**3rd Term Poems**

**The Frost Pane**

*by David McCord*

What's the good of breathing

On the window

Pane

In summer?

You can't make a frost

on the window pane

In summer.

You can't write a

Nalphabet

You can't draw a

Nelehant.

You can't make a smudge

With your nose

In summer.

Lots of good, breathing

On the window

Pane

In winter.

You can make a frost

On the window pane

In winter.

A white frost, a light frost,

A thick frost, a quick frost,

A write-me-out-a-picture-frost

Across the pane

In winter.



**Unicorn**

*by William Jay Smith*

The Unicorn with the long white horn

Is beautiful and wild.

He gallops across the forest green

So quickly that he’s seldom seen

Where Peacocks their blue feathers preen

And strawberries grow wild.

He flees the hunter and the hounds,

Upon black earth his white hoof pounds,

Over cold mountain streams he bounds

And comes to a meadow mild;

There, when he kneels to take his nap,

He lays his head in a lady’s lap

As gently as a child.

**Adventures of Isabel**

*by Ogden Nash*



Isabel met an enormous bear,

Isabel, Isabel didn’t care.

The bear was hungry,

the bear was ravenous,

The bear’s big mouth

was cruel and cavernous.

The bear said, “Isabel, glad to meet you,

How do, Isabel, now I’ll eat you!”

Isabel, Isabel didn’t worry;

Isabel didn’t scream or scurry,

She washed her hands and

she straightened her hair up

Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.

Once in a night as black as pitch

Isabel met a wicked old witch.

the witch's face was cross and wrinkled,

The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.

“Ho, ho, Isabel!” the old witch crowed,

I'll turn you into an ugly toad!

Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,

Isabel didn't scream or scurry,

She showed no rage

and she showed no rancor,

But she turned the witch

into milk and drank her.

**On Our Way**

*by Eve Merriam*

What kind of walk shall we take today?

Leap like a frog? Creep like a snail?

Scamper like a squirrel with a furry tail?

Flutter like a butterfly? Chicken peck?

Stretch like a turtle with a poking-out neck?

Trot like a pony, clip clop clop?

Swing like a monkey in a treetop?

Scuttle like a crab? Kangaroo jump?

Plod like a camel a camel with an up-and-down hump?

We could even try a brand-new way -

Walking down the street

On our own two feet.

**Written in March**

*by William Wordsworth*

The cock is crowing,

The stream is flowing,

The small birds twitter,

The lake doth glitter

 The green field sleeps in the sun;

The oldest and youngest

Are at work with the strongest;

The cattle are grazing,

Their heads never raising;

 There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated

The snow hath retreated,

And now doth fare ill

On the top of the bare hill;

 The plowboy is whooping—anon‑anon:

There's joy in the mountains;

There's life in the fountains;

Small clouds are sailing,

Blue sky prevailing;

 The rain is over and gone!

**Humanity**

*by Elma Stuckey*

If I am blind and need someone

To keep me safe from harm,

It matters not the race to me

Of the one who takes my arm.

If I am saved from drowning

As I grasp and grope,

**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*.

94-100 = A

86-93 = B

77-85 = C

69-76 = D

69 or below = Redo poem

I will not stop to see the face

Of the one who throws the rope.

Or if out on some battlefield

I'm falling faint and weak,

The one who gently lifts me up

May any language speak.

We sip the water clear and cool,

No matter the hand that gives it.

A life that's lived worthwhile and fine,

What matters the one who lives it?

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