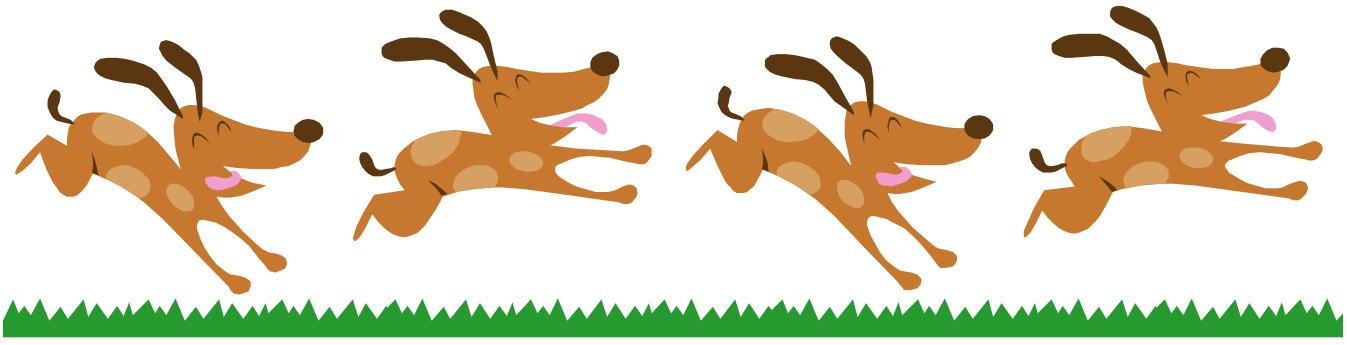
The Dog

(Ogden Nash)

The truth I do not stretch or shove
When I state that the dog is full of love.
I've also found, by actual test,
A wet dog is the lovingest.



The Guppy

(Ogden Nash)

Whales have calves,

Cats have kittens,

Bears have cubs,

Bats have bittens,

Swans have cygnets,

Seals have puppies,

But guppies just have little guppies





Bluebottle



(Judith Nicholls)

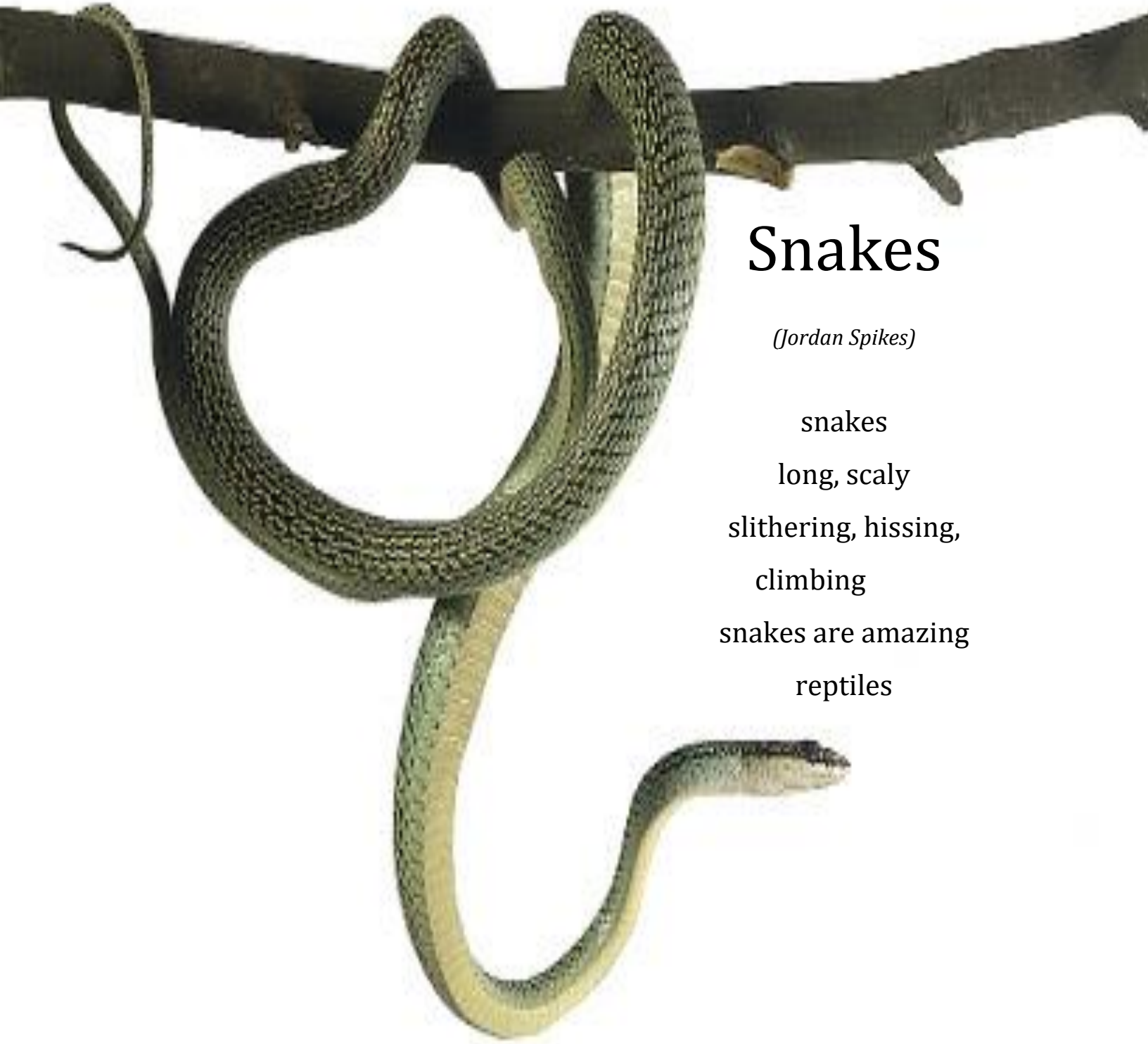
Who dips, dives
swoops out of space,
a buzz in his wings
and sky on his face;
now caught in the light,
now gone without trace,
a sliver of glass,
never still in one place?

Who's elusive as a pickpocket,
lord of the flies'
who moves like a rocket
bound for the skies?
Who's catapult, aeroplane,
always full-throttle?
Sky-diver, Jumping Jack,
comet, *bluebotttle*!



If I had
Just one
Wish I
Would
Wish for
A fish I would put it in
A dish and witch it splish splash
I might let it loose in the bath tub so
My fish can have extra room to have fun
My fish will help me in many helpful ways if my
Toilet gets clogged my fish can go down and get the
Stuff that is clogging it out of there my fish could even
Help me get my sink unclogged if it ever got clogged I could
I would also teach my fish how to do lots of things like how to
Jump high out of the water and land right back in the dish and I
Would also teach my fish something that no other fish anywhere
In the world could do I would teach my fish how to be able to
Breath on the out side of the water my fish would also be
Able to sleep on the out side of the water my fish
Would know how to walk on his fins I would teach
Him how to do lots of things on his fins I would
Teach him how to do back flips on his fins
My fish will let me know if he
Is hungry and he will let
Me know
What he
Wants

Tobias Burgess



Snakes

(Jordan Spikes)

snakes

long, scaly

slithering, hissing,

climbing

snakes are amazing

reptiles

Lions

(Joshua Morton)

Lions are as orange as the morning sun

They are as brave as men at war

Lions are as fast as cars at top speed

I think the lion in my heart helps me stand my ground

The roar of lions is as loud as thunder hitting rock

Statues of lions stand guard at castle doors

Lions are kings of the countryside.



The Cooper's Hawk

(Don Sands)



He sits, tall, slim, silhouetted
against the evening sky.

Watching, silently watching
from his elevated woodland perch.

He flies briefly on silent wings
alighting again, his tall slim form
resting, watching, ever watching.

Then he flies off into the unknown
on those powerful silent wings
to haunts unseen, to rest again
silently watching, watching.

In his vigil he's certainly
unaware of the debate
occupying other inhabitants
about his origin and that
of all living creatures.

He rests and watches.
Rests and watches
as evening advances.

How many evenings have advanced
since of the beginning of time?

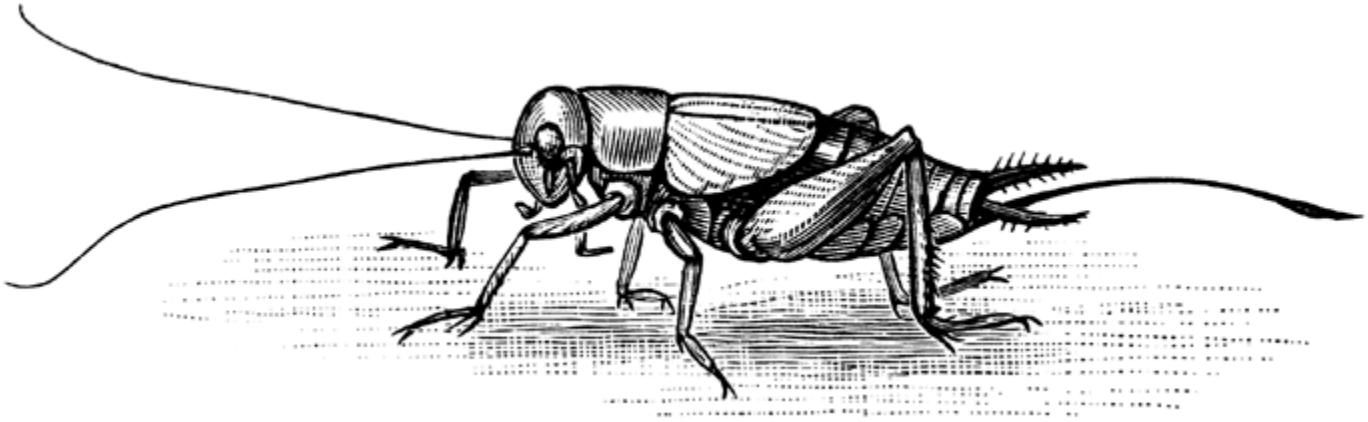
How many of his ancestors
have rested and watched;
tall, slender, silhouetted
against the evening sky?

Bear In There

(Shel Silverstein)

There's a Polar Bear
In our Frigidaire--
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.
With his seat in the meat
And his face in the fish
And his big hairy paws
In the buttery dish,
He's nibbling the noodles,
He's munching the rice,
He's slurping the soda,
He's licking the ice.
And he lets out a roar
If you open the door.
And it gives me a scare
To know he's in there--
That Polary Bear
In our Fridgitydaire





Cricket Song

(Solveig Paulson Russell)

The leaves are falling one by one,
And all the earth says, “Summer’s done.”
All cricket eggs are tucked away
For hatching on a bright spring day,
And now it’s almost time to go
To find a niche safe from the snow,
But first I’ll sing this farewell song,
In praise of summer warm and long,
Filled with joy and cricket bliss
That I am glad I didn’t miss.
“I’m glad for summer’s moonlit nights
When I could feed on plant delights,
And for my hole deep in the ground
Where rest and comfort could be found.
I sing farewell to those good days,

Insects World

(Ethel Jacobson)



Insects are creatures with three pairs of legs.

Some swim, some fly; they lay millions of eggs.

They don't wear their skeletons in, but out.

Their blood just goes sloshing loosely about.



They come in three parts. Some are bare; some have hair.

Their hearts are in back; they circulate air.



They smell with their feelers and taste with their feet,

And there's scarcely a thing that some insect won't eat:

Flowers and woodwork and books and rugs,

Overcoats, people, and other bugs.



When five billion trillion keep munching each day,

It's a wonder the world isn't nibbled away!



A Queer Twig

(Alice Crowell Hoffman)

Out in the woods I found today
A queer thing, without doubt –
A wee twig that did not stay still,
But tried to walk about.



I thought this tiny twig had planned
To play a funny trick,
Until I learned it was a bug
Known as the Walking Stick.





The Spider Web

(Truda McCoy)

The spider spun a silver web
Above the gate last night.
It was round with little spokes
And such a pretty sight.

This morning there were drops of dew
Hung on it, one by one;
They changed to diamonds, rubies red,
When they were lit with sun.

A spider's nice to have around
To weave a web so fine.
On which to string the drops of dew
That catch the bright sunshine.

Garden Snake

(Muriel L. Sonne)

I saw a snake and ran away…

Some snakes are dangerous, they say;

But mother says that kind is good,

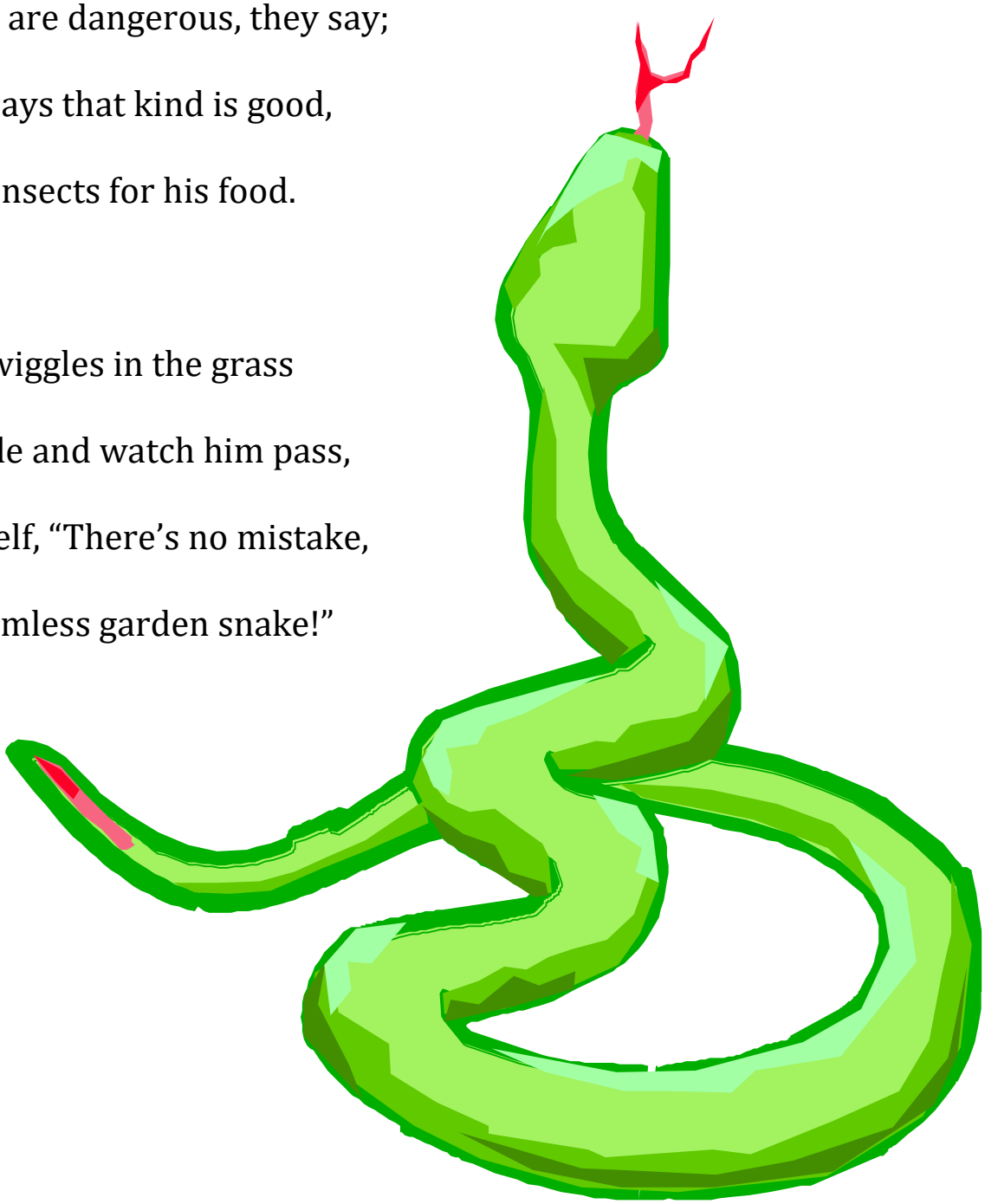
And eats up insects for his food.

So when he wiggles in the grass

I'll stand aside and watch him pass,

And tell myself, "There's no mistake,

It's just a harmless garden snake!"



The Hawk

(Douglas Florian)

I stare

I glare

I gaze

I gawk

With keen

Mean eyes

I am the hawk.

All day I pray

For prey to view.

Be thankful if

I don't

See

YOU!





Humming Birds

(Betty Sage)

I think it is a funny thing

That some birds whistle, others sing.

The Warbler warbles in his throat,

The Sparrow only knows one note;

But he is better off than some,

For Humming Birds can only hum.



The Frog's Lament

(Aileen Fisher)

I can't bite
like a dog,
said the bright
green frog.

I can't nip,
I can't squirt,
I can't grip,
I can't hurt.

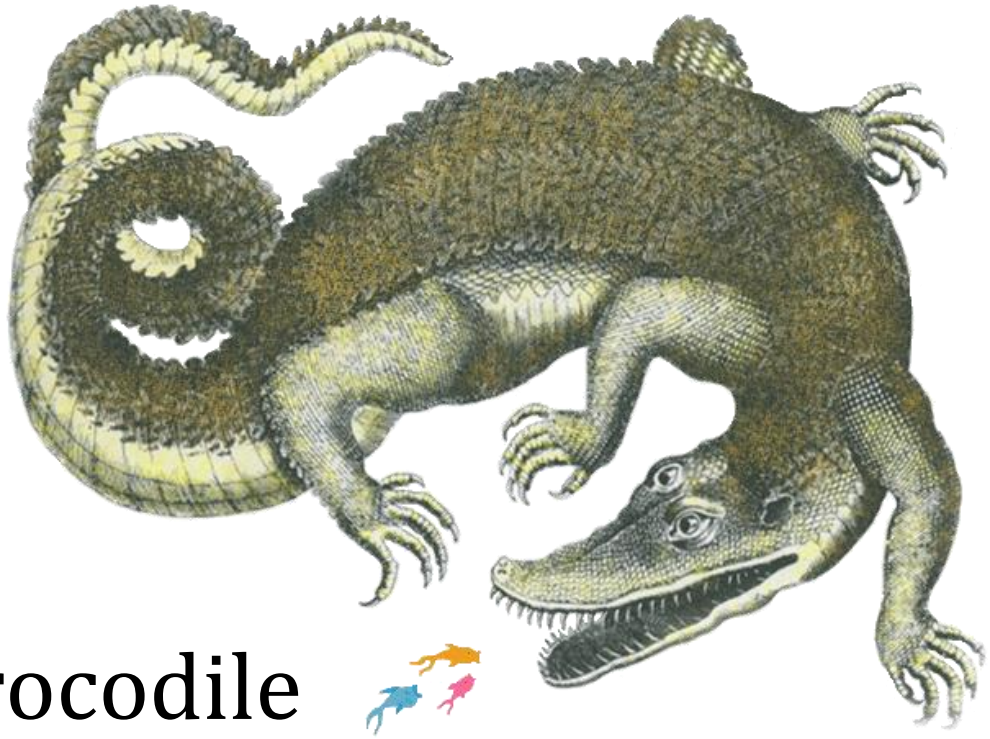
All I can do
is hop and hide
when enemies come
from far and wide.

I can't scratch
like a cat.
I'm no match
for a rat.

I can't stab,
I can't snare,
I can't grab
I can't scare.

All I can do
my whole life through
is hop, said the frog,
and hide from view.

And that's
what I saw him
up and do.



The Crocodile

(*Lewis Carroll)*

How doth the little crocodile

Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of the Nile

On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,

How neatly spreads his claws,

And welcomes little fishes in,

With gently smiling jaws!

Butterfly Cycle

(to the tune of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat")

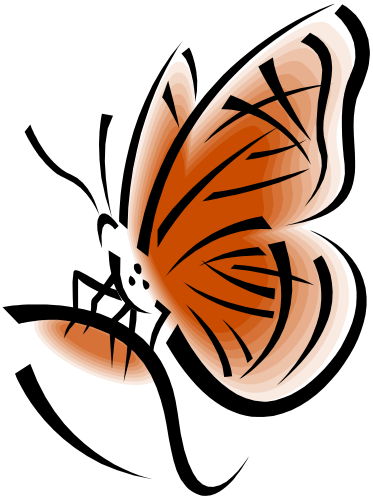
(Suzy Gazlay)



Hatch, hatch little egg,
I'm so very small.
Teeny tiny caterpillar,
You can't see me at all.

Crawl, caterpillar, crawl,
Munching on a leaf.
Crawling, munching, crawling, munching,
Eat and eat and eat.

Form, form chrysalis,
I'm a different shape;
Hanging by a silken thread
Until I can escape.



Rest, rest, chrysalis
While I change inside;
Now at last my time has come
To be a butterfly.

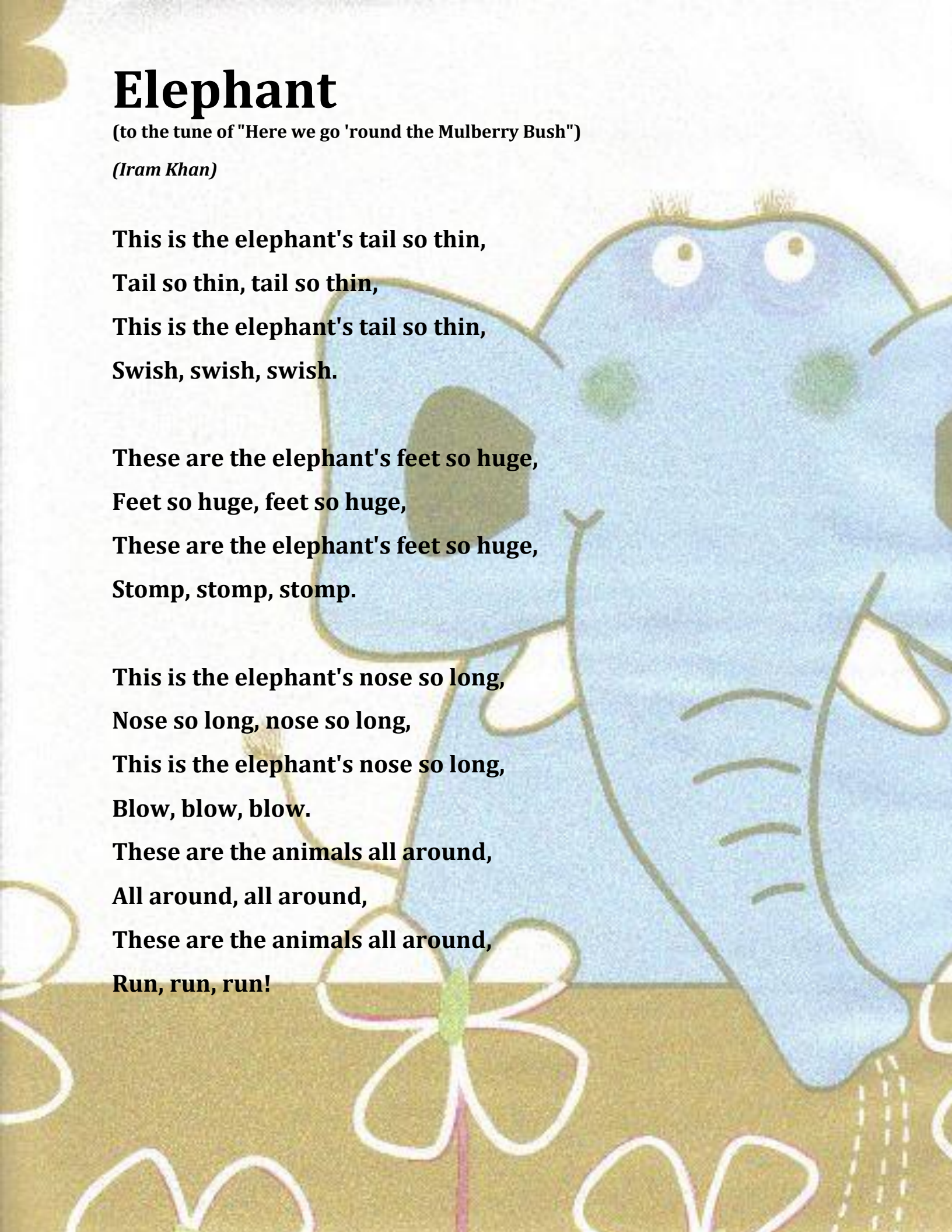
Stretch, stretch, pretty wings,
It's a special day;
Soon they will be strong enough
For me to fly away.

Fly, fly, butterfly,
Fly from flower to tree;
Find a place to lay my eggs
So they can grow like me.

Elephant

(to the tune of "Here we go 'round the Mulberry Bush")

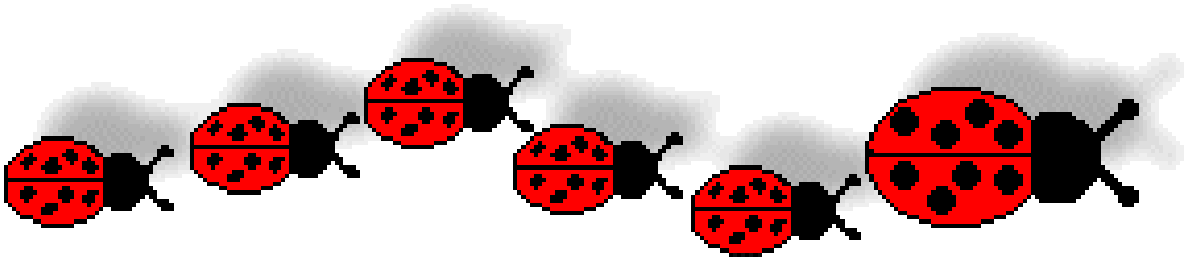
(Iram Khan)



This is the elephant's tail so thin,
Tail so thin, tail so thin,
This is the elephant's tail so thin,
Swish, swish, swish.

These are the elephant's feet so huge,
Feet so huge, feet so huge,
These are the elephant's feet so huge,
Stomp, stomp, stomp.

This is the elephant's nose so long,
Nose so long, nose so long,
This is the elephant's nose so long,
Blow, blow, blow.
These are the animals all around,
All around, all around,
These are the animals all around,
Run, run, run!



Ladybug

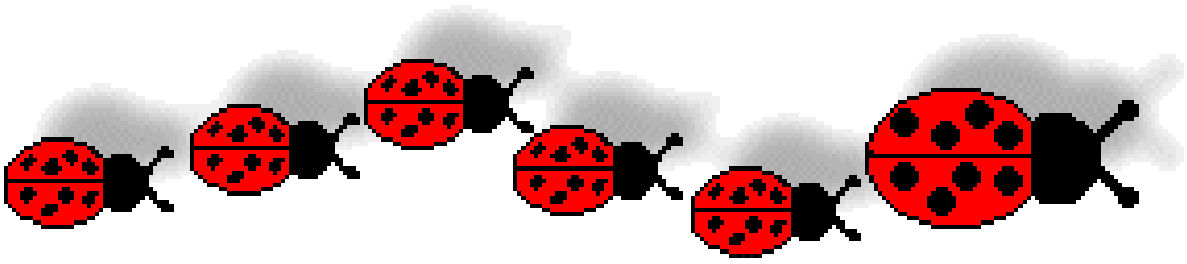
(Maria Fleming)

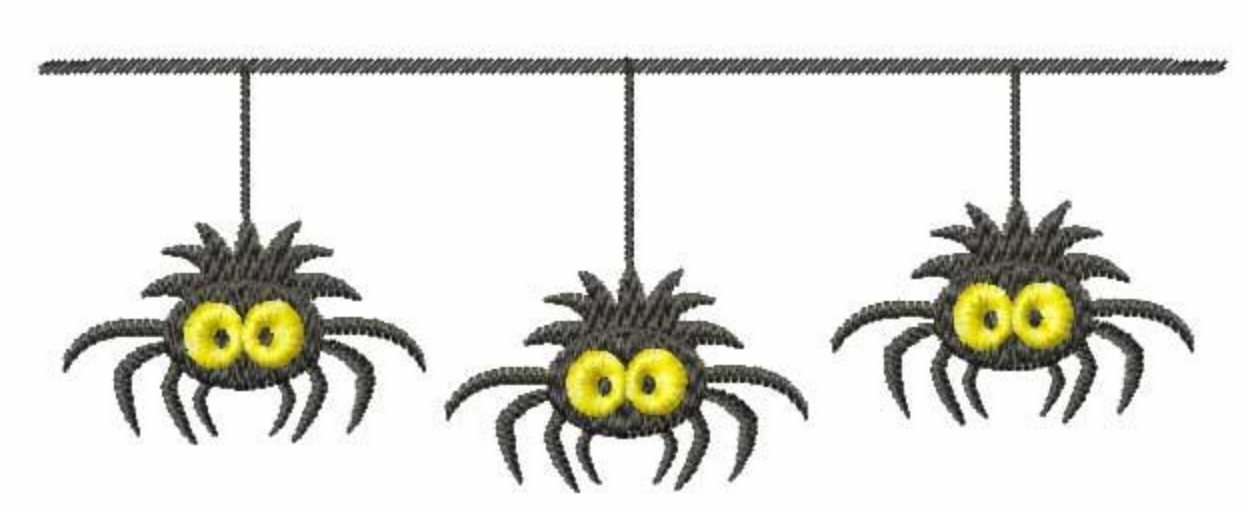
Ladybugs all dressed in red

Strolling through the flowerbed.

If I were tiny just like you

I'd creep among the flowers too!





Spiders

(Janet Bruno)

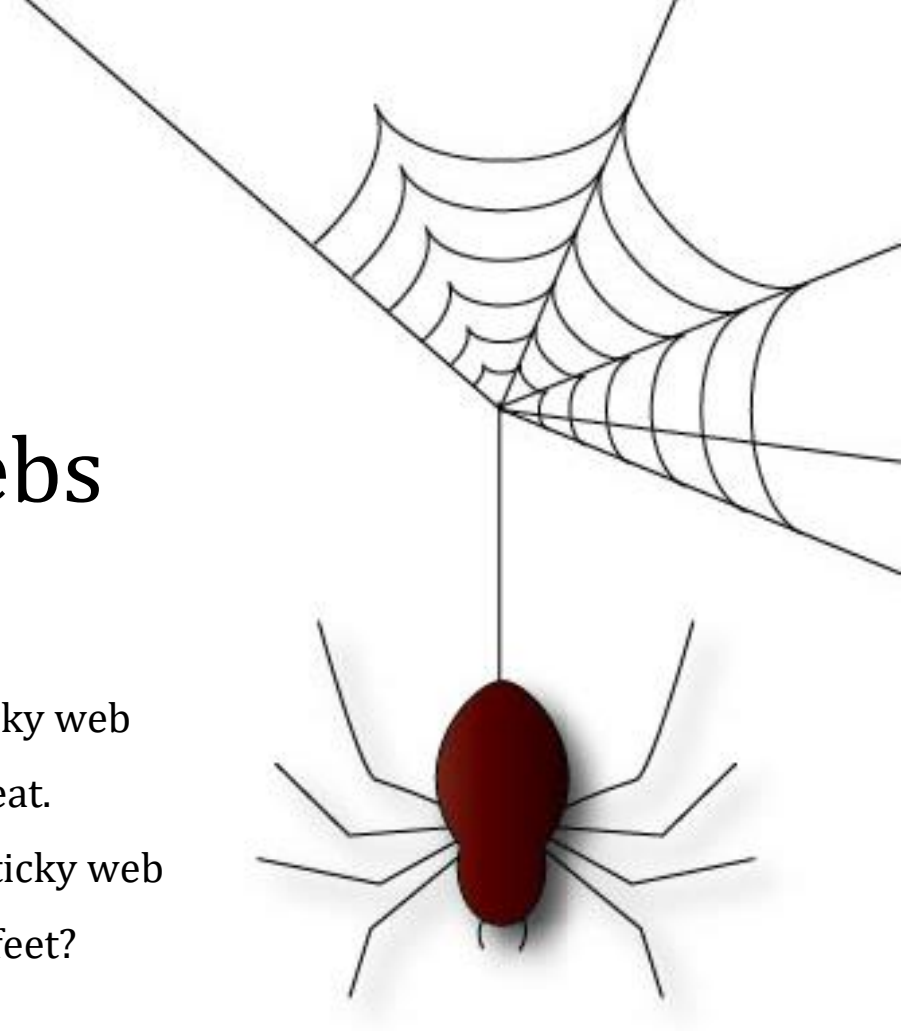
Spiderlings hatch from eggs.
Each one has eight tiny legs.

A spider has more eyes than you.
Most have eight, and you have two.

A spider has two body parts.
Across its web it quickly darts.

From a spider's spinnerets
Sticky spider silk jets.

Spiders feel the frantic tugs,
Of their favorite food; it's bugs!



Spider Webs

(Amy Goldman Koss)

The spider weaves a sticky web
To capture bugs to eat.
What keeps the spider's sticky web
From sticking to her feet?

Spider webs are very tricky
Because not all the strands are sticky.
Unlike the passing hapless fly,
The spider knows which strands are dry.

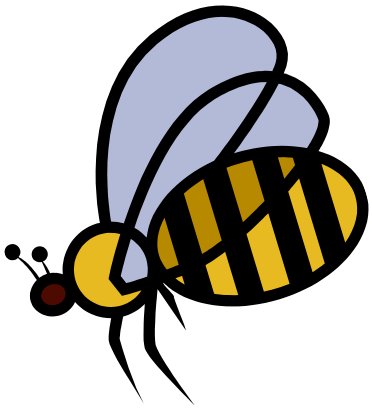
But if she accidentally stands
Upon one of the sticky strands,
She still would not get stuck, you see--
Her oily body slides off free.

Every Insect

(Dorothy Aldis)

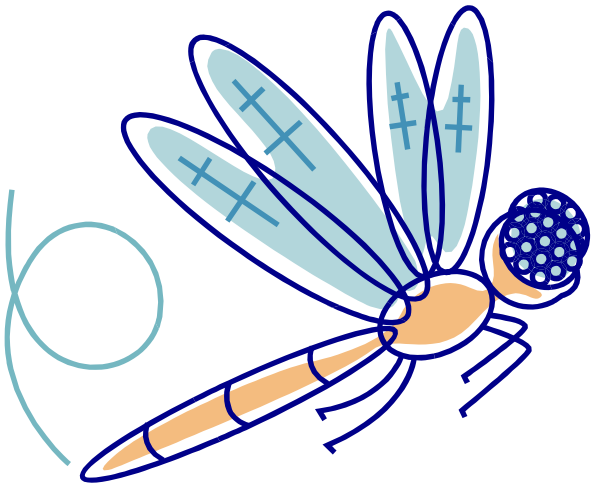


Every insect (ant, fly, bee)
Is divided into three:
One head, one chest, one stomach part.
Some have brains.
All have a heart.



Insects have no bones
No noses.
But with feelers they can smell
Dinner half a mile away.
Can your nose do half as well?

Also you'd be in a fix
With all those legs to manage:
Six.



Fireflies

(Grace Wilson Coplen)

I like to chase the fireflies,
Chase them to and fro'
I like to watch them dart about,
Their little lamps aglow.

In the evening's twilight dim
I follow them about,
I often think I have one caught,
And then his light goes out.

I cannot tell just where he is
Until he winks, you see,
Then far away I see his light,
He's played a joke on me.



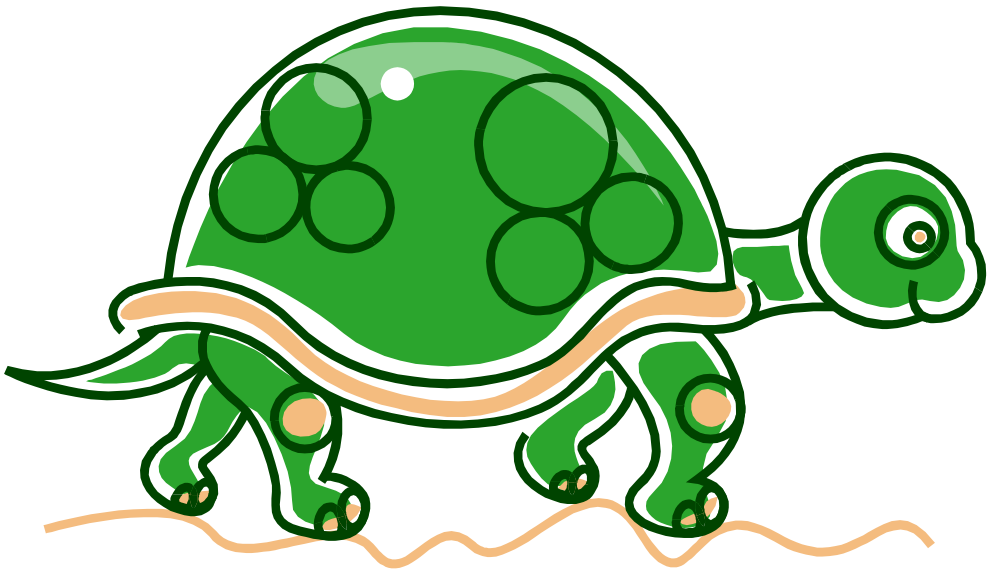
I Have a Little Turtle

(Vachel Lindsay)

I have a little turtle,
He lives in a box.
He swims in the water
And he climbs on the rocks.

He snapped at a minnow
He snapped at a flea
He snapped at a mosquito
And he snapped at me.

He caught the minnow,
He caught the flea,
He caught the mosquito,
But he didn't catch me!



The Lion Roars With a Fearful Sound

(Mabel Segun)

The lion roars with a fearful sound,

Roar, roar, roar!



The lion creeps, its prey to catch,

Creep, creep, creep!

The lion pounces with a mighty leap,

Leap, leap, leap!

The lion eats with a crunching sound,

Crunch, crunch, crunch!



The lion sleeps with a gentle snore,

Snore, snore, snore!

Duck

(Meish Goldish)

Duck in the water, quack, quack, quack!
Soft, white feathers on your back, back, back!

Duck in the water, splash and splish!
Dip in your bill and catch those fish!

Duck out of water, walk on land.
Your webbed feet make it hard to stand!

Waddle with your family, waddle in a pack.
Duck out of water, quack, quack, quack!



Ducks



(Mary Ann Hoberman)

Ducks are lucky
Don't you think?
When they want to
Take a drink,

All they do is
Duck their bill.
(Doesn't matter
If they spill.)

When they want to
Take a swim,
All they do is
Dive right in;

And they never
Seem to sink.
Ducks are lucky,
Don't you think?

The Turtle

(Arnold Spilka)

The turtle

Takes..one….step

…and….then

a-n-o-t-h-e-r.

…then he…slow-ly

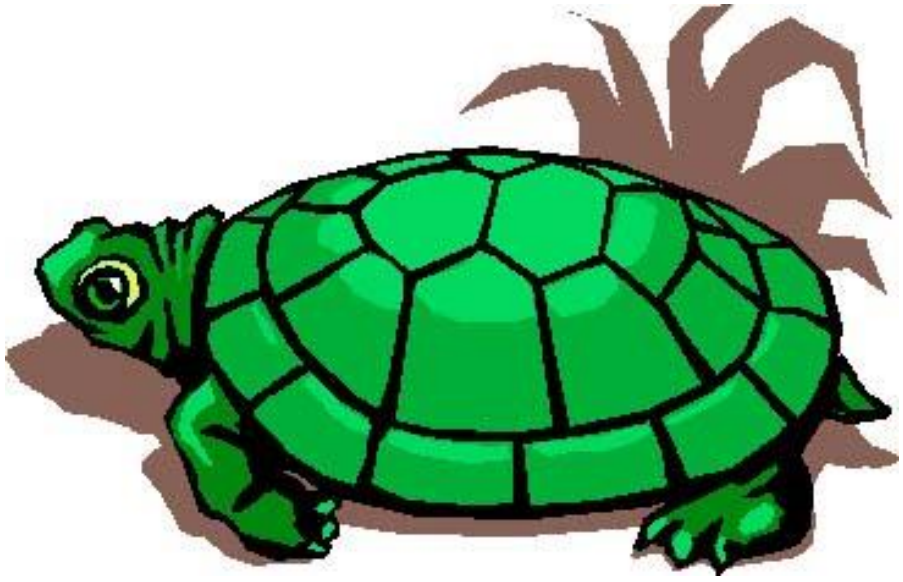
..looks….around

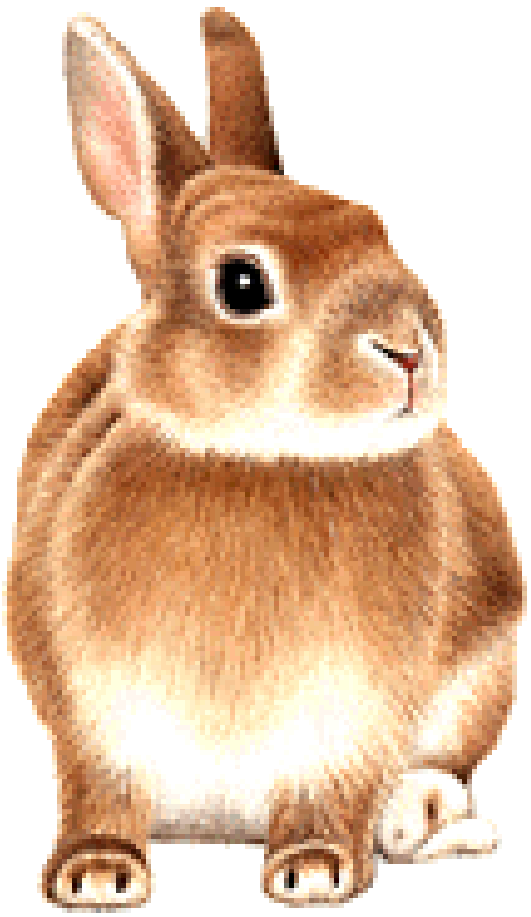
……and says,

“I don’t….

..know…why..

I……..b-o-t-h-e-r.”





Rabbit Haiku

(Brian Geist)

Fat furry rabbits

Hopping around the forest

During the daytime

Animal Alliteration Poem

(Brittany Hilbert)

Anxious alligators ate aardvarks
Beautiful bulldogs bite basketballs
Cute cats create caterpillars
Dangerous dogs duck under decks
Everyday elephants eat evergreens
Filling fish are for frying
Great groundhogs glide on geraniums
Happy hippos have happy honey bees
Igloo iguanas ice ice cream
Jumpy giraffes jump joyfully
Kandy-loving kangaroos are very kind
Lilly loving leopards wear leotards
Magic monkeys amuse magicians
Neat neandertoads know nothing
Octopi occupy the ocean
Peggy the penguin picks Peter's pocket
Curious quacker quails quack queerly
Rabid raccoons race rapidly
Seven slimy snakes sneak out silently
Tiny turtles torture the table
Umbrella unicorns are undersea
Vertebrae vultures are very vengeancy
Woody the woodpecker loves wood
Xylophantics play the Xylophones
Yak-Milk is yucky
Zebras zing in the zoo

Cat and Mouse

(Bert McKormic)



CAT

Quiet Small

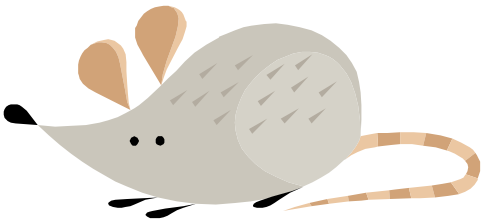
meowing prancing playing

pet fur rodent pest

squeaking running nibbling

silent fast

MOUSE



A Grateful Centipede

(*Arden Davidson)*

A centipede won an award,

surrounded by hundreds of fans.

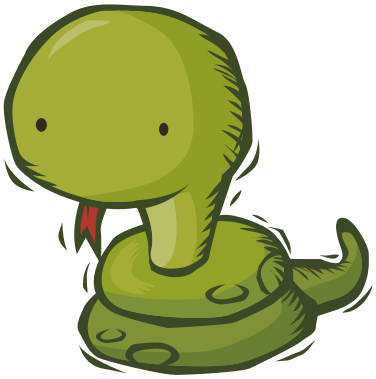
Though his speech only lasted a minute,

it took hours to shake all his hands.



Slide-Swim-Fly

(Sue Cochrane)



Snake slide slip slither
Over hard dry clay.

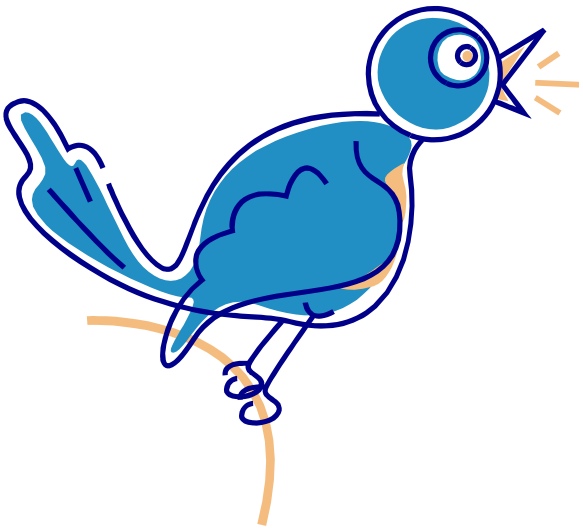
Snake slide slip slither
Hot hot day.



Fish swim swish sway
Through the murky way.

Fish swim swish sway
Deep deep bay.

Bird fly flutter flit
Through the open sky.



Bird fly flutter flit
Blue blue sky.

The Whale

(Shaun Mounce)

E
T L
H A
E H
W
Such a massive
Creature so little known.
What was the first swim
Like and how did it know
Where to go. And its songs so majestic and
Mysterious. A powerful message between
Them but soothing music to us. Slow moving
but graceful elegant and strong. Giants
of the ocean, and giants of our hearts.
Let's keep this animal alive; they
have been here so long.

Geese Piece

(*Douglas Florian)*

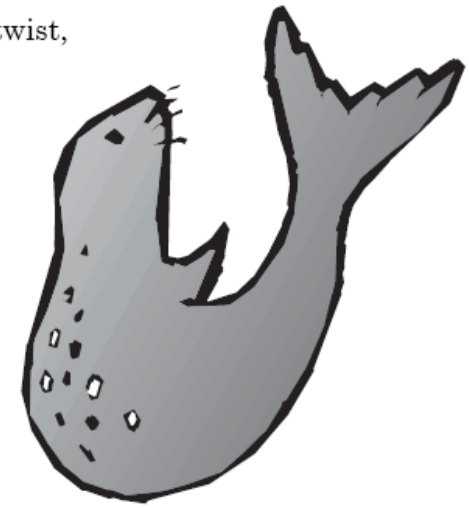
Can
you
tell
me
which
formation
do
geese
fly
in
fall
migration?

Seal

by William Jay Smith



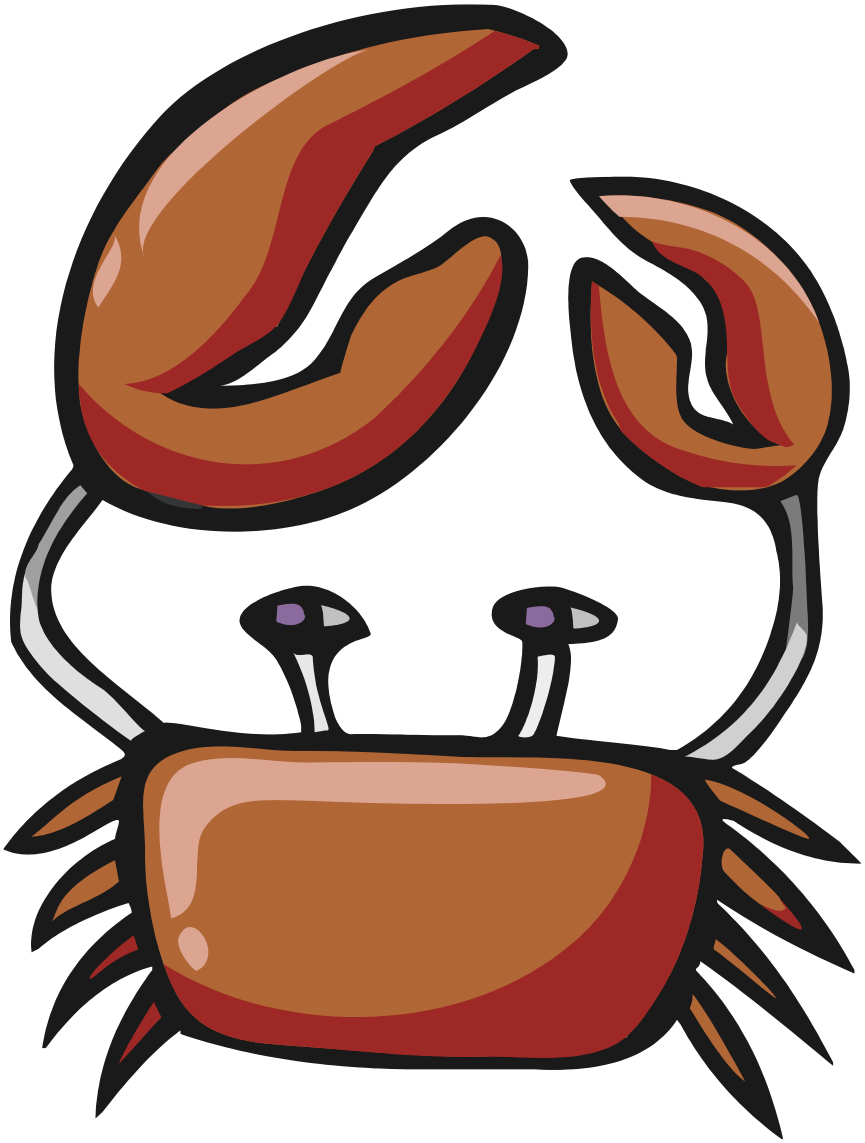
See how he dives
From the rocks with a zoom!
See how he darts
Through his watery room
Past crabs and eels
And green seaweed,
Past fluffs of sandy
Minnow feed!
See how he swims
With a swerve and a twist,
A flip of the flipper,
A flick of the wrist!
Quicksilver-quick,
Softer than spray,
Down he plunges
And sweeps away;
Before you can think,
Before you can utter
Words like "Dill pickle"
Or "Apple butter,"
Back up he swims
Past Sting Ray and Shark,
Out with a zoom,
A whoop, a bark;
Before you can say
Whatever you wish,
He plops at your side
With a mouthful of fish!



Decorator Hermit Crab

(Vanessa Pike-Russell)

There was a little hermit crab
Who thought his tank was rather drab
At first he didn't know what to do
Then decorated with pink and blue.
Now he is no longer crabby
With his new home, he's rather happy!



The Eagle

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;

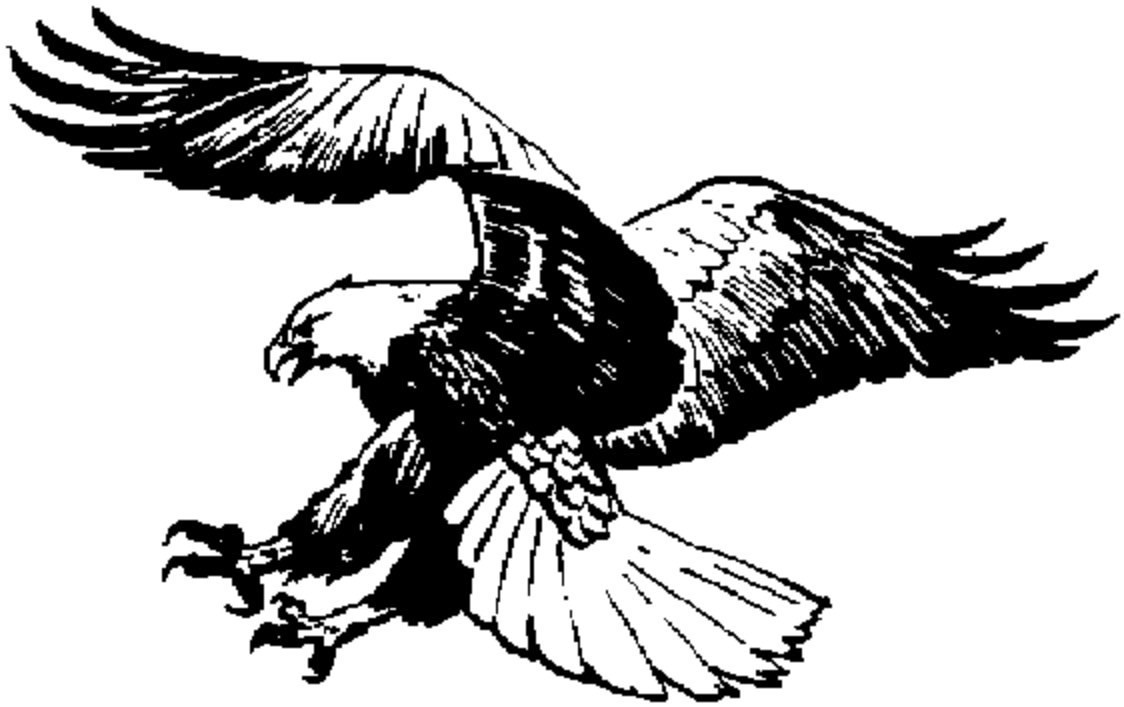
Close to the sun in lonely lands,

Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls

He watches from his mountain walls,

And like a thunderbolt he falls.



The Sloth

(Theodore Roethke)

In moving-slow he has no Peer

You ask him something in his ear;

He thinks about it for a Year;

And, then, before he says a Word

There, upside down (unlike a Bird)

He will assume that you have Heard-

A most Exas-per-at-ing Lug.

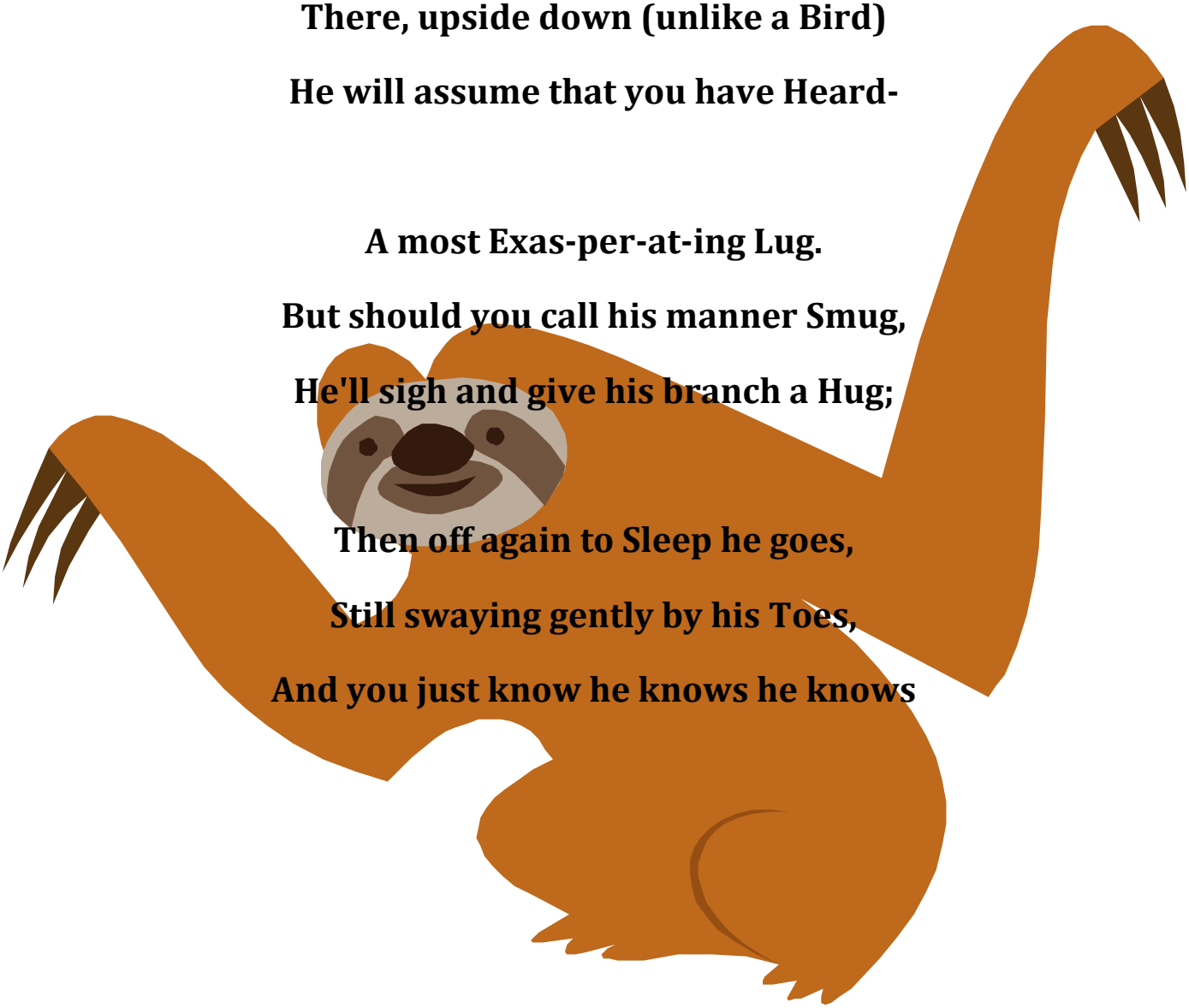
But should you call his manner Smug,

He'll sigh and give his branch a Hug;

Then off again to Sleep he goes,

Still swaying gently by his Toes,

And you just know he knows he knows





The Secret Life of Slugs

(Tiffany Stone)

Slugs seem sluggish.

Slugs seem slow.

But slugs have a secret

you don't know.

Slugs are sneaky.

Slugs pretend.

When no one's looking,

their feet descend.

And under cover of the dark,

slugs run races in the park.

Our Club

(Tiffany Stone)

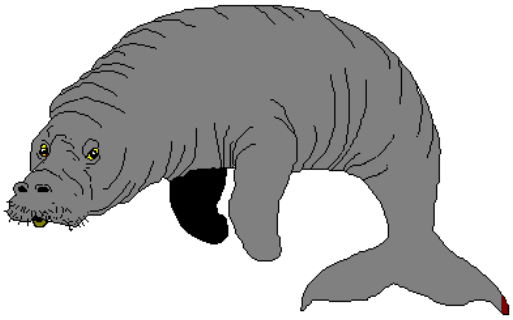


We're starting a club,

a club to complain,

for all us poor victims

of strange-sounding names.



We welcome you, aye-aye.

Hello, kinkajou.



And bongo and numbat

and you, wallaroo.



Skink, won't you join us

and bring manatee,

zebu, echidna?



Invite okapi.

Let's call capybara,

then meet without fail

to find those who named us

and THROW THEM IN JAIL!



Scary Poem

(Tiffany Stone)



You think that noise
you hear at night
the one that gives you
such a fright
is something MASSIVE
moving ‘round
talons tapping
on the ground.
Your parents say
it’s nothing but
you squeeze your eyelids
tighter shut
and yet you cannot
sleep at all
with all that tapping
in the hall.
It’s getting closer
faster, too.
Hee-hee ha-ha
the joke’s on you
There is no monster
no indeed
Just me
a dancing millipede!

Tuna Fish Rap

(Tiffany Stone)

No bath for me,

I live in the sea.

I'm never dry;

I'm always clean.

I'm the cleanest creature

you've ever seen.

But if I could have

one magic wish,

I'd wish I wasn't

a clean old fish.

I'd wish for a bucket

full of dirt and crud.

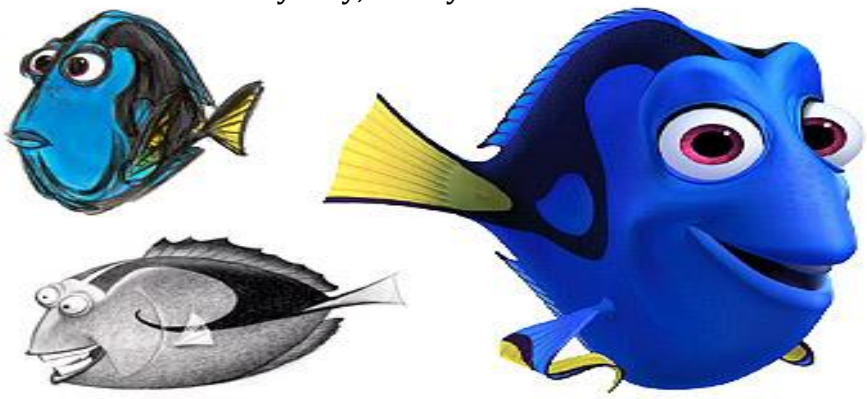
Then I'd dump it in the ocean

and I'd make some mud –

grubby mud,

messy mud,

yucky, mucky mud.





A Sloth Went on Vacation

(Tiffany Stone)

A sloth went on vacation

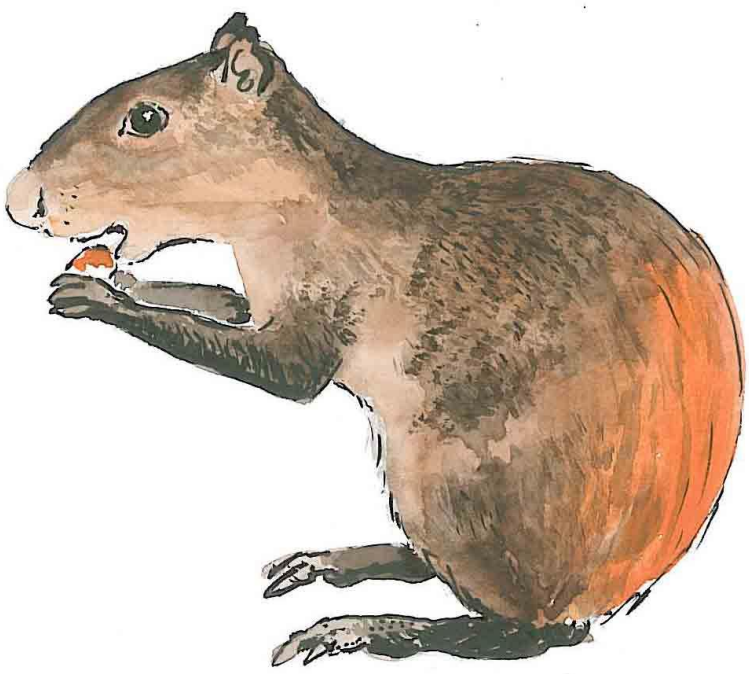
but he didn't get too far

cuz it took him eighteen hours

just to climb into his car.

Gertrude Was a Good Agouti

(William Wise)



Gertrude was a good agouti,

Who always tried to do her duty.

She did the cooking and the sweeping,

While sister Grace was upstairs sleeping,

Until a jaguar; for his dinner;

Devoured Grace, that lazy sinner.

Then Gertrude, forced to dine alone,

Ate Grace's ice cream, and her own.

For good agoutis, though it hurts,

Do finally get their just desserts.

Sabrina

(William Wise)

Sabrina was a carefree snake,

An independent spirit

Who loved the sound of laughter

And the time when she could hear it.

But Sabrina had a boyfriend,

Who was really very proper,

And when she'd laugh, he'd always frown

And do his best to stop her.

So Sabrina dumped her boyfriend

For a garter snake named Willy,

A cheerful lad, who was never sad,

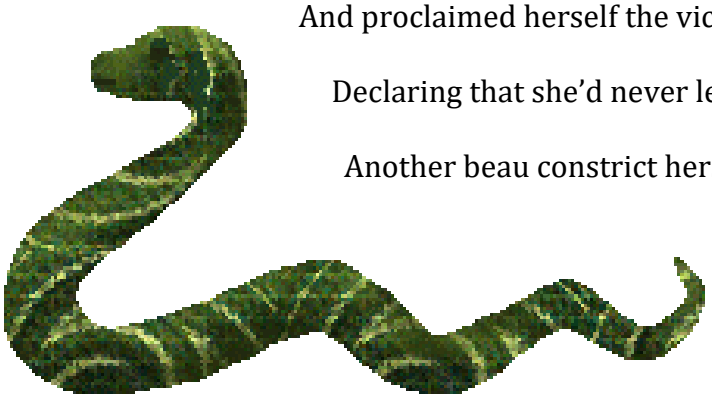
And told jokes long and silly.

Then Sabrina sang a song of joy,

And proclaimed herself the victor,

Declaring that she'd never let

Another beau constrict her.



Two Terns

(William Wise)

Tess, a tern,

Snapped up a flea,

And gave the prize

To Tom, her brother.

Then Tom gave Tess

His clams – all three –

For one good tern

Deserves another.





A Big Family

(William Wise)

Olga the otter

Was a mother supreme.

She had enough children

For a large soccer team.

But her kids were so many,

She sometimes lost track of them,

Till she dressed them in shirts,

With their names on the back of them.

And they say, after that,

It was not an illusion,

That they all lived in less

Than otter confusion.

Doing Shakespeare

(William Wise)

A gaggle of geese got together,

And agreed to do something theatrical.

But since few of them had any talent,

The decision may have not been to practical.

Still the costumes were made, and the scenery,

And Ophelia and Hamlet appeared,

While Queen Gertrude kept preening her feathers,

And King Claudius honked away through his beard.

But finally the performance was over,

And in the morning, one critic did say,

After twenty-two years of reviewing,

He'd at last seen a truly fowl play!

