

Favorite Poems

(Sneak Peak)

2024-2025

School

School is something,
we must all embrace.
Knowledge we need,
to seek out and chase.

Subjects and teaching styles,
are plentiful and vary.
Just like the backpacks,
we all need to carry.

Sports, clubs, and activities,
at every single turn.
So much to do,
study and learn.

To get the most from school,
we should consistently attend.
Around each corner,
there's always a friend.

Our favorite teachers,
are friendly and kind.
Their passion and job,
to expand every mind.

School is something,
we must all embrace.

**Just remember to learn,
at your own pace.**

From the book The Armpit of Doom

I wrote an awful poem;
it was bad in the extreme.
I showed it to my sister
and it made my sister scream.

I gave it to my mother
and she promptly flipped her lid.
My father blew a gasket,
and my baby brother hid.

I brought my poem with me
when I came to school today.
My teacher nearly fainted
and my friends all ran away.

**I never knew a poem could be
such amazing fun,
but that was such a blast,
I think I'll write another one.**

--Kenn Nesbitt

Read! Read! Read!

*Poems by Amy Ludwig Vanderwater
Illustrated by Ryan O'Rourke*



WORDSONG

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Double Life

A book gives you a double life.
It builds a treehouse in your head
a haven you can climb to
when you wish to get away.

A book will always be a friend
reaching out two wordy hands
offering enchanted lands.

You can be and go
who and where
you've never been.

The cover opens.
You are born.

Let your double life begin.



Forever

The author
and the illustrator
may be living,
may be dead.
It doesn't matter.

Both live now
forever
in your head.

You'll be reminded
constantly
everywhere you look
that a person in your life
is like a person in a book.

You'll wander through a forest.
You'll open up a door
whispering under your breath—
I've been here once before.

Because you have.
You've read the words.
You've seen the pictures too.
Every single thing you read
becomes a part of you.



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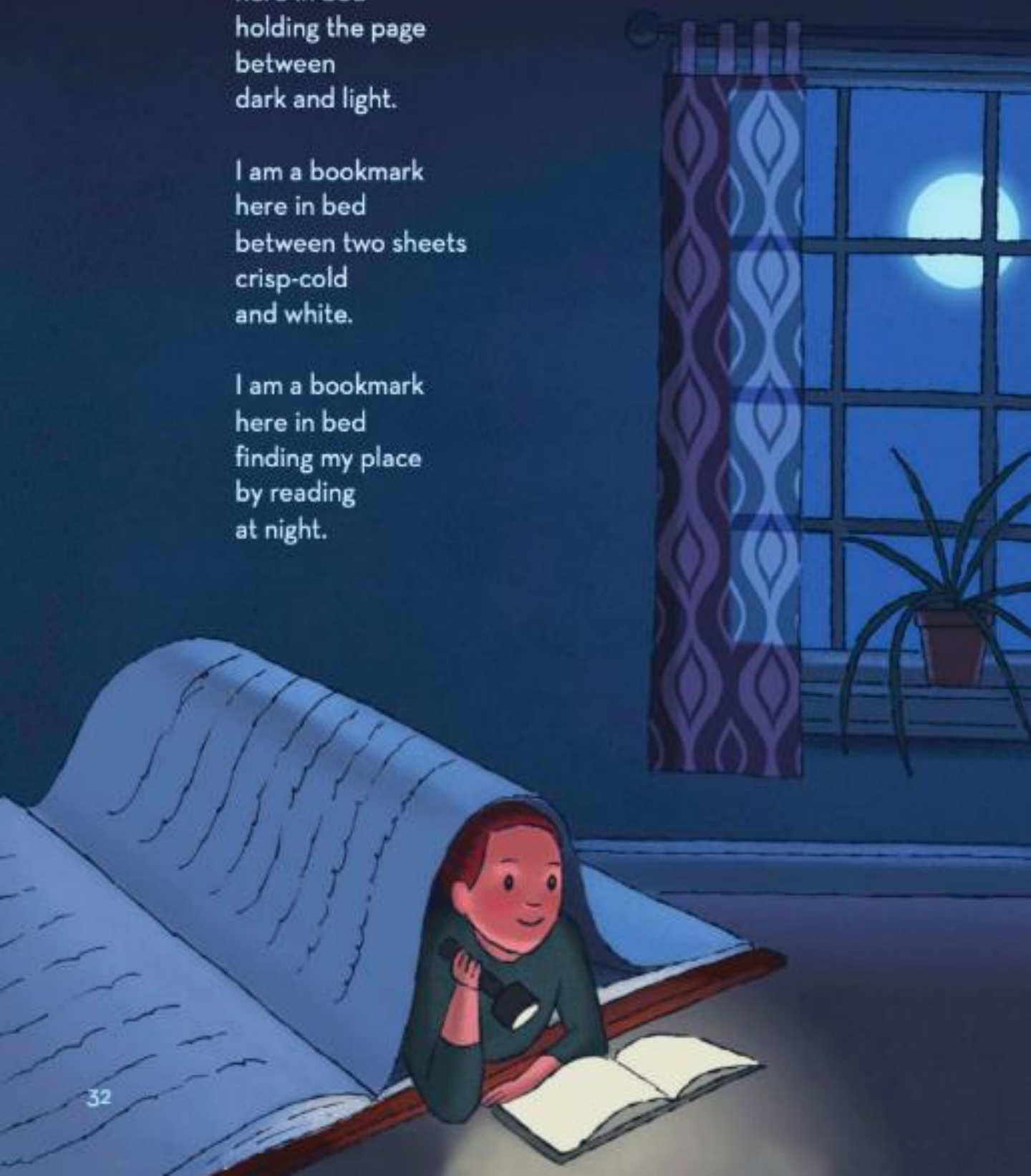


I Am a Bookmark

I am a bookmark
here in bed
holding the page
between
dark and light.

I am a bookmark
here in bed
between two sheets
crisp-cold
and white.

I am a bookmark
here in bed
finding my place
by reading
at night.



Excuse Me Miss

Sam asked a question of his teacher
He asked it of the stern Miss Meacher
You wouldn't punish me, would you?
For something that I did not do
Of course not boy, answered Miss
Spitting the reply out with a hiss
That's a relief he began to explain
As I didn't do my homework again.

Too Clever By Half

Never, ever argue with your teacher, unless of course you're cleverer than them. This is a poem about how to avoid punishment for missed homework and annoy your teacher at the same time. Follow its example with extreme caution!

Author: Paul Curtis

Style: Rhyming Poem

Age Range: 8-14

Key Stage: KS2, KS3

Length: 8 lines

All My Great Excuses

I started on my homework
but my pen ran out of ink.
My hamster ate my homework.
My computer's on the blink.

I accidentally dropped it
in the soup my mom was cooking.
My brother flushed it down the toilet
when I wasn't looking.

My mother ran my homework
through the washer and the dryer.
An airplane crashed into our house.
My homework caught on fire.

Tornadoes blew my notes away.
Volcanoes struck our town.
My notes were taken hostage
by an evil killer clown.

Some aliens abducted me.
I had a shark attack.
A pirate swiped my homework
and refused to give it back.

I worked on these excuses
so darned long my teacher said,
"I think you'll find it's easier
to do the work instead."

--Kenn Nesbitt

Everything starts as a thought, everything starts with a dream
It's our imagination and what we have seen
We take that little seed called a vision in our mind
And then we start to create the dream we wish to find
But it takes **our actions** to be put in place
That is where in this world we run the perfect race
We take what's in our minds, our hearts and in our soul
To create in this life our vision hopes and goals
And when our dreams come true with passion fully shown
We see the seed has life and a full life has grown
See the vision and desires were put in you at birth
God in all his power gave you at birth your worth
He gave in you the seeds to grow and be much more
Than you could hope or desire or ever wish or
So, whatever is in your heart let your passion see it through
Take the chance to grow and create the vision that God has put in
you.

Written by Denise Toro

Battle Cries

By Nancy Eggleston



Battle Cry Definition

A word or phrase shouted by soldiers going into battle to express solidarity and intimidate the enemy.

Battle Cries

by Nancy Eggleston

I'm sitting at my desk, and I can hear the teacher say
that we'll be writing stories about dinosaurs today!
"Yes! I cry, "That's great!" and I begin to sort my thoughts
while Teacher gives directions
about subjects, forms and plots.

But I'm already off in lands where dinosaurs roam free,
And birds I can't identify soar past the highest tree.
"Due tomorrow, pictures, and at least two pages long..."
I write it in my notebook.
but somehow it will be wrong.

I climb inside my story and put up my daydream wall.
My dinosaur is green, and it has scales and stands up tall...
Together we fight battles, all mighty, fearless, brave –
The two of us together
in a kingdom we must save!



I sit upon his back and my magic sword is drawn
In a world where my classmates suddenly ... are gone.
The ground begins to shake as we run t'ward the enemy line ...
Oh! My battle cries are horrid
for a boy of only nine!

My teacher stands before me as I color on my page.
She wonders why she asked to teach a child of my age.
That's when I look around and see the kids all watching me.
I wonder when they started
working on geography?

Then in an upset voice she says, "You'll have to start again .
"Your handwriting is terrible and do it all in pen."
It seems a hundred hours 'til the school bell rings at three.
I stuff my story in my bag and mutter,
"Yay I'm free!"



I ride my bike home dreaming about my dinosaur
And suddenly my watch says that it is twenty-five past four.
“I’m sorry, Mom, “ I say as I pour sand from in my shoe.
“And... I forgot my math book.”

Boy, mom is looking blue.

Later in the evening, when it’s almost time for bed,
Thoughts of Rex, my dinosaur, start filling up my head.
“Hey, Mom and Dad!” I holler, “Look at what I did today!”
“I wrote a story, and colored it,
but I won’t get an A.”

“My teacher says it’s messy, and I guess it’s pretty dumb.”
I fold it back in half, and now I’m feeling pretty glum.
My Dad says, “Hey, let’s see it...” and my Mom gives me a hug.
And soon she’s typing while I color,
Sitting on the rug.



Rex, my dinosaur, takes life and runs a furious stride
Through a little story in my heart that bursts with love and pride.
My parents give encouragement, and then I hear them say,
“Perhaps you’ll be a writer, or
an artist, son, someday.”

And ...

The ground begins to shake as we run toward the enemy line.
Our battle cries are thunderous –
my Mom’s, my Dad’s and mine.



I'm Staying Home From School Today

From the book *Revenge of the Lunch Ladies*

I'm staying home from school today.

I'd rather be in bed
pretending that I have a pain
that's pounding in my head.

I'll say I have a stomachache.
I'll claim I've got the flu.
I'll shiver like I'm cold
and hold my breath until I'm blue.

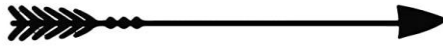
I'll fake a cough. I'll fake a sneeze.
I'll say my throat is sore.
If necessary, I can throw
a tantrum on the floor.

I'm sure I'll get away with it.
Of that, there's little doubt.
But, even so, I really hope
my students don't find out.

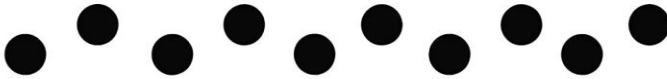
--Kenn Nesbitt



I WILL
TEACH YOU IN A ROOM



I WILL TEACH YOU NOW ON ZOOM



I WILL TEACH YOU IN A HOUSE

I WILL TEACH YOU WITH A MOUSE

I WILL TEACH YOU
HERE OR THERE



I WILL TEACH BECAUSE

♥ I CARE ♥



I will teach you in a room.
I will teach you now on Zoom.
I will teach you in your house.
I will teach you with a mouse.
I will teach you here and there.
I will teach you because I care.
So just do your very best.
And do not worry about the rest.