

Pencil Sharpener

by Zoe Ryder White

I think there are a hundred bees
inside the pencil sharpener
and they buzz
and buzz
and buzz
until my point
is sharp!

Ceiling

by Zoe Ryder White

The ceiling
is the sky
for the classroom.

Aquarium

by Valerie Worth

Goldfish flash gold and silver scales;
they flick and slip away under green weed—
But round brown snails stick to the glass and
stay.

Goldfish
Flash
Gold and silver scales;
They flick and slip away
Under the green weed—
But round brown snails
Stick
To the glass
And stay.

Between Two Trees

Kristine O'Connell George

Summer
fills the
empty space
between
two trees
with a
hammock.

Valentine for Ernest Mann (excerpt)
by Naomi Nye

You can't order a poem like you order a taco.
Walk up to the counter, say, "I'll take two"
and expect it to be handed back to you
on a shiny plate.

Still, I like your spirit.
Anyone who says, "Here's my address,
write me a poem," deserves something in reply.
So I'll tell you a secret instead:
poems hide. In the bottoms of our shoes,
they are sleeping. They are shadows
drifting across the ceiling movement
before we wake up. What we have to do
is live in a way that lets us find them.

My Mom

In my lunchbox
A frozen juice.
Because it's hot today,
covered in paper
so it won't melt.
How come I never
Ever
See her
Do this?

Read-aloud

I have a place on the rug
Where I sit during read-aloud
I sit there and the book opens
And I'm

 Flying on the back of a dragon
 Riding on a motorcycle
 Feeding bugs to a frog
 Winning the blue banner

A story comes out
Another world comes alive
And we are in it

Aquarium

by Valerie Worth

Goldfish

Flash

Gold and silver scales;

They flick and slip away

Under the green weed—

But round brown snails

Stick

To the glass

And stay.

Lullaby

by Kristine O'Connell George

Trees sigh softly
as the birds patter about
her heavy old branches,
settling down,
tucking their heads
beneath their wings.

She waits until dusk
has shadowed her leaves,
and when she's sure
she's heard that last
soft cheep,

she rocks her birds to sleep.

Go Wind

by Lilian Moore

Go wind, blow
Push wind, swoosh
Shake things
Take things
Make things
fly.

Ring things
Swing things
Fling things
high.

Go wind, blow
Push things
Whee.
No, wind, no
Not me—
not me.

Way Down in the Music

BY Eloise Greenfield

I get way down in the music
Down inside the music
I let it wake me
Take me
Spin me around and make me
Uh-get down.

Poem

by Langston Hughes

I loved my friend.
He went away from me.
There's nothing more to say.
The poem ends,
Soft as it began—
I loved my friend.

Inside My Heart

Zoe Ryder White

Inside my heart lives
one birthday party
two jazz bands
three wrestling puppies
four dancing birds
five laughing babies
six blasting spaceships
seven lucky fireflies
a sky full of stars.

Robin

by Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

An artist lives in our old tree.
She works with mud and wood and fur
to build a sturdy twig collage.
Her masterpiece is small like her.
Blue eggs will nestle in this art
framed by branches way up high.
An artist lives in our old tree.
Her museum is the sky.

Lullaby

by Kristine O'Connell George

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She waits until dusk
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she rocks her birds to sleep.

Maples in October

by Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

The rustle to each other—

I think today's the day.

Wind is getting colder.

Geese are on their way.

Oak is throwing acorns.

It's time to go ahead.

I think today's the day.

Let's change our leaves to red.

Destiny

by Kristine O'Connell George

Some trees will become

Grandfather Clocks

Carousel Horses

Grand Pianos

Podiums or Front Porches

Totem Poles

or Cathedral Doors with Intricate Latches.

Others, pencils, toothpicks, or ordinary kitchen matches.

Maples in October

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Wind is getting colder.

Geese are on their way.

Oak is throwing acorns.

It's time to go ahead.

I think today's the day.

Let's change our leaves to red.

Fly Fishing in the Crystal River

by Kristine O'Connell George

I hitch up my warders
step up into the cold water
let out some line
gather up the slack
pull my rod back
snap my wrist
and catch
 a pine

Waiting Room Fish

by Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

Like small
orange birds
we watch you
watch us.

We peek between
plastic plants.
We open wide
for flood flakes.

We wave our tails
inviting you
to join us
for a swim.