Poem to Mud

Poem to mud -
Poem to ooze -
Patted in pies, or coating the shoes.

Poem to slooze -
Poem to crud -
Fed by a leak, or spread by a flood.
Wherever, whenever, whyever it goes,
Stirred by your finger or strained by your toes,
There's nothing sloppier, slipperier, floppier,
There's nothing slickier, stickier, thickier,
There's nothing quickier to make grown-ups sickier,
Trulier coolier,
Than wonderful mud.
Zilpha Keatley Snyder
The Sloth

In moving-slow he has no Peer.
You ask him something in his Ear,
He thinks about it for a Year;

And, then, before he says a Word
There, upside down (unlike a Bird),
He will assume that you have Heard--

A most Ex-as-per-at-ing Lug.
But should you call his manner Smug,
He'll sigh and give his Branch a Hug;

Then off again to Sleep he goes,
Still swaying gently by his Toes,
And you just know he knows he knows.

Theodore Roethke
Monster Mothers

When monster mothers get together they brag about their babies. The other day I heard one say, “He got his very first fang today!”

“Mine is ugly.”
“Mine is mean.”
“Mine is turning nice and green.”

“Mine’s as scaly as a fish.”
“Mine is sort of yellowish.”

“Mine breaths fire and smoke and such.”
“Mine has skin you’d hate to touch.”

“Mine smells like an old sardine.”
“Mine’s the weirdest thing you’ve seen.”

“Mine has strong and ugly jaws.”
“Mine has sharp and dreadful claws.”

“Mine has two heads.”
“Mine has four!”
“Mine is learning how to roar.”

When monster mothers get together they brag about their babies. The other day I heard one say, “He ate his very first kid today!”

Florence Parry Heide
The Secret Place

There's a place I go, inside myself,
   Where nobody else can be,
And none of my friends can tell it's there—
   Nobody knows but me.

It's hard to explain the way it feels,
   Or even where I go.
It isn't a place in time or space,
   But once I'm there, I know.

It's tiny, it's shiny, it can't be seen,
   But it's big as the sky at night . . .
I try to explain and it hurts my brain,
   But once I'm there, it's right.

There's a place I know inside myself,
   And it's neither big nor small,
And whenever I go, it feels as though
   I never left at all.

   Dennis Lee
Mosquito

I was climbing up the sliding board
When suddenly I felt
A Mosquito bite my bottom
And it raised a big red welt.
So I said to that Mosquito,
“I’m sure you wouldn’t mind
If I took a pair of tweezers
And I tweezered your behind?”

He shriveled up his body,
He shuffled to his feet.
He said, “I’m awfully sorry
But a fellow’s got to eat!
There are Mosquito manners!
And I must have just forgot ‘em.
I swear I’ll never never NEVER
Bite another bottom.”

But a minute later Archie Hill
And Buck and Theo Brown
Were horsing on the monkey bars,
Hanging upside down.
They must have looked delicious
From a skeeter’s point of view
‘Cause he bit ‘em on the bottoms –
Archie, Buck and Theo, too!

You could hear ‘em going HOLY-!
You could hear ‘em going WHACK!
You could hear ‘em scream and holler,
Going SMACK-SMACK-SMACK!

A Mosquito’s awful sneaky,
A Mosquito’s mighty sly,
But I never never NEVER
Thought a skeeter’d tell a lie!

J. Patrick Lewis
The Monster Motel

Welcome to the Monster Motel,
Where mostly monstrous monsters dwell.
They crawl the walls and gore the floors,
They shred the beds and saw the doors.
They box the clocks while chewing chairs
And throw each other down the stairs.
They beat the sheets then tear the towels,
They fill the night with hoots and howls.
They screech and scream and yip and yell
At the horribly horrid Monster Motel.

Douglas Florian
Warning

Inside everybody’s nose
There lives a sharp-toothed snail.
So if you stick your finger in,
He may bite off your nail.
Stick it farther up inside,
And he may bite your ring off.
Stick it all the way, and he
May bite the whole darn thing off.

Shel Silverstein
Breakfast

I C U 8 your scrambled X,
I C U drank your T.
My heart is filled with NV,
R there NE X 4 me?
O Y is the carton MT now?
How greedy can U B?
4 U 8 all the scrambled X
and left me 1 green P!

Jeff Moss
The Little Turtle

There was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn’t catch me.

Vachel Lindsey
Genny Glubber

Genny Glubber’s fat like blubber.
She has knock-knees made of rubber.
Birds nest in her stringy hair.
Her nose is long; her head is square.
Her eyes are crossed; her teeth are loose.
Her neck is longer than a goose.
She has two ears as big as plates.
She wears green shoes (size fifty-eight).
Her legs are scrawny, like a chicken.
Her face leaves people panic-stricken.
All day long I’m thinking of her –
Genny Glubber, how I love her.

Douglas Florian
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.

*Jack Prelutsky*
The Razor-Tailed Wren

The razor-tailed wren,
He’ll pretend he’s your friend
As he cuts all the grass on your lawn,
But do not leave anything
Sticking far out
Or swishity – it will be gone.

*Shel Silverstein*
Elephant Warning

Walk carefully, elephants, through the grass.
Hold out your ears so you can hear who may be hiding there.

Walk carefully, elephants, through the grass.
There may be hunters waiting to shoot you for your long ivory tusks.

Walk carefully, elephants, though the grass.

Georgia Heard
Self Change

Mr. Myer began to tire
Of how his body looked.
So he began to wiggle
Till his body parts all shook.
He knocked his nose down to his toes,
His ears down to his thighs,
His calves and shins up to his chin,
His elbows to his eyes.
All parts and places were moved to spaces
You do not often see ‘em.
And now his bits and pieces sit
Inside of a museum.

*Douglas Florian*
The Loser

Mama said I’d lose my head
If it wasn’t fastened on.
Today I guess it wasn’t
‘Cause while playing with my cousin
It fell off and rolled away
And now it’s gone.

And I can’t look for it
‘Cause my eyes are in it,
And I can’t call to it
‘Cause my mouth is on it
(Couldn’t hear me anyway
‘Cause my ears are on it),
Can’t even think about it
‘Cause my brain is in it.
So I guess I’ll sit down
On this rock
And rest for just a minute….

Shel Silverstein
The Fat Man

I know a man who’s so obese,
His feet weigh fifty pounds apiece.
Two hundred times a day he snacks;
Beneath his feet the sidewalk cracks.
Each time this man swims in the ocean,
A tidal wave is set in motion.
He has to squeeze inside a door;
His mattress sinks down to the floor.
The kids all call him Roly Poly;
His middle name is Ravioli.
He wears a tent instead of pants;
His waistline is a huge expanse.
Come meet him now!
Come shake his hand!
But help us first get him to stand.

Douglas Florian