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***Mrs. A’s Favorite Poems***

***Complied by***

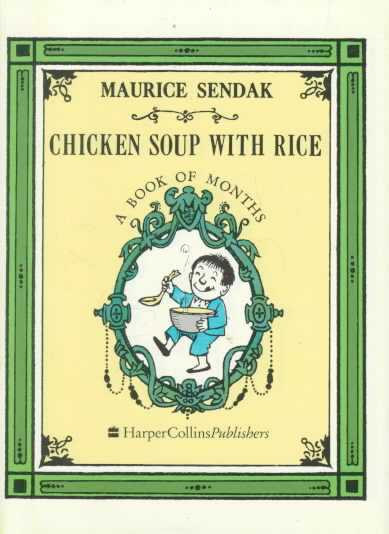
***Gretchen Morris-Archinal***

***ELE 6290***

***October 4, 2012***

***Chicken Soup with Rice***

***Maurice Sendek***

***January***  
In January it's so nice   
While slipping on the sliding ice   
To sip hot chicken soup with rice   
Sipping once, sipping twice   
Sipping chicken soup with rice  
***February***  
In February it will be   
My snowman's anniversary  
With cake for him and soup for me!   
Happy once, happy twice   
Happy chicken soup with rice   
***March***   
In March the wind blows down the door  
And spills my soup upon the floor  
It laps it up and roars for more   
Blowing once, blowing twice   
Blowing chicken soup with rice   
***April***  
In April I will go away   
To far off Spain or old Bombay  
And dream about hot soup all day   
Oh, my, oh, once, oh, my, oh, twice   
Oh, my, oh, chicken soup with rice   
***May***   
In May I truly think it best   
To be a robin lightly dressed   
Concocting soup inside my nest   
Mix it once, mix it twice  
Mix that chicken soup with rice   
***June***   
In June I saw a charming group   
Of roses all begin to droop  
I pepped them up with chicken soup!   
Sprinkle once, sprinkle twice   
Sprinkle chicken soup with rice   
***July***   
In July I'll take a peep  
Into the cool and fishy deep  
Where chicken soup is selling cheap  
Selling once, selling twice   
Selling chicken soup with rice   
***August***  
In August it will be so hot  
I will become a cooking pot  
Cooking soup of course-why not?   
Cooking once, cooking twice   
Cooking chicken soup with rice   
***September***  
In September, for a while  
I will ride a crocodile   
Down the chicken soup-y Nile  
Paddle once, paddle twice  
Paddle chicken soup with rice   
***October***   
In October I'll be host   
To witches, goblins and a ghost  
I'll serve them chicken soup on toast   
Whoopy once, whoopy twice   
Whoopy chicken soup with rice   
***November***  
In November's gusty gale  
I will flop my flippy tail   
And spout hot soup-I'll be a whale!   
Spouting once, spouting twice   
Spouting chicken soup with rice   
***December***  
In December I will be   
A baubled, bangled Christmas tree   
With soup bowls draped all over me   
Merry once, merry twice   
Merry chicken soup with rice  
  
I told you once, I told you twice   
All seasons of the year are nice  
For eating chicken soup with rice!



Margaret Archinal

Pierre – Maurice Sendek

Prologue:  
There was once a boy named Pierre  
Who only would say, I don't care!  
Read his story, my friend, for you'll find  
At the end that a suitable  
Moral lies there  
  
(Chapter I)  
  
One day his mother said  
When Pierre climbed out of bed  
-Good morning, darling boy, you are my only joy  
Pierre said-I don't care!  
-What would you like to eat?  
-I don't care!  
-Some lovely cream of wheat?  
-I don't care!  
-Don't sit backwards in your chair  
-I don't care!  
-Or pour syrup on your hair  
-I don't care!  
-You are acting like a clown  
-I don't care!  
-And we have to go to town  
-I don't care!  
-Don't you want to come, my dear?  
-I don't care!  
-Would you rather stay right here?  
-I don't care!  
So his mother left him there

(Chapter II)  
  
His father said-Get off your head  
Or I will march you up to bed!  
Pierre said-I don't care!  
-I would think that you could see--  
-I don't care!  
-Your head is where your feet should be!  
-I don't care!  
-If you keep standing upside down--  
-I don't care!  
-We'll never get to town  
-I don't care!  
-If only you would say, I care  
-I don't care!  
-I'd let you fold the folding chair  
-I don't care!  
So his parents left him there  
They didn't take him anywhere  
  
(Chapter III)  
[ Lyrics from: http://www.lyricsty.com/carole-king-pierre-lyrics.html ]  
Now as the night began to fall  
A hungry lion paid a call  
He looked Pierre right in the eye  
And asked him if he'd like to die  
Pierre said-I don't care!  
-I can eat you, don't you see?  
-I don't care!  
-And you will be inside of me  
-I don't care!  
-Then you will never have to bother--  
-I don't care!  
-With a mother and a father  
-I don't care!  
-Is that all you have to say?  
-I don't care!  
-Then I'll eat you, if I may  
-I don't care!  
So the lion ate Pierre

(Chapter IV)  
  
Arriving home at six o'clock  
His parents had a dreadful shock!  
They found the lion sick in bed and cried  
-Pierre is surely dead!  
They pulled the lion by the hair  
They hit him with the folding chair  
His mother asked-Where is Pierre?  
The lion answered-I don't care!  
His father said-Pierre's in there!  
  
(Chapter V)  
  
They rushed the lion into town  
The doctor shook him up and down  
And when the lion gave a roar  
Pierre fell out upon the floor  
He rubbed his eyes and scratched his head  
And laughed because he wasn't dead  
His mother cried and held him tight  
His father asked-Are you allright?  
Pierre said-I am feeling fine  
Please take me home, it's half past nine  
  
The lion said-If you would care  
To climb on me, I'll take you there  
Then everyone looked at Pierre  
Who shouted-Yes, indeed, I care!  
The lion took them home to rest  
And stayed on as a weekend guest  
The moral of Pierre is: CARE!



**Mashed Potatoes on the Ceiling**

A Funny Food Poem for Kids

**Kenn Nesbitt**

Mashed potatoes on the ceiling.

Green beans on the floor.

Stewed tomatoes in the corner.

Squash upon the door.

Pickled peppers in my pocket.

Spinach up my sleeves.

Mushrooms in my underpants with

leeks and lettuce leaves.

Okra, onions, artichokes,

asparagus and beets;

buried neatly underneath the

cushions of our seats.

All the rest I've hidden in my socks

and down my shirt.

I'm done with all my vegetables.

I'm ready for dessert!



**Lock and Key**

*"I am a gold lock."*

*"I am a gold key."*

*"I am a silver lock."*

*"I am a silver key."*

*"I am a brass lock."*

*"I am a brass key."*

*"I am a lead lock."*

*"I am a lead key."*

*"I am a don lock."*

*"I am a don key*!"

Mother Goose Nursery Rhyme



SMELLS

Christopher Morley

Why is it that the poets tell

So little of the sense of smell?

These are the odors I love well:

The smell of coffee freshly ground;

Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;

Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a fumy pipe;

The smell of apples, newly ripe;

And printers’ ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September

Breathe most sweet; and I remember

Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,

The balsam of a Christmas tree,

These are whiffs of gramarye …

A ship smells best of all to me!



Nursery Rhyme: A Rainbow Riddle

Answer: A rainbow

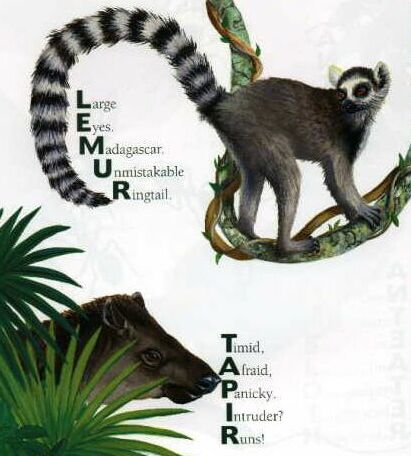
Flower Power – Mrs. Archinal



Animal Acrostic Poem

David Hammon

Illustrated by Michael S. Maydak



**All My Great Excuses**

**A Funny School Poem for Kids**

**Kenn Nesbitt**

I started on my homework

but my pen ran out of ink.

My hamster ate my homework.

My computer's on the blink.

I accidentally dropped it

in the soup my mom was cooking.

My brother flushed it down the toilet

when I wasn't looking.

My mother ran my homework

through the washer and the dryer.

An airplane crashed into our house.

My homework caught on fire.

Tornadoes blew my notes away.

Volcanoes struck our town.

My notes were taken hostage

by an evil killer clown.

Some aliens abducted me.

I had a shark attack.

A pirate swiped my homework

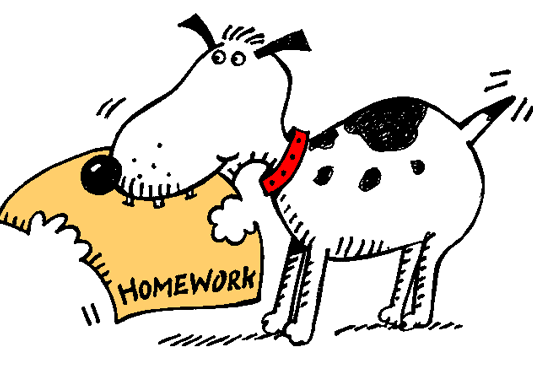
and refused to give it back.

I worked on these excuses

so darned long my teacher said,

"I think you'll find it's easier

to do the work instead."



**"Ode to Spot" by Data**

Felis catus is your taxonomic nomenclature,  
An endothermic quadruped, carnivorous by nature;  
Your visual, olfactory, and auditory senses  
Contribute to your hunting skills and natural defenses.  
  
I find myself intrigued by your sub vocal oscillations,  
A singular development of cat communications  
That obviates your basic hedonistic predilection  
For a rhythmic stroking of your fur to demonstrate affection.  
  
A tail is quite essential for your acrobatic talents;  
You would not be so agile if you lacked its counterbalance.  
And when not being utilized to aid in locomotion,  
It often serves to illustrate the state of your emotion.  
  
O Spot, the complex levels of behavior you display  
Connote a fairly well-developed cognitive array.  
And though you are not sentient, Spot, and do not comprehend,  
I nonetheless consider you a true and valued friend. 

