

## Day and Night

The sun went up,  
the sun went down.  
The children slept  
all over town.

## First Day

I didn't want to come today.

I hid under my bed.

What if I cry? What if I fall?

What if I bump my head?

What if the kids are mean to me?

What if no one smiles?

What if the lunchroom ladies

have teeth like crocodiles?

When I walked to school, I pulled my hood  
way down over my eyes.

But when I got here and met my friends,

I had fun! Surprise!

## Growing

My feet are too big  
for my old blue boots.  
Or are my old blue boots  
too small?

## Fox and Froggy

*by John Allgood*

Fee Fi Fo Fum

Froggy plays the fiddle

Fox frolics for fun.

Fast water, freezing water

Flows downstream—

Fox and Froggy

Flee from the scene.

## Sun and Moon

The sun  
the sun  
the sun  
the sun:  
it brings day  
to everyone.

The moon  
the moon  
the moon  
the moon:  
small light  
of the night,  
please come  
out soon.

## No Nap for Me

Not me,

I am not napping.

Not me,

I am too big.

I am busy

making lots of noise!

I am busy

making things!

Not me,

I am not napping,

no matter how you try.

And no, I am not yawning.

I've got something in my eye!

## Feeding the Birds

“Birds love bread,”  
my Grandpa said,  
dropping crumbs  
onto the street.  
In the blink of an eye,  
they rushed from the sky  
to crowd  
around our feet.

## Wind

Don't worry about the wind.  
It just wants to be heard.  
If you listen very hard,  
you can hear it whisper words:  
"Wake up,  
wake up!  
The wind is here  
to dash over your faces.  
I've rushed all night  
across the land,  
bringing air  
from far-off places."  
Don't worry about the wind.  
Lift the window, let it in.  
Fall asleep and listen hard:  
the wind will tell you  
where it's been!



# I Am a Ghost

*by Melissa Hart*

I can hide.

I can fly.

Can I scare you?

I can try . . .

BOO!

## Pretend

I am a wild pirate.

I am a fairy queen.

I am a falling yellow leaf.

I am a jumping bean!

## We Will Go

We will go by bike.

We will go by train.

We will go by taxi.

We will go in the rain.

We will go by foot.

We will go by bus.

We will go in the sunshine.

The circus waits for us!

## Sam's Map

My friend Sam  
loves his subway map.  
He's happy that he has one.  
He looks at his map  
before his nap.  
He looks at his map  
with his family.  
He rests his map upon his lap  
and imagines the trains underground:  
zooming around with a wham and a slam  
past rats and bats  
and little lost cats.

## Bored

The dog  
with the dot  
on the top  
of his nose  
sat on a log  
in the fog,  
just barking  
at crows.

## Wren

Wren perched on a peg  
with little wren legs  
and looked me in the eye.  
I said, "I'll get my net.  
You can be my pet.  
I just bet  
you can teach me how to fly!"  
Wren stretched her wings  
and shook her head  
and took off like a jet  
for the sky.

## Picnic

A slug has slunk  
up the side of Dad's mug.  
Three bugs jumped in  
the water jug.  
Six yummy plums  
warm up in the sun.  
We eat.  
We run.  
We doze.  
We hum.  
Eating outside  
is so much fun!

## Backyard Digging

Dig, dig, dig.

My hole is getting big!

My shovel tip

hit a buried ship,

or a coin,

or a bone,

or a mummy's hip!

Dig, dig, dig.

My hole is getting big!



## Waiting

The horse waits in his stall  
at the end of the hall  
in the barn at the top of the hill.  
He rests his chin on the windowsill,  
munches oats until he's had his fill  
and doesn't care that lots of them spill.  
He waits in his stall  
for the boy with the bell  
to lose his ball down the wishing well  
and come instead to pat his head  
in the very last stall  
at the end of the hall  
in the barn at the top of the hill.

## Lunch

I choose cherries.  
She chooses cheese.  
I choose chocolate.  
She chooses three  
sweet plums  
and a bunch of grapes.  
Then we sit to lunch:  
we crunch  
and munch  
as we chew  
and chat.  
Then we wash  
our hands  
and that's the end  
of that!

## Missing Shoe

Who took my shoe?

Was it you?

Was it you?

Who took my shoe?

With it, what did you do?

Where did you hide it?

Why did you slide it

off of my foot

when I was talking to you?

## Clock

The clock's  
tick-tock  
tells me when is *now*.

But with each  
tock's tick  
and each  
tick's tock,  
*now* changes  
into *then*!

## Some Teeth

*by Jacob Bortner-Hart  
(when he was in third grade)*

Some teeth are shiny.  
Some teeth are white.  
Some teeth are clean,  
Glowing and bright.

Some teeth are dirty.  
Some teeth are black.  
Some teeth are filthy  
Covered with plaque.

Some teeth are light.  
Some teeth are dark.  
Some teeth are deadly  
When owned by a shark!

## A Song I Sang

*by Amy Ludwig VanDerwater*

A song I sang  
another day  
lives in me still  
won't fly away.

It built a nest  
that song I sung.  
It's in my mind.  
It's on my tongue.

I've sung it now  
for far too long.  
I need to learn  
a brand new song.

I need to sing  
another thing  
and hope this song  
inside of me  
will wave a wing  
will soar and sing  
*Goodbye.*

## Poor Frog

The frog stares.

His face is blank.

But wait!

I think

I saw him blink!

Kerplunk!

I heard him jump!

Bonk!

He bumped his head

on the log

that is his bed.

Poor frog!

## The Last Leaf

When the wind wound up,  
the tree let go of its last red leaf,  
which curled  
and swirled  
and jiggled  
and whirled,  
which jumped  
and bumped  
and wiggled  
and slumped  
gently  
side to side  
until it landed with a whisper  
on the step.



## Friends

He cooks while I am cooking.  
He thinks while I am thinking.  
He looks where I am looking,  
but we see different things.

He runs while I am running.  
He suns while I am sunning.  
He reads while I am reading,  
but we read different things.

He chooses while I am choosing,  
sometimes loses when I'm losing,  
often wins when I am winning,  
sometimes likes what I am liking,  
but our difference is the thing  
we like the best!

## Stuck Spider

The spider was stuck on the sticky stem.

He couldn't take a step.

He couldn't speak or spin his web.

All he could do was stare.

Stuck on his stem, he stared into the air.

He started to make a plan.

He took eight slippery sticks and quickly fixed  
one to each of his feet.

Then he sped down the stem in style:

the first spider using skis!

## Two Poems

*by Elizabeth Heisner*

I.

flat stones in the stream  
are cleaned by the clear water  
flowing slowly down

II.

the fledgling clings to the edge  
of the nest and pleads to the wind:  
“Please let me fly!”

## Dream

Last night I practiced  
drawing dragons,  
so maybe that is why I dreamed  
that a brave and trusty dragon  
chose me for her flying team.  
We zoomed across the prairie,  
over fruit trees, frogs, and trucks.  
My friends looked up as we flew by.  
They just stood and stared at us!

## The Window Pane

*by Nicole Callihan*

On the window pane,  
water drips.  
Oh, will it ever wane?

Looks like  
a horse's mane,  
looks like  
a twisting lane,  
striped as a candy cane,  
slick as an airplane.

The dripping and dripping  
and inside all day.  
Oh my, I'm going insane!

*Then go outside, Mom says.  
Go on! Go play! It's just rain!*

## Microscope

I hope, I hope  
my microscope  
will show me stones  
from way up close.  
This small black stone  
is nothing much  
just sitting on the ground.  
When I put it under the microscope:  
just look what I have found!  
A mountain, a slope,  
a bone, a rope  
of dark and shiny gems.  
Stones are like little planets  
if you look close enough at them.

## Five Mice

*by Elizabeth Heisner*

Five tiny mice, how they love to hide  
from Ike, our grouchy cat.

Two mice find a fine place to hide  
right under a wide-brimmed hat.

Ike opens his eyes and sniffs once or twice  
then rolls back into the sun  
He liked to chase mice, but now that he's old  
he'd rather lie down than run.

One of the mice doesn't think twice.  
He hides right next to some fruit.  
He nibbles a peach, fuzzy and ripe.  
Then runs into an old boot.

The fourth of the mice waits quite a while  
before she decides where to hide.  
Then she jets herself close to a hole  
And wiggles herself inside.

The last of the mice, mouse number five,  
Is not so wily and fast  
In games and in races, most of the time  
This tiny old mouse comes in last.

He knows that he can't outrun a cat,  
But he is so kind and wise,  
He figures Ike and he could be friends  
And strike a nice compromise.

So he tells grouchy Ike a funny joke  
And gets the big cat to laugh  
Then mouse number five shares his fine cheese  
With his new friend—half and half.

## The Ice Cream Scream

*by Nicole Callihan*

I was screaming  
and screaming  
for ice cream.  
I screamed.  
You screamed.  
Mom gave me a bean.  
*A bean?* I said.  
*Who wants a bean!*  
*I want ice cream!*  
She looked at my nails  
(unclean!).  
She looked at my head  
(all dreams!).  
*Finish your bean,* Mom said,  
*and then, only then,*  
*you may get your ice cream.*



## Sky House

The sky is the clouds' blue house.

Clouds roam from room to room.

Birds zoom in and out the windows.

The cool wind is everything breathing.

## Tree

The tree  
is an umbrella  
for the birds  
on my block.

They peer  
between leaves  
to see  
if it's stopped.

Yes!

They flee,  
and leave  
their green umbrella  
dripping.

## Hurricane Train

We rode the train  
through the hurricane.  
Raindrops flew down  
the windowpanes.  
The train rocked back and forth  
as the wind blew up a gale,  
but we were safe inside,  
just sailing down the rails.

## CAT/BIRD

*by Judy Katz*

Have you seen the cat  
with the pretty black coat?  
She has a robin  
stuck in her throat.  
She can't meow  
but she's started to sing—  
And her pretty black coat  
has sprouted a wing.

## **Knight**

The fighting knight  
knocked a knuckle  
on his shield.

He knew he must rest  
until it had healed.

He reached in his knapsack  
and set his yarn on his knee,  
then decided to knit  
and drink some tea.

## Read (Don't Wread)

*by Amy Ludwig VanDerwater*

Wring your hands.

Write a song.

Read a book.

Right a wrong.

Wiggle fingers.

Wriggle toes.

Wrestle in your  
wrinkled clothes.

Ring a bell.

Wrap a box.

Watch a wren  
escape a fox.

Twist a wrench  
with your wrist.

Rack your brain.

Write a list.

Read

(don't wread)

and you'll succeed

at knowing

which *r* sound

you need.

Don't let

silent *w*

trouble you.

## Spring Surprise

I scrambled through the brambles  
because I had lost my way.  
I thought I was heading home,  
but I was aimed the other way!  
I strolled, I stretched, and then I scurried  
(I was starting to get worried.)  
The wind was getting stronger  
and the path was looking longer  
and then I felt a strange sensation  
between my shoulder blades.  
I scratched and scritch—  
my shoulders itched.  
My back was sprouting wings!  
They were striped blue and gold.  
I thought, “I can use these things.”  
I spread them wide and flapped them hard  
and sprung into the air.  
I saw my house, I saw my roof.  
I knew I could get there.  
I struggled and I strained  
and I landed in the yard.  
I’ve never gotten lost again—  
when you fly, it’s not so hard!

## Golden Giraffe and Cinnamon Cat

When I went to the circus  
I saw a cinnamon-colored cat  
cycling around the circle  
with a carrot in his hat.

And then out came the giraffe  
in a gown all stitched with gold.  
On her gentle back she carried  
a little gerbil with a cold.

Ah-choo!



## 2

*by Amy Ludwig VanDerwater*

It's true  
that to  
and too  
and two  
are spoken just the same.

To tells where.  
Too means also.  
Two is more than one by one.

And when you talk  
it's good to know  
they sound alike.  
But when you write  
it isn't right  
to mix them up.  
Go slow.

*To Mom,  
I'd like two cookies  
for myself  
and two for teddy, too.*

(Your mom will think  
you've learned so much  
she may give them to you.)

## A Tall Tale

Of the hair on his tail,  
the hare was so proud.  
“So sweet! So soft!  
Like a little white cloud!”  
He gazed at his tail  
as he hopped along.  
He admired his tail.  
He sang a tail song:  
“I’ll sing you the tale  
of a beautiful tail  
as white and as clean  
as a billowing sail.”  
As he hopped, he looked backwards—  
so he didn’t see  
he was hopping directly  
towards the hive of a bee.  
The ending is sad for the hare—not the bee.  
The bee shouted “Be careful!”  
But it wasn’t to be.  
From ear-tip to tail-end  
the hare was covered in honey,  
and his cloudy white tail  
just looked sticky and funny.

## The Cake Isn't for Us

Let's do and say we didn't.  
Well, we shouldn't.  
No, we couldn't!  
He'll try it. She'll try it.  
Won't you try it? Don't deny it!  
The cake she's baked  
looks so delicious  
sitting there alone.  
I'll try it if you'll try it.  
No one will ever know!  
We'll just even out the frosting  
when we've finished, nice and slow.  
Let's do, and say we didn't,  
if she asks.

## Postcard from Someplace Lopsided

*by Nicole Callihan*

Dear Sweetheart,

I have spent the afternoon  
watching the sunrise.

All is sideways but full of butterflies.

Here, the ladybugs live in beehives  
and the sunflowers bloom on seashores.

Oh, it is something!

Just this morning,  
sipping my tea from a buttercup  
and basking in a moonbeam,

I heard the heartbeat of a rosebud.

I'd do anything if you could be here  
to see the wheelbarrows of wishbones  
and the downpour of starlight.

Please visit soon.

I am awestruck but oh so lonely.

Love,

Somebody Blue