**2nd Term Poems**

**What is Orange?**

**by Mary O’Neill**

Orange is a tiger lily,

A carrot,

A feather from

A parrot,

A flame,

The wildest color

You can name.

Orange is a happy day

Saying good-by

In a sunset that

Shocks the sky.

Orange is brave

Orange is bold

It’s bittersweet

And marigold.

Orange is zip

Orange is dash

The brightest stripe

In a Roman sash.

Orange is an orange

Also a mango

Orange is music

Of the Tango.

Orange is the fur

Of the fiery fox,

The brightest crayon

In the box.

And in the fall

When leaves are turning

Orange is the smell

Of a bonfire burning…



**A Time to Talk**

**by Robert Frost**

When a friend calls to me from the road

And slows his horse to a meaning walk,

I don't stand still and look around

On all the hills I haven't hoed,

And shout from where I am, "What Is It?"

No, not as there is a time to talk.

I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,

Blade-end up and five feet tall,

And plod: I go up to the stone wall

For a friendly visit.

**Smart**

**by Shel Silverstein**

My dad gave me one dollar bill

‘Cause I’m his smartest son,

And I swapped it for two shiny quarters

‘Cause two is more than one!

And then I took the quarters

And traded them to Lou

For three dimes – guess he don’t know

That three is more than two!

Just then, along came old blind Bates

And just ‘cause he can’t see

He gave me four nickels for my three dimes,

And four is more than three!

And I took the nickels to Hiram Coombs

Down at the seed-feed store,

And the fool gave me five pennies for them,

And five is more than four!

And then I went and showed my dad,

And he got red in the cheeks,

And closed his eyes and shook his head –

Too proud of me to speak!

**Different Things**

**by Harry Behn**

Cows don’t play hop-scotch

Any more than pigs,

Kittens never cackle ever

The way a dog digs,

Or bees buzz or birds fly

Or bubbles float or babies cry,

Still, why they do or don’t it seems

I only understand in dreams.

Some times I wonder

If it wouldn’t be fun

To let trees go where they please

Or make the moon the sun.

But then my shoes would be my hat,

And so I leave things this or that

About the way they are, but funny

Like bread and buttercups and honey.

**What is Red?**

**By Mary O’Neill**

Red is a sunset

Blazy and bright.

Red is feeling brave

With all your might.

Red is a sunburn

Spot on your nose,

Sometimes red

Is a red, red rose.

Red squiggles out

When you cut your hand.

Red is a brick and

A rubber band.

Red is hotness

You get inside

When you’re embarrassed

And want to hide.

Fire-cracker, fire-engine

Fire-flicker red –

And when you’re angry
Red runs through your head.

**Remember your grade is based on:**

**Title (5) Author (5) On Time (15)**

**Confidence (5)**

Stand straight and tall, without fidgeting

**Eye Contact (5)**

Focus eyes on audience the entire time

**Voice Level (5)**

Speak loud and clear so that the entire class can hear you

**Pacing & Fluency (5)**

Poem is recited evenly (not rushed), pausing at commas, stopping at periods

**Memorization (20)**

The poem is in long-term memory. (Every time you pause to remember, it is one minus point)

**Incorrect Words (5)**

Words must be *exactly* what the author wrote

**Skipped Words (10)**

Every word is recited, none are skipped

**Repeats (10)**

No words or phrases are repeated

**Animation/Enthusiasm (10)**

In order to get an A, you need to include actions, props, or animation of some kind, *throughout your poem*.

Red is an Indian,

A Valentine heart,

The trimming on

A circus cart.

Red is a lipstick,

Red is a shout,

Red is a signal

That says: “Watch out!”

Red is a great big

Rubber ball.

Red is the giant-est

Color of all.

Red is a show-off

No doubt about it –

But can you imagine

Living without it?

94-100 = A

86-93 = B

77-85 = C

69-76 = D

69 or below = Redo poem

**The Boys and the Apple Tree**

**By Kate Greenaway**

As William and Thomas were walking one day,

 They came by a fine orchard’s side:

They would rather eat apples that spell, read, or play,

 And Thomas to William then cried:

O brother, look yonder! What clusters hang there!

I’ll try and climb over the wall:

I must have an apple; I will have a pear;

 Although it should cost me a fall!”

Said William to Thomas, “To steal is a sin,

 Mamma has oft told this to thee:

I never have stolen, nor will I begin,

 So the apples may hang on the tree.”