Unit of Study: Writing Poetry with Rhythm, Rhyme, & Heart

Poetry Collection

Cypress-Fairbanks Independent School District
Elementary Language Arts Department, Grades 2 - 5
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Grade Range</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How to Eat a Poem</td>
<td>Eve Merriam</td>
<td>Grades 2 &amp; 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Poem Is a Little Path</td>
<td>Charles Ghigna</td>
<td>Grades 4 &amp; 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pencil Sharpener</td>
<td>Zoe Ryder White</td>
<td>Everyday Object</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dragonfly</td>
<td>Georgia Heard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Masked One</td>
<td>Georgia Heard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elephant Warning</td>
<td>Georgia Heard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Orb Weaver</td>
<td>Georgia Heard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sun</td>
<td>Valerie Worth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lawnmower</td>
<td>Valerie Worth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>porches</td>
<td>Valerie Worth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chairs</td>
<td>Valerie Worth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Games</td>
<td>Sharon Hendricks</td>
<td>Personification</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gastronomic Gym</td>
<td>(Personification)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinnertime Chorus</td>
<td>(Personification)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Town</td>
<td>(Personification)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clouds</td>
<td>Rebecca W.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fog</td>
<td>Carl Sandberg</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birds</td>
<td>Natasha Niemi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
How to Eat a Poem
by Eve Merriam

Don't be polite.
Bite in.
Pick it up with your fingers and lick the juice that may run down your chin.
It is ready and ripe now, wherever you are.

You do not need a knife or a fork or a spoon or plate or napkin or tablecloth.

For there is no core
or stem
or rind
or pit
or seed
or skin
to throw away.

Grades 2 and 3
A Poem is a Little Path
by Charles Ghigna

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.

Grades 4 and 5
Pencil Sharpener
By Zoe Ryder White

I think there are a hundred bees
inside the pencil sharpener
and they buzz
and buzz
and buzz
until my point
is sharp!
Dragonfly
By Georgia Heard

It skims the pond’s surface,
Searching for gnats, mosquitoes, and flies.
Outspread wings blur with speed.
It touches down
and stops to sun itself on the dock.
wings flicker and still:
stained-glass windows
with sun shining through.
The Masked One
By Georgia Heard

Raccoon wears a mask
As if it’s Halloween
and tiptoes through our yard
while I watch through the screen.
Clank falls the garbage-can lid to the ground,
As if raccoon is saying “Trick or treat!”
But the cans are empty, no food to be found.
Raccoon walks away on tiny feet.
Elephant Warning
By Georgia Heard

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, through the grass.
The Orb Weaver
By Georgia Heard

Weaving and weaving and weaving its web, beginning with just a single thread—
It weaves and weaves, round and round, until its web is strong and sound.
The spider then waits, off to one side, and hides from insects who happen to glide into this web of silky thread—
from which the spider soon will be fed.
sun

by Valerie Worth

The sun
Is a leaping fire
Too hot
To go near,
But it will still
Lie down
In warm yellow squares
On the floor
Like a flat
Quilt, where
The cat can curl
And purr.
lawnmower

by Valerie Worth

The lawnmower
Grinds its teeth
Over the grass,
Spitting out a thick
Green spray;
Its head is too full
Of iron and oil
To know
What it throws
Away:
The lawn’s whole
Crop of chopped
Soft,
Delicious
Green hay.
porches
by Valerie Worth

On the front porch
Chairs sit still;

The table will receive
Summer drinks;

They wait, arranged,
Strange and polite.

On the back porch
Garden tools spill;

An empty basket
Leans to one side;

The watering can
Rusts among friends.
chairs

by Valerie Worth

Chairs
Seem
To
Sit
Down
On
Themselves, almost as if
They were people,
Some fat, some thin;
Settled comfortably
On their own seats,
Some even stretch out their arms
To
Rest
fireworks

by Valerie Worth

First
A far thud
Then the rocket
Climbs the air,
A dull red flare,
To hang, a moment
Invisible, before
Its shut black shell cracks
And claps against the ears
Breaks and billows into bloom
Spilling down clear green sparks, gold spears,
Silent sliding silver waterfalls and stars.
Games

by Sharon Hendricks

Chipmunks chatter and scurry,
Blue jays scream and scold.
Robins talk and gossip
demanding their story to be told.
Squirrels skip and box one another
and rabbits play hop scotch.
The games they play, the sounds they make
Really are top notch.

http://www.mywordwizard.com/personification-poems.html
The Gastronomic Gym

by Sharon Hendricks

Pasta twirling and spinning,
peas do vertical jumps
mashed potatoes swimming.
meat doing bench press and pumps.
Food has begun to exercise
but it’s not in any gym.
My brother said its happening
right inside of him.

http://www.mywordwizard.com/personification-poems.html
Dinnertime Chorus

by Sharon Hendricks

The teapot sang as the water boiled
The ice cubes cackled in their glass
the teacups chattered to one another.
While the chairs were passing gas
The gravy gurgled merrily
As the oil danced in a pan.
Oh my dinnertime chorus
What a lovely, lovely clan!

http://www.mywordwizard.com/personification-poems.html
My Town
by Sharon Hendricks

The leaves on the ground danced in the wind
The brook sang merrily as it went on its way.
The fence posts gossiped and watched cars go by
which winked at each other just to say hi.
The traffic lights yelled, “Stop, slow, go!”
The tires gripped the road as if clinging to life.
Stars in the sky blinked and winked out
While the hail was as sharp as a knife.

http://www.mywordwizard.com/personification-poems.htm
Clouds

By Rebecca W.

Clouds weeping,
Rain falling.
Clouds hiding,
Sun disappearing.
Clouds deserting,
Sky emptying.
Clouds disappearing,
Sun showing its face.
Clouds cream,
Sun golden.
Moon white on a black sky.
Clouds decide on the weather,
Clouds are full of rain.

http://www.esjweb.org.uk/
Fog

by Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.
Birds

by Natasha Niemi

Chirping non-stop, like a machine in the trees,
Building their nest like little worker bees.
They sing their songs, like chatter-boxes.
As regular as alarm clocks,
Waking people up each day.
They are silent at night,
Like snakes advancing on prey.