

Poem Options for 3rd - 5th Grade

I Did A Nutty Somersault by Jack Prelutsky

I did a nutty somersault
And landed with a thump.
I struggled to my feet again
But tumbled on my rump.
I tried to keep my balance
But invariably fell,
And every time I toppled
I let out another yell.
Backwards, forwards, even sideways,
I fell every sort of way,
As a growing crowd applauded
My theatrical display.
I flopped, I flipped, I skidded,
I performed a barrel roll.
My arms and legs kept flapping,
They were out of control.
My feet shot out from under me
The moment I arose.
I took a flying header,
Nearly damaging my nose.
So I suppose I'm qualified
To offer this advice
When you try out your roller.

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***Messy Room* by Shel Silverstein**

Whosever 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.

Whosever 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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***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.

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?