

Summer

I'm dreaming of warm sandy beaches.
I'm dreaming of days by the pool.
I'm dreaming of fun in the afternoon sun,
and week after week of no school.

I'm thinking of swimsuits and sprinklers,
imagining lemonade stands.
I'm lost in a daydream of squirt guns and ice cream
and plenty of time on my hands.

I'm picturing baseball and hot dogs,
Envisioning games at the park,
and how it stays light until late every night,
and seems like it never gets dark.

I long to ride skateboards and scooters.
I want to wear t-shirts and shorts.
I'd go for a hike, or I'd ride on my bike,
or play lots of summertime sports.

My reverie turns to a yearning
to draw on the driveway with chalk.
It's really a bummer to daydream of summer
while shoveling snow from the walk.

--Kenn Nesbitt

A Rock Makes An Excellent Puppy

A rock makes an excellent puppy.
They're practically almost the same.
Except that a puppy's rambunctious;
a rock is a little more tame.

It's true that a rock's not as hyper.
It may not chase after a ball.
And, often as not, when you call it,
it won't even hear you at all.

And maybe it doesn't roll over,
and isn't excited to play,
but rocks always sit when you tell them,
and rocks really know how to stay.

It may sleep a little bit longer.
It probably eats a bit less.
But rocks never pee on the carpet.
You won't have to pick up their mess.

So go ask your folks for a puppy,
and possibly that's what you'll get.
But, still, if you can't have a puppy,
a rock is a pretty good pet.

It doesn't annoy you with barking;
it quietly sits on a shelf.
A rock makes an excellent puppy.
That's what I keep telling myself.

My Foot Fell Asleep

My foot fell asleep
right inside of my shoe
from sitting around
having nothing to do.
It hadn't drank warm milk
nor tried to count sheep;
it just wasn't busy,
and fell right asleep.

You see, in my shoe
it gets lonely and boring,
which made my foot sleepy,
and soon it was snoring.
My foot snored so loudly
my shoe began flapping.
But it didn't notice --
it kept right on napping!

It slept through the morning
and most of the day,
despite that my other foot
wanted to play.
It took a siesta.

It slumbered inert.
It nodded through dinner.
It dozed through dessert.

Now I'm in my bed
and I've been up all night.
I'm trying to sleep,
although try as I might,
my foot slept all day
(what a foolish mistake!)
now I can't fall asleep
'cause my foot's wide awake!
--Kenn Nesbitt

When Larry Made Lasagna

When Larry made lasagna
all his neighbors stopped and stared.
His lasagna was the largest
that had ever been prepared.

He used ninety yards of pasta
and a half a ton of cheese,
and the sauce, he spread with spatulas
that looked a lot like skis.

With a hundred pounds of vegetables
and wagon-loads of meat
plus a tiny sprig of parsley
his lasagna was complete.

So he lifted that lasagna
with a forklift and a crane
and he placed it in an oven
that was longer than a train.

For a week, while it was baking,
its aroma filled the town,
till he took it from the oven
piping hot and golden brown.

All the neighbors came and tasted it
but frowned at him, and then
they complained, "It needs a bit more salt.
You'll have to start again."

When Pigs Fly

I've heard it said that pigs will fly
and someday soon they'll rule the sky.
That may sound strange but, if it's right,
I don't suppose they'll fly a kite.
I'll bet, instead, they'll have to train
so they can learn to fly a plane,
or join the Navy where they'll get
to learn to fly a fighter jet.

Or maybe they'll grow piggy wings,
or put on shoes with giant springs,
or fly in huge hot-air balloons,
or seaplanes with those big pontoons,
or biplanes like a flying ace,
or shuttles into outer space,
or rocket ships for trips to Mars,
or flying saucers to the stars.

However pigs decide to fly,
as long as they are way up high
and busy buzzing all around
instead of grunting on the ground,
I think it's safe to say I'll love
to see them soaring up above.
I'm sure I won't be shocked or shaken.
Still, I'll prob'ly miss the bacon.
--Kenn Nesbitt

This Poem's Not About A Dog

This poem's not about a dog.
It's not about a cat.
It's not about a fish or frog
or anything like that.

It's also not about my shoe,
or cows from outer space,
or purple pigs from Timbuktu,
or weasels on your face.

This poem's not the slightest bit
about some guy named Fred.
There are no robot ducks in it,
or hippos overhead.

It's not about electric sheep,
or eighty-five times nine,
or watching grandpa fall asleep,
or cheese from Lichtenstein.

It's not about a hungry hog
who ate a bowling ball.
This poem's not about a dog,
or anything at all.

--Kenn Nesbitt

Little Boy Blue, Please Cover Your Nose

Little Boy Blue,
Please cover your nose.
You sneezed on Miss Muffet
And ruined her clothes.
You sprayed Mother Hubbard,
And now she is sick.
You put out the fire
On Jack's candlestick.
Your sneeze is the reason
Why Humpty fell down.
You drenched Yankee Doodle
When he came to town.
The blind mice are angry!
The sheep are upset!
From now on use tissues
So no one gets wet!
--Darren Sardelli

My Lunch

A candy bar.
A piece of cake.
A lollipop.
A chocolate shake.
A jelly donut.
Chocolate chips.
Some gummi worms
and licorice whips.

A candy cane.
A lemon drop.
Some bubblegum
and soda pop.
Vanilla wafers.
Cherry punch.

(My mom slept in while I made lunch.)

We Have A Brand New Cook

Good morning, Staff and students.
We have a brand new cook.
And that's why our lunch menu
Will have a brand new look.
To make a good impression,
Our cook's prepared a treat:
Your choice of snapping turtle soup
Or deep-fried monkey meat.
If you're a vegetarian,
We have good news today:
She's serving pickled cauliflower
And Jellyfish soufflé.

And for dessert our cook has made

A recipe from France:

I'm sure you'll all want seconds-

Of chocolate-covered ants.

I hope you like this gourmet feast.

I hope you won't complain.

But if you do we'll have to bring
our old cook back again.

--Bruce Lansky