

POEM IN YOUR POCKET

Pigericks, an excerpt

There was a young pig from Schenectady
Who cried, "What is wrong with my neck today?
At ten minutes to two
It just sprouted and grew.
Now I'm taller than all of Schenectady!"

Arnold Lobel

Boa Constrictor

Oh, I'm being eaten
By a boa constrictor,
A boa constrictor,
A boa constrictor,
I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor,
And I don't like it—one bit.
Well, what do you know?
It's nibblin' my toe.
Oh, gee,
It's up to my knee.
Oh my,
It's up to my thigh.
Oh, fiddle,
It's up to my middle.
Oh, heck,
It's up to my neck.
Oh, dread,
It's upmmmmmmmmmmffffffffff...

Shel Silverstein

Keep a Poem in Your Pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket
and a picture in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.
The little poem will sing to you
the little picture bring to you
a dozen dreams to dance to you
at night when you're in bed.
So—keep a picture in your pocket
and a poem in your head
and you'll never be lonely
at night when you're in bed.

Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

April Rain Song

Let the rain kiss you.
Let the rain beat down upon
your head with silver liquid drops.
Let the rain sing you a lullaby.
The rain makes till pools on the sidewalk.
the rain makes running pools in the gutter.
The rain plays a little sleep-song
on our roof at night---
And I love the rain.

Langston Hughes