**Term 2 Poetry**

Poems are due November 2nd

**By Myself**

When I’m by myself

And I close my eyes

I’m a twin
I’m a dimple in a chin

I’m a room full of toys

I’m a squeaky noise

I’m a gospel song

I’m a gong
I’m a leaf turning red
I’m a loaf of brown bread

I’m a whatever I want to be

An anything I care to be

And when I open my eyes

What I care to be
Is me.

-by Eloise Greenfield

**Catch a little Rhyme**

Once upon a time
I caught a little rhyme

I set it on the floor
but it ran right out the door

I chased it on my bicycle

but it melted to an icicle

I scooped it up in my hat

but it turned into a cat

I caught it by the tail
but it stretched into a whale

I followed it in a boat
but it changed into a goat

When I fed it tin and paper it became a tall skyscraper

Then it grew into a kite and flew far out of sight...

-by Eve Merriam

**The wind is calling me away**

How can I sit through one more day,

For the wind is calling me away,

And I want to change with the leaves that fall,

But I’m here in school and I’m missing it all.

While leaves as bright as the sun fly by,

We add, subtract, and multiply,

And none of these numbers makes sense to me,

When the sky is as blue as the summer sea.

Oh, teacher, please let’s race the leaves,

Let’s jump in piles and climb the trees,

Let’s add, subtract, and multiply,

The wind, the leaves, and the deep blue sky.

-by Kalli Dakos

**November**

November wears a Paisley shawl

To keep her sagging shoulders warm.

Her bonnet’s decked with rusty flowers,

An apple basket’s on her arm,

And with a dusty, rustly sound

Her wide skirts sweep along the ground.

She trudges up the sunset hills,

In spite of winds a-blowing,

To seek a shelter on beyond- -

She must know where she’s going-

For, wrapped in Paisley red and brown,

She rustles, rustles through the town.

-by Hilda Morris

**Trees**

Trees are the kindest things I know,

They do no harm, they simply grow

And spread a shade for sleepy cows,

And gather birds among their boughs.

They give us fruit in leaves above,

And wood to make our houses of,

And leaves to burn on Hallowe'en,

And In the Spring new buds of green.

They are the first when day's begun

To touch the beams of morning sun,

They are the last to hold the light

 When evening changes into night,

And when a moon floats on the sky

They hum a drowsy lullaby

Of sleepy children long ago...
Trees are the kindest things I know.

-by Harry Behn