
And a kangaroo
Once jumped for a prize
In a pot of glue;
The kangaroo stuck
And so did the flea,
And the frog limped home
With a fractured knee.

By Cynthia Mitchell

Frogs Jump

Frogs jump
Caterpillars hump

Worms wiggle
Bugs jiggle

Rabbits hop
Horses clop

Snakes slide
Seagulls glide

Mice creep
Deer leap

Puppies bounce
Kittens pounce

Lions stalk –
But –
I walk!

By Evelyn Beyer

The Butterfly

Up and down the air you float
Like a little fairy boat;
I should like to sail the sky,
Gliding like a butterfly!

By Clinton Scollard

Puffer Fish

When you grab a puffer fish
He blows up big and wide.
So if you're near, I'd disappear!
Or simply step inside.

By Jack Prelutsky

Fish

Look at them flit
Lickety-split
Wiggling
Swiggling
Swerving
Curving
Hurrying
Scurrying
Chasing
Racing
Whizzing
Whisking
Flying
Frisking
Tearing around
With a leap and a bound
But none of them make the tiniest
tiniest
tiniest
tiniest
sound

By Mary Ann Hoberman

The Underworld

When I am lying in the grass
I watch the ants and beetles pass;
And once I lay so very still
A mole beside me built a hill.

By Margaret Lavington

Giraffes Don't Huff

Giraffes don't huff or hoot or howl
They never grump, they never growl
They never roar, they never riot,
They eat green leaves
And just keep quiet.

By Karla Kuskin

The Squirrel

Whisky, frisky
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the treetop!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Road as sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappity, crackity,
Out it fell.

Anonymous

The Bulldog

The bulldog's face is full of pride.
His eyes look wise.
His jaw is wide.
His chin is straight.
His nose is strong.
His brow is great.
His jowls are long.
I'd say his face was full of charm
If he would let go of my arm.

By Jack Prelusky

Twinkle, Twinkle

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!

By Lewis Carroll

Animals (Part 2)

Grasshopper Green

Grasshopper green
Too quick to be seen
Jump like Mexican jumpity bean!

Grasshopper high
Grasshopper low
Over my basket of berries you go!

Grasshopper low
Grasshopper high
Watch it or you will end up in a pie!

By Nancy Dingman Watson

Dragonfly

A dragonfly
Is very thin,
Straight and shining,
Like a pin.

With narrow wings
Of stiffened gauze,
And in the air
He likes to pause

And look at you
With popping eyes.
He shimmers like
A small surprise

By Florence Page Jaques

Octopus

When dancing with an octopus
The movements just confound me.
For how can I move gracefully
With all those arms around me?

By Jack Prelutsky

The Iguana

I wouldn't wanna
Be an iguana—
Iguanas are covered with scales.

I wouldn't wanna
Be an iguana—
Iguanas can have spiny tails.

I wouldn't wanna
Be an iguana—
Iguanas are sometimes green.

I wouldn't wanna
Be an iguana—
Except for Halloween.

By Jack Prelutsky

The Bullfrog

Polli-wogger,
Bobby-bogger.
Billy-bellow,
Mellow-fellow.
Hedda-hopper,
Freddy-flopper.
Jimmy-swimmy,
Timmy-shimmy.
Sammy-summer,
Jug-o'-rummer,
Jug-o'-rummer,

By Jack Prelutsky

Chant to the Fire-Fly

Fire-fly, fire-fly, light me to bed.
Come, come, little insect of light,
You are my candle, and light me to go.

Anonymous Native American

Could do with legs!
Just think what we
Our pearly eggs.
Upstream we spawn
We somersault!
We vault!
We jump!
Our leaps astound!
We bound?
We spring!

The Salmon

By Douglas Florian

Turtle in July

Heavy
Heavy hot
Heavy hot hangs
Thick sticky
Icky
But I lie
Nose high
Cool pool
No fool
A turtle in July

By Marilyn Singer

The Lizard

The Lizard is a timid thing
That cannot dance or fly or sing;
He hunts for bugs beneath the floor
And longs to be a dinosaur.

By John Gardner

The Porcupine

Rebecca Jane,
a friend of mine,
went out to pat
a porcupine.

She very shortly
Came back in,
Disgusted with
the porcupin.

“One never, ever
should,” said Jane,
“go out and pat
a porucpain!”

by N.M. Bodecker

The Sandpiper

At the edge of tide
He stops to wonder,
Races through
The lace of thunder.

On toothpick legs
Swift and brittle,
He runs and pipes
And his voice is little.

But small or not,
He has a notion
To outshoot
The Atlantic Ocean

By Frances Frost

Animals (Part 3)

Mice

I think mice
Are rather nice.

Their tails are long,
Their faces small
They haven't any
Chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
Their teeth are white,
They run about
The house at night.
They nibble things
They shouldn't touch
And no one seems
To like them much.

But I think mice
Are nice

By Rose Fyleman

Beside the Line of Elephants

I think they had no pattern
When they cut out the elephant's skin;
Some places it needs letting out,
And other, taking in.

By Edna Becker

The Alligator

The Alligator chased his tail
Which hit him on the snout;
He nibbled, gobbled, swallowed it,
And turned right inside-out.

By Mary Macdonald

On a Pond, A Silent Swan

On a pond, a silent swan
slided softly on and on.
All day long, without a sound,
that one swan swam all around.

When the sun set in the sky,
that one swan still glided by.
When the night was dark and deep,
that one swan was fast asleep.

By Jack Prelutsky

The Hummingbird

The Hummingbird, he has no song
From flower to flower he hums along
Humming his way among the trees
He finds no words for what he sees.

By Michael Flanders

Caterpillar

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

By Christina Rossetti

Clickbeetle

Click beetle
Clack beetle
Snapjack black beetle
Glint glitter glare beetle
Pin it in your hair beetle
Wear it at the ball beetle
Shine shimmer spark beetle
Glisten in the dark beetle
Listen to it crack beetle
Click beetle
Clack beetle

By Mary Ann Hoberman

Fuzzy Wuzzy, Creepy Crawly

Fuzzy wuzzy, creepy crawly
Caterpillar funny,
You will be a butterfly
When the days are sunny.

Winging, flinging, dancing, springing
Butterfly so yellow,
You were once a caterpillar,
Wiggly, wiggly fellow.

By Lillian Schulz

Lovely Mosquito

Lovely mosquito, attacking my arm
As quiet and still as a statue,
Stay right where you are! I'll do you no harm—
I simply desire to pat you.

Just puncture my veins and swallow your fill
For nobody's going to swat you.
No, lovely mosquito, stay perfectly still—
A SWIPE! And a SPLAT! And I GOT YOU!

By Doug MacLeod

The Ostrich Is a Silly Bird

The ostrich is a silly bird,
With scarcely any mind,
He often runs so very fast,
He leaves himself behind.

And when he gets there, has to stand
And hang about till night,
Without a blessed thing to do
Until he comes in sight.

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman