

POEMS TO SAY OUT LOUD & LEARN BY HEART

Poetry

Janet Wong

"What you study in school?" my
grandfather asks.

"Poetry," I say climbing high to a
pick a large ripe lemon off the top
limb.

Books & Me

Pat Mora

We belong
together,
books and me,
like toast and jelly
o queso y tortillas.
Delicious! ¡Delicioso!
Like flowers and
bees,
birds and trees

Things

Eloise Greenfield

Went to the corner
Walked in 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

*Enjoy this poem with
students by clapping and
swaying to its natural
rhythm and beat.*

*POEMS TO
in Libraries &*

*DISPLAY
Classrooms*

Quiet

Myra Cohn

QUIET

it says
in the library

QUIET

and what I wa

what's quiet
inside the bod
with all those
ideas and wor

Ways to Greet a Friend

Avis Harley

Hola is the Spanish *Hello*,
Italians go for *Buon giorno*,

Konichiwa is Japanese,
Bon dia is the Portuguese,

Kalimera when you meet a Greek,
Bonjour is how the French would
speak,

Al salaam a'alaykum is the Arabic
way,
Apa Khabar they say in Malay.

Ni hao is for the Chinese voice,
Aloha: the Hawaiian choice.

oughland

y shelf
suddenly

(—
you)

how
knew.

POEMS FOR YOUNG STUDENTS
(Grade K-2)

~ Special thanks to Georgia Heard for her contributions

Noodles
Janet Wong

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

Something About Me
Anonymous

There's something
about me
That I'm knowing.
There's something
about me
That isn't showing.
I'm growing!

**The Last Cry of the
Damp Fly**
Dennis Lee

Bitter batter boop!
I'm swimming in your soup.

Bitter batter bout:
Kindly get me out!

Bitter batter boon:
Not upon your spoon!

Bitter batter bum!
Now I'm in your tum!

Thanksgiving

I smell the/chezey macorony/

HANDWRITTEN STUDENT POEMS

boiling/I see the/turkey/in the oven

From *Kids' Poems: Teaching Third & Fourth Graders to Love Writing Poetry*
by Regie Routman

steaming/I see the/slippy/crambery

souces/on the table/I smell the/

crunchy/stuffing/with little juicy/

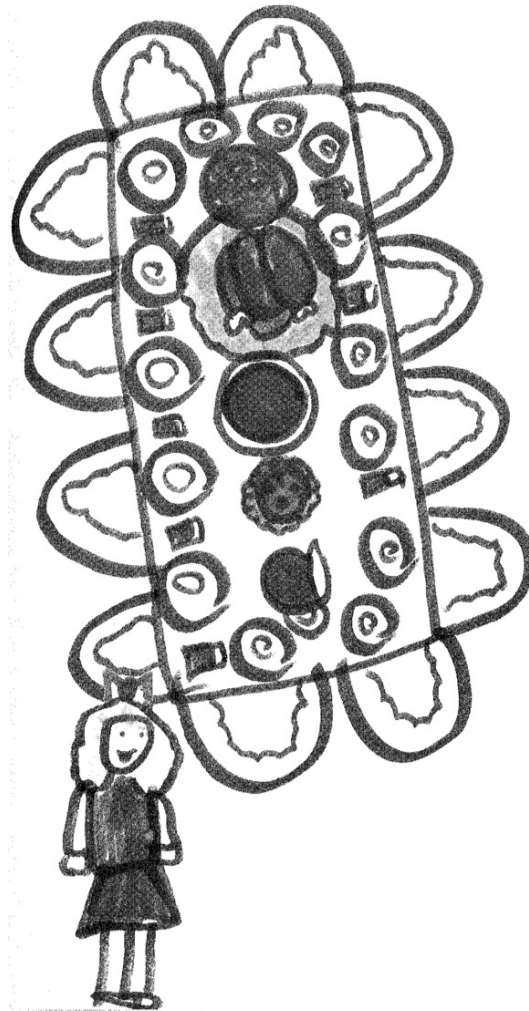
bits of/turkey/I see the/big

fat/delicious/turkey/in a/breth/

taking/surrounding/

—BY CASEY BASS

Thanksgiving



I smell the
cheesy macaroni
boiling.
I see the
turkey
in the oven steaming.
I see the
slippery
cranberry sauces
on the table.
I smell the
crunchy
stuffing
with little juicy bits of
turkey.
I see the
big fat
delicious
turkey
in a
breathtaking
surrounding.

— CASEY BASS

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The shower is
a special
place

Where a
waterfall

grows.

At just the
spout and
see the
waterfall
go.

—BY WILLIAM THOMPSON

The Shower Is a Special Place

The shower is
a special
place
where a
waterfall
grows.
Adjust the
spout and
see the
waterfall
go.



— WILLIAM THOMPSON



Storm

boom

crash

oh, I'm

scared

pitter

pat

pitter

pat

oh

that's

better

boom

crash

oh

just don't

stop

up again

oh, I

hate thunder

and lightning

Storm

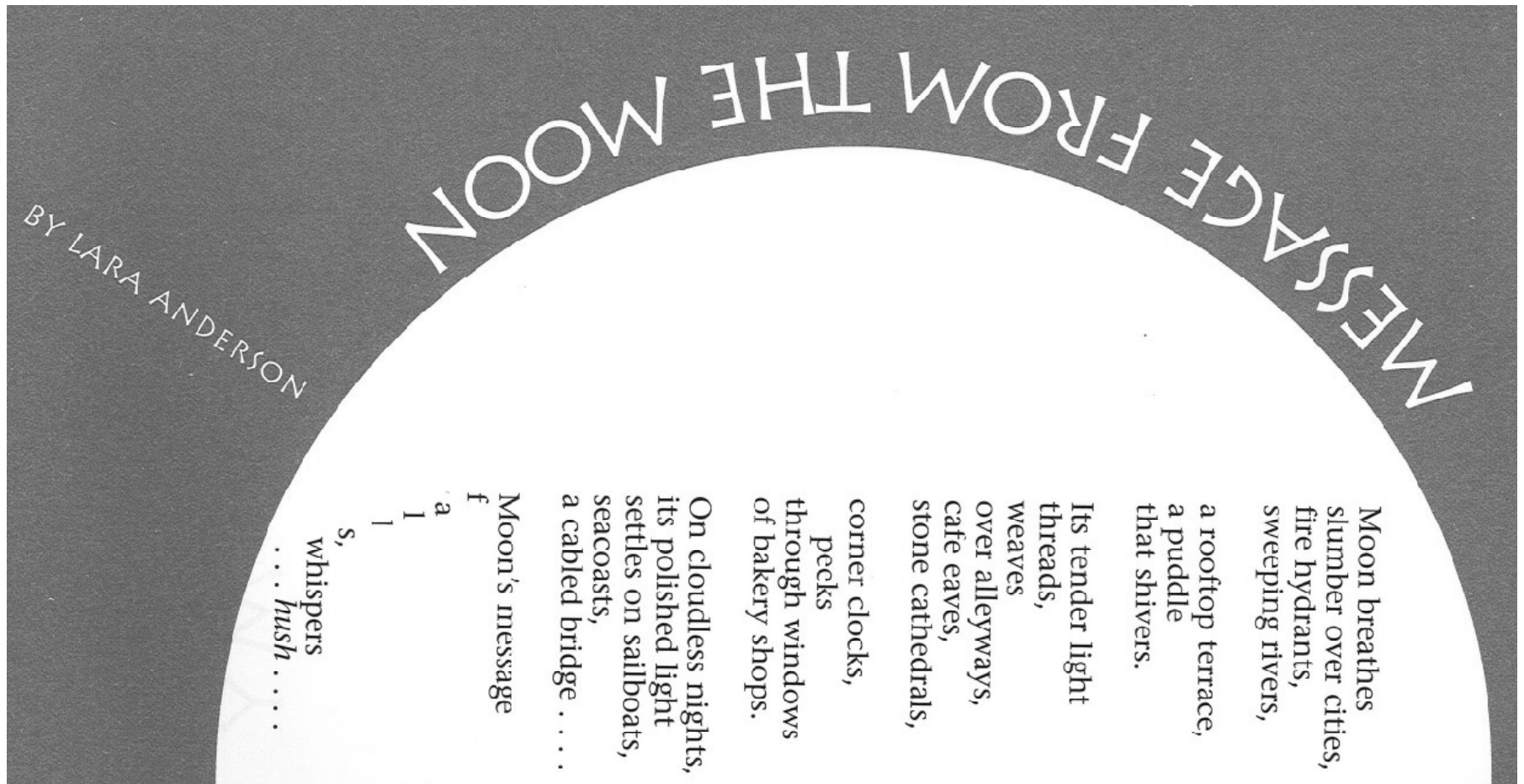


Boom
crash
oh, I'm
scared
Pitter
pat
pitter
pat
oh
that's
better.
Boom
crash
oh
just don't
start
up again.
Oh, I
hate thunder
and lightning.

—CAROLINE
HAWES

POEMS
INSPIRE

TO
YOUNG



Moon breathes
slumber over cities,
fire hydrants,
sweeping rivers,
a rooftop terrace,
a puddle
that shivers.

Its tender light
threads,
weaves
over alleyways,
cafe eaves,
stone cathedrals,

corner clocks,
peeks
through windows
of bakery shops.

On cloudless nights,
its polished light
settles on sailboats,
seacoasts,
a cabled bridge

Moon's message
f
a
l
l
s,
whispers
. . . . hush

in a window—
me!

BY REBECCA KAI DOTLICH

RECIPE
FOR WRITING AN
AUTUMN POEM

BY GEORGIA HEARD

One teaspoon wild geese.
One tablespoon red kite.
One cup wind song.
One pint trembling leaves.
One quart darkening sky.
One gallon north wind.

HELPING HANDS

BY ALLAN WOLF

Hands are for taking.
Hands are for holding.
Hands are for shaping
and paper plane folding.

Hands are for grasping.
Hands are for shaking.
Hands are for touching
and shadow-play making.

Hands are for dressing,
buttoning, zipping.
Scrambling, buttering,
flapper-jack flipping.

Hands are for clapping,
juggling, jiggling.
Hands are for washing
and brushing and wiggling.

Hands are for raising,
writing and talking.
Catching and throwing
and bright sunlight blocking,
winging and twisting
and turning and knocking.
Clock hands are perfect
for ticking and tocking.
But upside-down acrobat hands
are for walking.

I hide words inside my pillowcase.
Words that taste good—

MONKEY.
COZY.
POUCH.

No one can see them
but I find them waiting for me.
Like the TUMMY hiding inside my body.
No one can see it
but I know what's in there—

MUFFIN
WHIPPED CREAM
PEACHES
BLUEBERRIES
TORTILLA
CHEESE

YUMMIES are in there.
Mashed POTATO is in there.

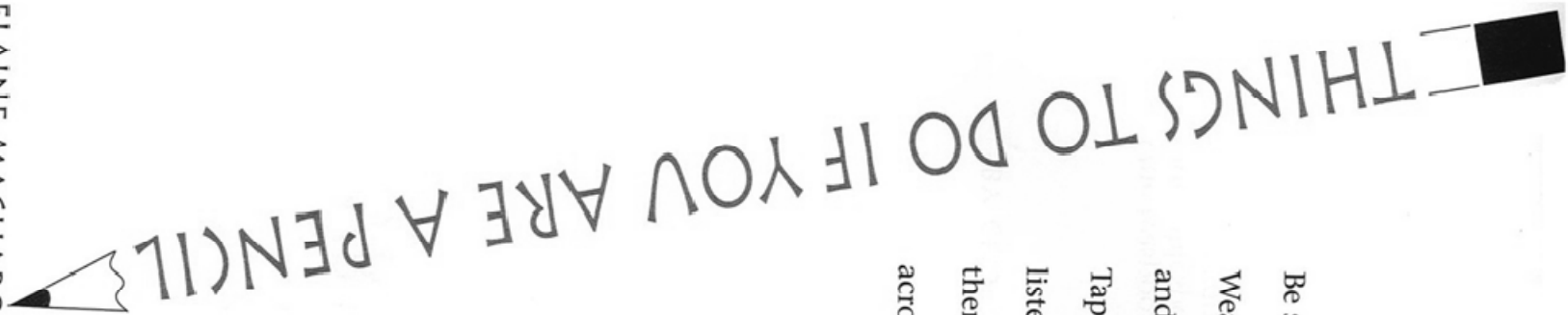
The words are playing together
when I am saying or thinking them.

YES
RIPE
PURPLE
WOOSH!
is in my pillow.

My friends the words
go to bed before I do.
But they never
go away.

WORDS IN MY
PILLOW
BY NAOMI SHIHAB NYE

BY ELAINE MAGLIARO



Be sharp.
Wear a slick yellow suit
and a pink top hat.
Tap your toes on the tabletop,
listen for the right rhythm,
then dance a poem
across the page.

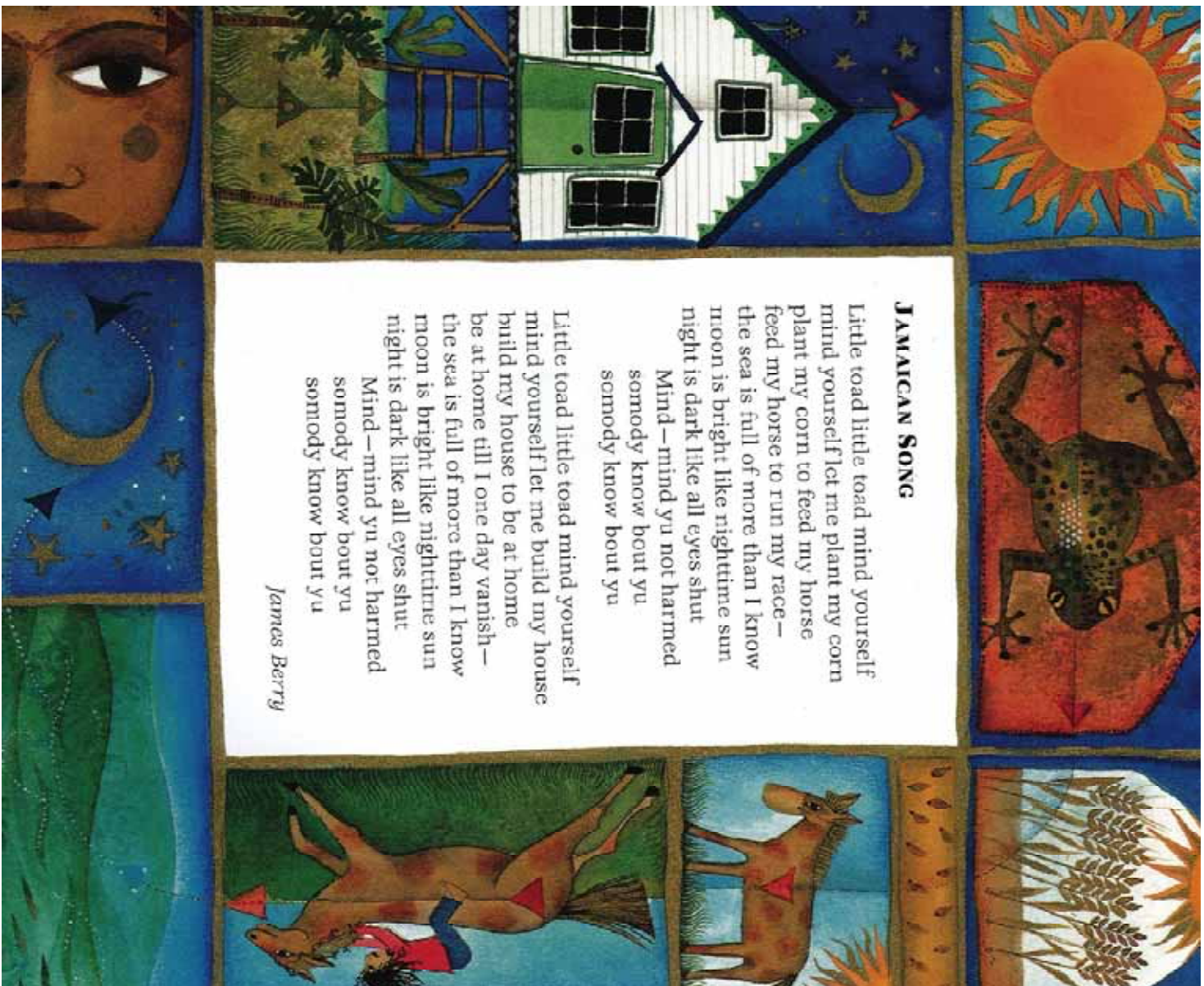
CARIBBEAN POEMS

PULLIN' SEINE

Splash! Afternoon tide roll on.
Heave! Fishermen pullin' seine.
Come on! Jasmine pulls me along.
Grab! de nets like we big and strong.
Sink! our feet deep down in de sand.
Hold! on tight with both we hands.
Pull! and tug and pull some more.
Show! de fish who go win this war.
Crash! We fall and de fish laughin'.
Grunt! We up and pullin' again.
Wet! and sandy through and through.
On no! I wonder what Mama go do.
Look! A big wave rollin' in.
Hurray! Is now we bound to win!

Lynn Joseph

*From Under The Moon, Over the
Sea: A Collection of Caribbean
Poems
by John Agard*



JAMAICAN SONG

Little toad little toad mind yourself
mind yourself let me plant my corn
plant my corn to feed my horse
feed my horse to run my race—
the sea is full of more than I know
noon is bright like nighttime sun
night is dark like all eyes shut

Mind—mind yu not harmed
somoody know bout yu
somoody know bout yu

Little toad little toad mind yourself
mind yourself let me build my house
build my house to be at home
be at home till I one day vanish—
the sea is full of more than I know
moon is bright like nighttime sun
night is dark like all eyes shut
Mind—mind yu not harmed
somoody know bout yu
somoody know bout yu

James Berry

OCCASION

Music bites them,
stings them.

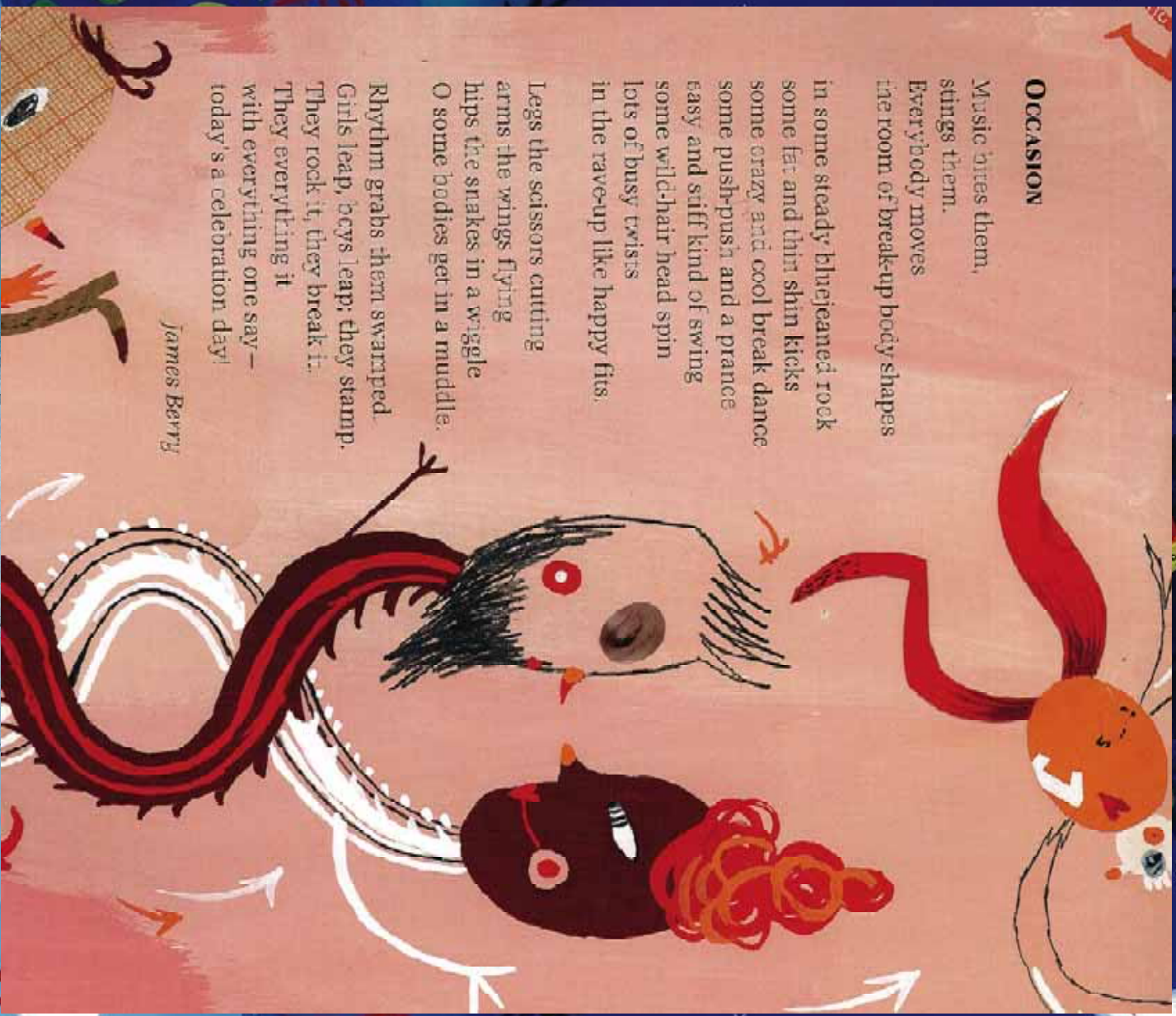
Everybody moves
the room of break-up body shapes

in some steady bluejeaned rock
some fat and thin shin kicks
some crazy and cool break dance
some push-push and a prance
easy and stiff kind of swing
some wild-hair head spin
lots of busy twists
in the rave-up like happy fits.

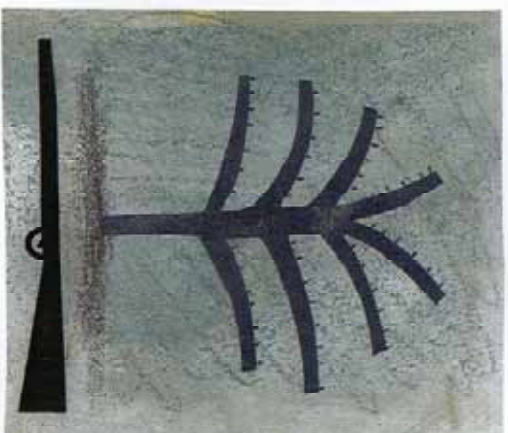
Legs the scissors cutting
arms the wings flying
hips the snakes in a wiggle
O some bodies get in a muddle.

Rhythm grabs them swarped.
Girls leap, boys leap; they stamp.
They rock it, they break it...
They everything it
with everything one say –
today's a celebration day!

James Berry



Lynn Joseph



Old World New World

Spices and gold once cast a spell
on bearded men in caravels.

New World New World cried history
Old World Old World sighed every tree.

But Indian tribes long long ago
had sailed this archipelago.

They who were used to flutes of bone
translated talk of wind on stone.

Yet their feathered tongues were drowned
when Discovery beat its drum.

New World New World—spices and gold
Old World Old World—the legends told.

New World New World—cried history
Old World Old World—sighed every tree.

John Agard