

Poem Options for 3rd - 6th Grade

Messy Room by Shel Silverstein

Whoever room this is should be ashamed!
His underwear is hanging on the lamp.
His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,
And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.

His workbook is wedged in the window,
His sweater's been thrown on the floor.
His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,
And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.

His books are all jammed in the closet,
His vest has been left in the hall.
A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,
And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall.

Whoever room this is should be ashamed!
Donald or Robert or Willie or--
Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear,
I knew it looked familiar!

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I Often Repeat Repeat Myself by Jack Prelutsky

I often repeat repeat myself,
I often repeat repeat.
I don't I don't know why know why,
I simply know that I I I
Am am inclined to say to say
A lot a lot this way this way I often repeat repeat myself,
I often repeat repeat.

I often repeat repeat myself,
I often repeat repeat. My mom my mom gets mad gets mad,
It irritates my dad my dad,
It drives them up a tree tree tree,
That's what they tell they tell me me
I often repeat repeat myself,
I often repeat repeat.

I often repeat repeat myself,
I often repeat repeat.
It gets me in a jam a jam,
But that's the way I am I am,
In fact I think it's neat it's neat
To to to to repeat repeat
I often repeat repeat myself,
I often repeat repeat.

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Sick by Shel Silverstein

"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.

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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?