

The Eagle

Lord Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892

He clasps the crag¹ with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure² world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



¹ Crag: Cliff or rock

² Azure: Beautiful blue color

At the Zoo

William Makepeace Thackeray, 1811 - 1863

First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black;
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back;
Then I saw the grey wolf, with mutton in his maw;
Then I saw the wombat³ waddle in the straw;
Then I saw the elephant a-waving of his trunk;
Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasantly they smelt!



³ Wombat: small animal from Australia

Be Glad Your Nose Is on Your Face

Jack Prelutsky, 1940

Be glad your nose is on your face,
not pasted on some other place,
for if it were where it is not,
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose
were sandwiched in between your toes,
that clearly would not be a treat,
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread
were it attached atop your head,
it soon would drive you to despair,
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be
an absolute catastrophe,
for when you were obliged to sneeze,
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,
remains between your eyes and chin,
not pasted on some other place--
be glad your nose is on your face!

maggie and milly and molly and may



E. E. Cummings, 1894 - 1962

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach(to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles,and

milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles:and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose(like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

Sick

Shel Silverstein, 1930 - 1999

"I cannot go to school today,"
 Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
 "I have the measles and the mumps,
 A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
 My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
 I'm going blind in my right eye.
 My tonsils are as big as rocks,
 I've counted sixteen chicken pox
 And there's one more--that's
 seventeen,
 And don't you think my face looks
 green?
 My leg is cut--my eyes are blue--
 It might be instamatic flu.
 I cough and sneeze and gasp and
 choke,
 I'm sure that my left leg is broke--
 My hip hurts when I move my chin,
 My belly button's caving in,
 My back is wrenched, my ankle's
 sprained,
 My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
 My nose is cold, my toes are numb.

I have a sliver in my thumb.
 My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
 I hardly whisper when I speak.
 My tongue is filling up my mouth,
 I think my hair is falling out.
 My elbow's bent, my spine ain't
 straight,
 My temperature is one-o-eight.
 My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
 There is a hole inside my ear.
 I have a hangnail, and my heart
 is--what?
 What's that? What's that you say?
 You say today is. . .Saturday?
 G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

The Crocodile

Lewis Carroll, 1832 - 1898

How doth⁴ the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws!



⁴ Doth: does

Spring

William Blake, 1757-1827

Sound the flute!

Now it's mute.

Birds delight

Day and night.

Nightingale

In the dale,

Lark in the sky,

Merrily,

Merrily, merrily to welcome in the
year.

Little lamb

Here I am

Come and lick

My white neck.

Let me pull

Your soft wool.

Let me kiss

Your soft face,

Merrily, merrily we welcome in the
year.

Little boy

Full of joy,

Little girl

Sweet and small.

Cock does crow,

So do you.

Merry voice,

Infant noise,

Merrily, merrily to welcome in the
year.



A Farm Picture

Walt Whitman, 1819-1892

THROUGH the ample open door of the peaceful country barn,
A sunlit pasture field with cattle and horses feeding,
And haze and vista⁵, and the far horizon fading away.



⁵ Vista: a beautiful view

[The Snake]

Emily Dickinson, 1830-1886

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him, — did you not,
His notice sudden is.
The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.
He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,
Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun, —
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.
Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;
But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.



Snake

Langston Hughes, 1902-1967

He glides so swiftly
Back into the grass-
Gives me the courtesy of road
To let me pass,
That I am half ashamed
To seek a stone
To kill him.

