

Oh the Places You'll Go

By: Dr. Seuss

Congratulations!
Today is your day.
You're off to Great Places!
You're off and away!

You have brains in your head.
You have feet in your shoes.
You can steer yourself
in any direction you choose!

Little Things

by E. C. Brewer

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity

Woulda-coulda-shoulda

By Shel Silverstein

All the Woulda-Coulda-Shouldas
Layin' in the sun,
Talkin' 'bout the things
They woulda-coulda-shoulda done...
But those Woulda-Coulda-Shouldas
All ran away and hid
From one little *did*

My Fish Can Ride a Bicycle

By Jack Prelutsky

My fish can ride a bicycle,
My fish can climb a tree,
My fish enjoys a glass of milk,
My fish takes naps with me.

My fish can play the clarinet,
My fish can bounce a ball,
My fish is not like other fish,
My fish can't swim at all.

I Stood Against the Window

By Rose Fyleman

I stood against the window
 And looked between the bars,
And there were strings of fairies
 Hanging from the stars.

Everywhere and everywhere
 In shining, swinging chains,
The air was full of shimmering,
 Like sunlight when it rains.

Wiggly Tooth

By: Lillie D. Chaffin

Once I had a little tooth
that wobbled every day;
When I ate and when I talked
it wiggled every way.

Then I had some candy
a sticky taffy roll;
Now where my wiggly tooth was
is nothing but a hole!

Pencil Poem

By: Julia Fields

My pencil box
Is filled with different colors
Like buds flowering from a stem
And I can write my name
In every one of them.

Spaghetti Seeds

By: Jack Prelutsky

These are the best spaghetti seeds
The farmer promised me.
And each of them will grow to be
A fine spaghetti tree.

I planted them a year ago
That farmer is a phony.
I've not got one spaghetti tree
Just fields of macaroni.

Snowball

By: Shel Silverstein

I made myself a snowball
As perfect as could be.
I thought I'd keep it as a pet
And let it sleep with me.

I made it some pajamas
And a pillow for its head.
Then last night it ran away,
But first – it wet the bed.

The Little Turtle

By: Vachel Lindsay

There was a little turtle,
He lived in a box,
He swam in a puddle,
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito,
He snapped at a flea,
He snapped at a minnow,
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito,
He caught the flea,
He caught the minnow,
But he didn't catch me!