

**APRIL**

**IS**

**NATIONAL**

**POETRY**

**MONTH**

# **WORD WANTED**

POEM seeking just the right word.  
Must dazzle when written, spoken, or heard.

Slight words, trite words need not apply.  
Precise and concise words, give us a try.

Regardless of your part of speech,  
a noteworthy job could be within reach.

Endowed with sound second to none?  
Potential for growth, if you are *the one*.

©Robyn Hood Black

*Super heroes are made, but heroes are born.  
~Antonio (in 365 Days of Wonder)*

## **GROWTH MINDSET**

Think of seeds: what will someday be **super** starts small. Those who will someday become **heroes** often have no inkling that their tiny lives **are** about to be **made** into something not just big, **but** mighty enough for them to become **heroes**.  
You cannot know the good you will do. It is enough that you **are** **born**.

© Mary Lee Hahn

# **PLANNING YOUR TREEHOUSE**

When building a treehouse  
you need to be clever,  
so making a plan  
is a useful endeavor:

The walls should be strong  
like a tough armadillo.  
The floor should be soft,  
like your favorite pillow.

No need for a roof,  
since the rain won't affect you.  
(Your leafy umbrella  
will always protect you.)

Now this is important—  
the last thing you'll need  
is a shelf full of books  
so there's plenty to read.

© Michelle Heidenrich Barnes

# **CONVERSATION WITH THE MOON**

Three days of rain...  
Tonight, Moon, you're back  
and my, how you've grown!

© Diane Mayr

## **TWENTY-FOUR KIDS**

Miss Ahmed says she's glad we have a class of 24.  
It's tidier, she says, than if we had one less or more.

We write at desks arranged in only four neat sets of 6,  
but we share microscopes among six smaller groups of 4.

Our reading groups are rather large--three big groups of 8,  
but we discuss our books within eight groups of 3, no more.

Red Rover needs two teams of 12 when it's a sunny day,  
but when it rains and we play chess, twelve pairs of 2 can play.

I see why 24 has earned Miss Ahmed's admiration--  
This quantity of kids has helped us learn multiplication.

© Heidi Mordhorst

# **AIRBORN**

So tall, and gives birth while she's standing,  
We watch the free-fall 6-foot landing.  
A mother giraffe  
And her skydiving calf  
Give you pause when your life seems demanding.

© O.V. Michaelsen

# **BACKPACK**

I'd say paper  
Is my favorite feast –  
I love it spiraled,  
bound or loose-leaf.

(Pencils poke,  
rulers break.  
Textbooks give me  
A belly ache.)

Whatever you feed me,  
I'll do my best;  
you're the one  
who takes the tests!

© Irene Latham



# **HAPPY**

Do you feel a heap of happy?  
Do you joke a lot—or not?  
Is there laughter in your cupboard?  
or just an empty spot?

I'll be glad to gift some giggles,  
if you think you're running low.  
It's sad to live without a laugh,  
better to gleam and glow.

Bring a bucket for some smiles;  
I'll throw in grins for free.  
You'll need guffaws to last a while;  
The cost is ten tee hees.

© Linda Baie

## **DEAR DAD,**

I'm having trouble fitting in.  
I feel unhappy in my skin.  
The kids at school all call me names;  
they carry torches bright with flames.  
Teachers chase me through the rooms  
with pitchforks, clubs, and wooden brooms.  
When I say, "Hi," the parents flee.  
It's almost like they're scared of me.  
Sorry, I don't mean to whine.

Love,  
your son,  
Jack Frankenstein

© Matt Forrest Esenwine

# WHAT SOOTHES?

Hug, shared.  
Heart, bared.  
Tears, spilled.  
Belly, filled.

Gardens, tended.  
Mistakes, mended.  
Forgiveness, sought.  
Chocolate, hot.

Hand, held.  
Rose, smelled.  
Goal, met.  
Fur, pet.

Work, done.  
Song, sung.  
Friend, true.  
Day, new.

© Tabatha Yeatts

# HOW TO UNGRUMP YOURSELF

If you wake up feeling grumpy  
'cause the road ahead looks bumpy,  
don't you fidget. Don't get jumpy.  
Read some poetry.

If you feel like you could cry  
(even if you don't know why),  
I say give it one good try.  
Read some poetry.

Though there is no guarantee,  
poetry could be the key.  
It worked well today for me.  
Read some poetry!

© JoAnn Early Macken

## **WHAT IS PINK?**

What is pink? A rose is pink  
By the fountain's brink.

What is red? A poppy's red  
In its barley bed.

What is blue? The sky is blue  
Where the clouds float through.

What is white? A swan is white  
Sailing in the light.

What is yellow? Pears are yellow,  
Rich and ripe and mellow.

What is green? The grass is green,  
With small flowers between.

What is violet? Clouds are violet  
In the summer twilight.

What is orange? Why, an orange,  
Just an orange!

-Christina Rossetti

# **INVITATION TO LOVE**

Come when the nights are bright with stars  
Or come when the moon is mellow;  
Come when the sun his golden bars  
Drops on the hay-field yellow.  
Come in the twilight soft and gray,  
Come in the night or come in the day,  
Come, O love, whene'er you may,  
And you are welcome, welcome.

-Paul Laurence Dunbar

# **ON HOW TO SING**

On how to sing  
the frog school and the skylark school  
are arguing.

-Masaoka Shiki

# **CHANGE**

I started  
as a tiny white dot

Mom waved her wings  
and flew away—

Everyday I've grown bigger,  
I've found my perfect spot—

Here goes my metamorphosis  
in one sure shot!

© Michelle Kogan



# **SLOTHS**

A sloth has fur so thick it lends  
itself to sheltering small friends

Their shaggy selves might turn pea green  
when algae is the friend who's seen

then they match the leaves they eat  
and their homey tree retreat.

Since they create a habitat  
for beetles, moths, and things like that,

though people say they're solitary,  
you might want to say "Not very!"

© Tabatha Yeatts

# THE POET TREE HOUSE

Let's build poems  
made of rhyme  
with words like ladders  
we can climb,  
with words that like  
to take their time,

words that hammer,  
words that nail,  
words that saw,  
words that sail,  
words that whisper,  
words that wail,

words that open  
window door,  
words that sing,  
words that soar,  
words that leave us  
wanting more.

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